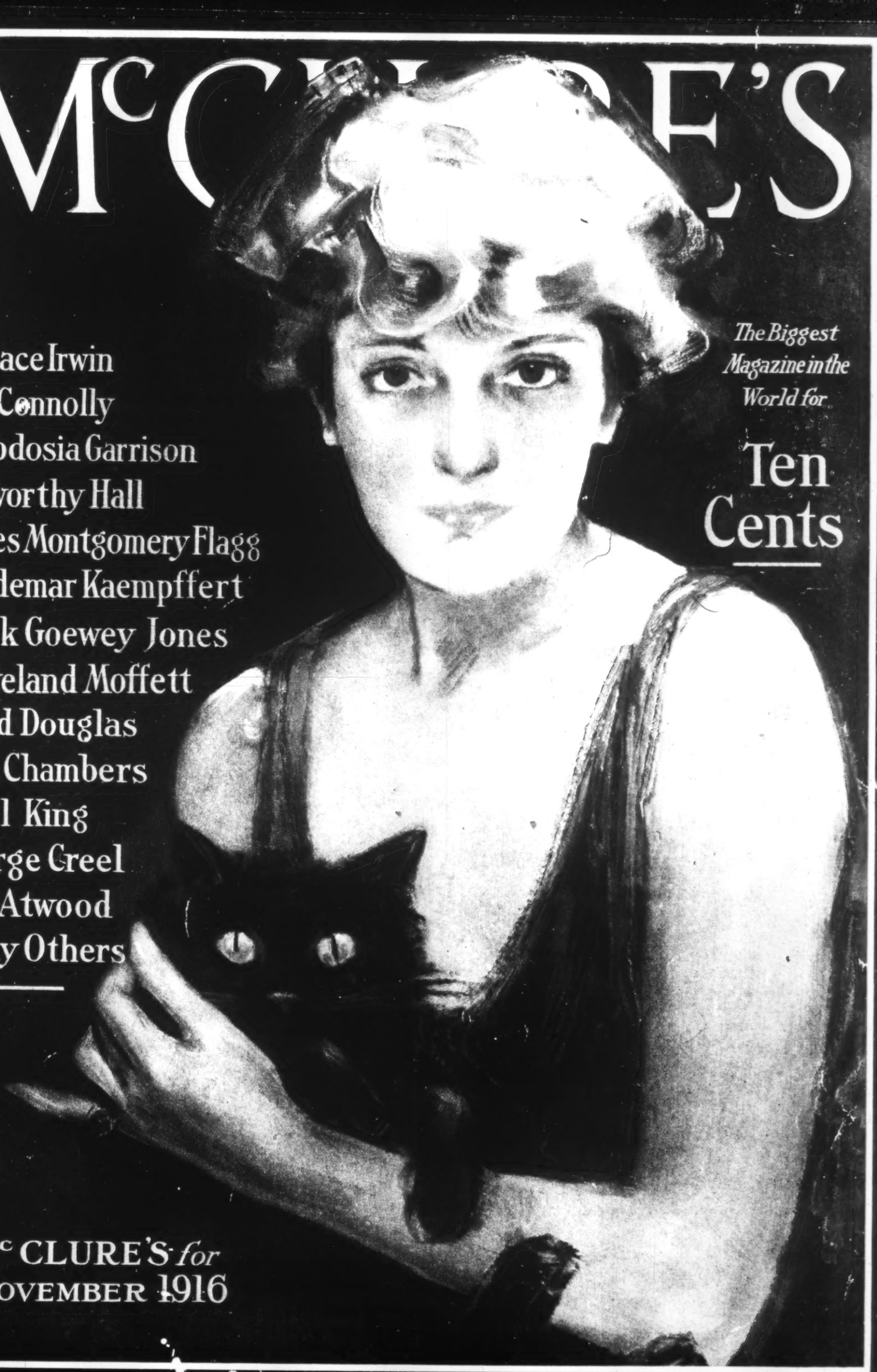
# McCLURE'S

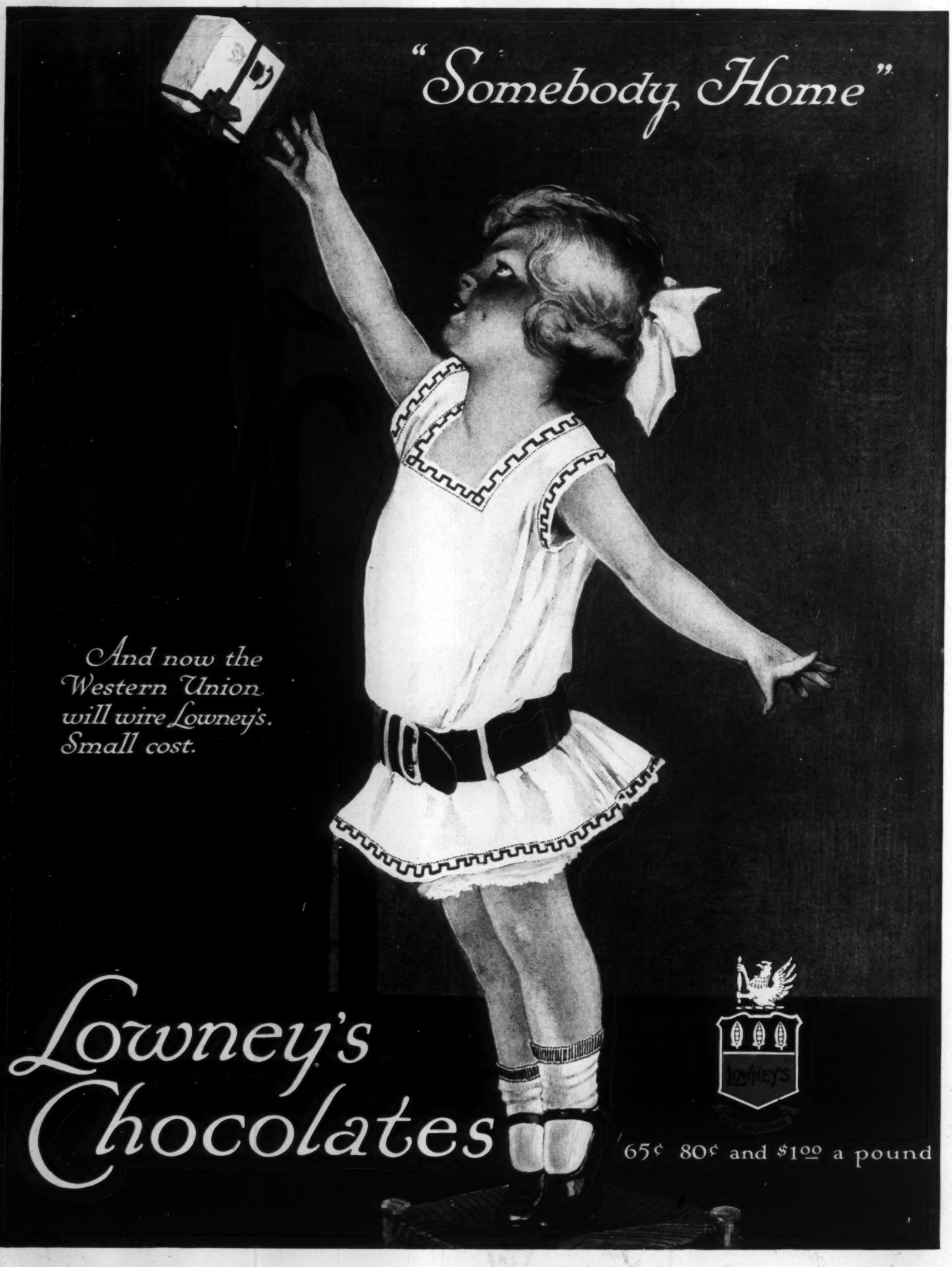


Wallace Irwin
C.P. Connolly
Theodosia Garrison
Holworthy Hall
James Montgomery Flagg
Waldemar Kaempffert
Frank Goewey Jones
Cleveland Moffett
David Douglas
C.E. Chambers
Basil King
George Creel
A.W. Atwood
Many Others

*The Biggest Magazine in the World for*

Ten Cents

McCLURE'S *for*
NOVEMBER 1916


"Somebody Home"
And now the Western Union will wire Lowney's. Small cost.
Lowney's Chocolates
LOWNEY'S
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# Victrola

## *The chosen instrument of the world's greatest artists*

The instrument which plays the greatest music is the instrument you want in your home! The Victrola is supreme. Its supremacy is founded on a basis of great things actually accomplished. It is in millions of homes the world over because it takes into these homes all that is best in every branch of music and entertainment.

The artists who make records exclusively for the Victor are the greatest artists in the world. The Victrola tone is the true and faithful tone of the singer's voice and the master's instrument. It is for this reason that the Victrola is the chosen instrument of practically every artist famous in the world of opera, instrumental music, sacred music, band music, dance music, vaudeville and entertainment.

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Victors and Victrolas—$10 to $400

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

**Important warning.** Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with ***Victor Needles or Tungstone Stylus*** on Victors or Victrolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.

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**Victrola XVI, electric, $250**
Mahogany or oak

# A Bargain

**"an advantageous purchase"**
—The Century Dictionary

WE are offering at the present time the greatest bargain we have ever offered, and when we use the word "BARGAIN" we mean "an *advantageous* purchase."

During the six months between January 1st and July 1st, we sold just over 70,000 sets of The Encyclopaedia Britannica, "Handy Volume" issue, and the money value amounted to just over $5,000,000. The publishers had sold to the general public before we made our offer just over 75,000 sets, and the money value amounted to $13,500,000. Thus we sold practically the same number of sets, and

**saved the public $8,000,000**

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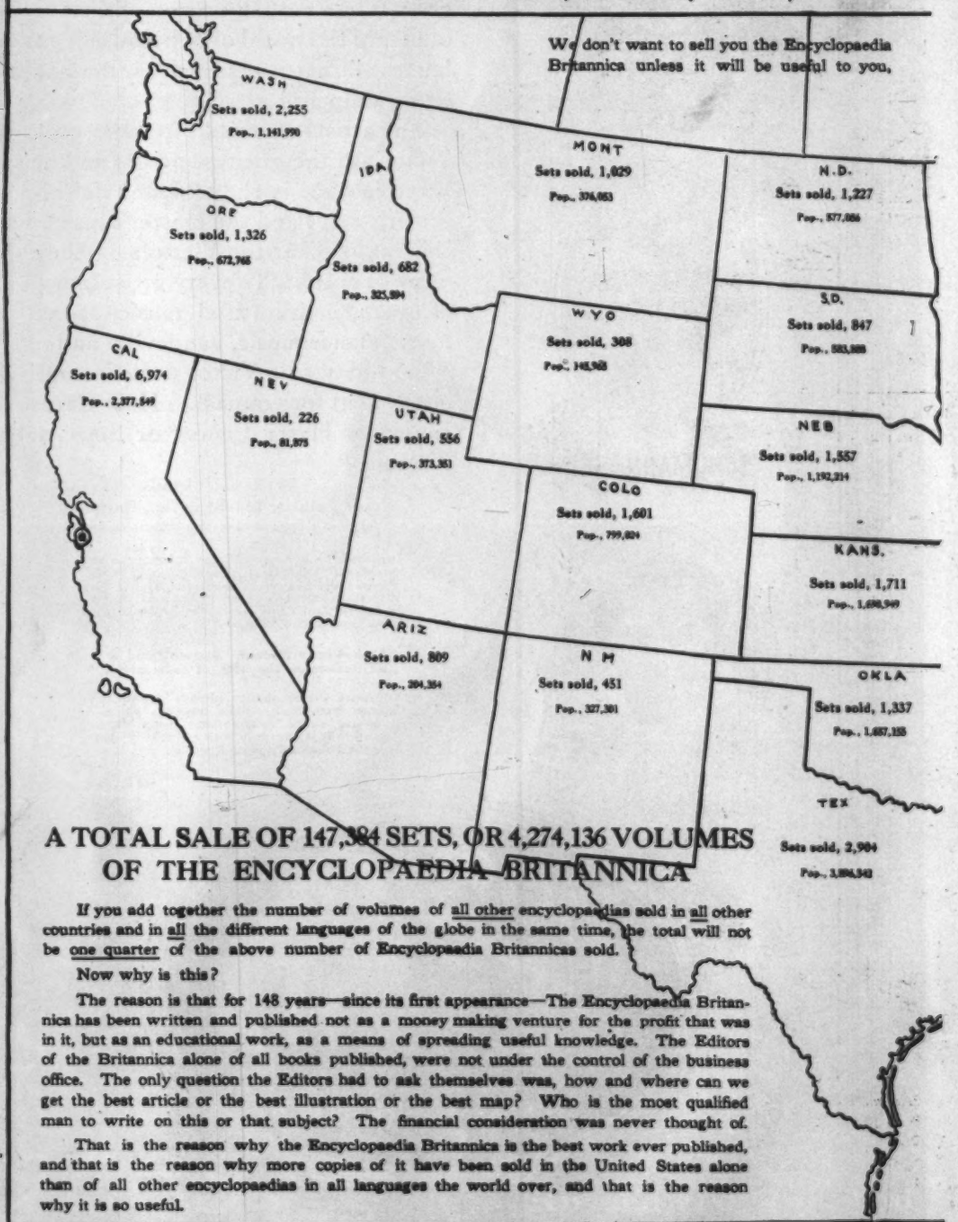
### The Sale, State by State, of the

We don't want to sell you the Encyclopaedia Britannica unless it will be useful to you,




### A TOTAL SALE OF 147,384 SETS, OR 4,274,136 VOLUMES OF THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

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Now why is this?

The reason is that for 148 years—since its first appearance—The Encyclopaedia Britannica has been written and published not as a money making venture for the profit that was in it, but as an educational work, as a means of spreading useful knowledge. The Editors of the Britannica alone of all books published, were not under the control of the business office. The only question the Editors had to ask themselves was, how and where can we get the best article or the best illustration or the best map? Who is the most qualified man to write on this or that subject? The financial consideration was never thought of.

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4. Wyoming
5. Illinois, Nevada
6. Montana
7. New Jersey
8. Connecticut
9. New York
10. Massachusetts
11. North Dakota
12. Idaho
13. Colorado
14. Michigan
15. Washington, Oregon
16. Maryland
17. Delaware
18. Minnesota
19. Pennsylvania
20. Iowa
21. Utah
22. South Dakota
23. Ohio, Rhode Island
24. Wisconsin
25. New Mexico
26. Nebraska
27. Missouri
28. West Virginia
29. New Hampshire
30. Maine
31. Indiana
32. Kansas
33. Vermont
34. Virginia, Florida
35. Louisiana
36. Oklahoma
37. Canada, Texas
38. Arkansas
39. Kentucky
40. Alabama
41. Georgia
42. Tennessee
43. North Carolina
44. South Carolina
45. Mississippi

**Sets Sold**

| | |
|---|---|
| Philippine Islands | 254 |
| Porto Rico | 306 |
| Cuba | 984 |
| Alaska | 172 |

**We don't want to sell you the Encyclopaedia Britannica unless it will be useful to you.**

**community is always a buyer of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica**

# A Bargain

## "an advantageous purchase"

—The Century Dictionary

*LEATHER, the raw material of his business. A lady wrote asking for the articles she ought to read to make a study of SHAKESPEAREAN LITERATURE. A mother wrote, saying: "Rainy days are troublesome to me because I don't know how to keep my CHILDREN BUSY INDOORS. Will the Encyclopaedia help me?" A lady wrote asking what articles to study regarding HOUSE DECORATIONS. A farmer wrote asking if the book contained information on SILOS. A man wanted to know if birds did harm or good on A FARM. Another man whether he could learn from the Britannica anything in regard to INSURING HIS LIFE. Another wrote that he was a COTTON GOODS buyer and wanted to know what articles he ought to read to help him in his business.*

All of these inquiries and thousands of others were satisfactorily answered.

Remember the Britannica is now sold at a BARGAIN, and by "BARGAIN" we mean "an *advantageous* purchase" for you.

*P. S. "THE BOOK OF 100 WONDERS," which we offer you free, is about the same size as a standard magazine and is filled with interesting reading matter and numerous pictures—and is free. You will find it a really fascinating book and one that will give you information on 100 of the World's Wonders.*

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Please send me, postpaid, a copy of **"The Book of 100 Wonders."**

Please send me, postpaid, a copy of **"How to Give Your Boys and Girls a Britannica Training."**

Please send me the names of owners and users in my neighborhood.

Please have the Editor write me what information I can get out of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica in regard to my

business, which is _____

or my profession, which is _____

or my hobby, which is _____

32-h Yours truly,

Name _____

Address _____

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# *A leaf from the diary of a Cake of Soap*

## (Being a day's adventure with "Packer's")

**8 A.M.**

THEY started me early this morning, shampooing tiny Ethel. Naturally! Regular shampooing with me means healthy, beautiful hair in after years. Little Ethel will thank her mother then. Thousands of little Ethels have.

**11 A.M.**

I'M in demand. Sixteen-year-old Elizabeth's using me—and you can't see her hair for the foam she's raised! Mother knows that particular care now will help Elizabeth's hair safely through a critical time—and make it silkier and softer, too. If *all* mothers only knew.

**3 P.M.**

MOTHER says, "Time for my own shampoo now." So she changes part of me into a beautiful, refreshing lather. She rubs it in. Afterwards she smiles when she sees the pretty lights I've brought to her hair—and the fluffiness and softness, too! Why not?

**5 30 P.M.**

FATHER'S home from a dusty train and makes a dash for the bath-tub—and me. Father says I'm too good to be used for shampooing only; he likes me, too, as a bathing soap—for use all over.

A little thinner is Packer's Tar Soap at the day's end. But it's conscious of a good day's work well done. All that it asks is that you rub its pleasant, pure pine-tar lather in well 'round the roots. Hair and scalp will respond, never fear. Thousands have proved this for over forty years. Send 10c for sample half cake.

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information, free on request.

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*"Pure as the Pines"*

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap—cleanses the hair and scalp delightfully. Delicately perfumed. Liberal sample bottle, 10c.

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*The White, Crispy Pop Corn With the Toasty Flavor*

## -Then Repeat As Often As Wanted

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**Cover Design by Neysa McMein**


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**The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York**

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This is the Foster Friction Plug in Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels—recognized as the most efficient heel made—prevents slipping.

**And Another Thing**

There are no holes in Cat's Paw Heels—
To fill up with dirt and mud—
To be tracked all over the house—
So are you not taking a chance—
When you neglect to say—
Very determinedly to your dealer—
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When you buy rubber heels.

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**CUSHION**
**RUBBER HEELS**

**What's the Use**

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Your daily work—
Jarring yourself—
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When with a grain—
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You could be "Well Heeled"

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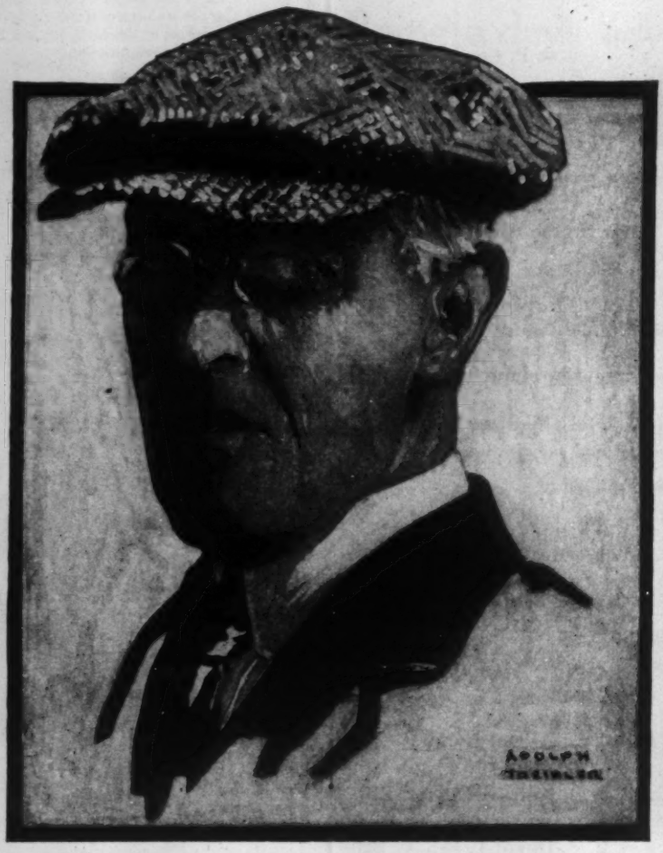
Have you weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel, which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floorwalkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75 cents attached at your dealers, or sent postpaid, upon receipt of 50 cents and outline of your heel.

**Foster Rubber Co.**
**105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.**

*Originators and Patenters of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping*

# "In a Presidential Year you have to read Collier's"



POLITICS can be very dry or interesting, depending on who tells about them and how the stories are told. It is always Collier's aim to make the whole important story of government affairs as interesting and human as possible. Writers like Mark Sullivan, F. P. Dunne, Ray Stannard Baker, Walter Lippman, Julian Street, Henry J. Allen, James Hopper and Lincoln Steffens give Collier's national political articles and editorials a unique standing. Follow the campaign in

5¢ a copy
**Collier's**
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

# McClure's November Bulletin
## of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

*Baby Foods*
Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Eskay's Food
Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods
Mellin's Food

*Baking Powders*
Royal Baking Powder

*Beverages*
Walter Baker & Co.
Blooker's Cocoa
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum (Page 41)

*Candies and Confections*
Luden's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates (2nd Cover)
Smith Brothers Cough Drops (Page 59)
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates

*Cereals*
Cream of Wheat
Grape Nuts
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co.
Shredded Wheat

*Crackers and Biscuits*
National Biscuit Company (Page 84)

*Fish Products*
Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

*Fruits*
Atwood Grapefruit Company

*Miscellaneous Food Products*
Beech-nut Packing Company
Heinz 57 Varieties
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
Swift & Co.

*Soups*
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*Sugar*
Crystal Domino Sugar

*Tonics*
Malt-Nutrine (Page 82)
Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil
Sanatogen (Page 85)
Vinol

*Toilet Preparations*
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Chas. Baez Azurea Face Powder
California Citrus Cream
Carmen Powder (Page 75)
Colgate's Products
Cuticura Soap
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap (Page 50)
Florence Mfg. Co.
Hinds, A. S.
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F. F. Ingram's Milkweed Cream
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 65)
I. W. Lyon & Son
Mentholatum
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co.
Newskin Company
"Nujol" (Page 56)
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap (Page 4)
Palmolive Products
Pears' Soap
Pebeco Tooth Paste (Page 65)
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap
Rexall Hair Tonic
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
J. B. Williams' Products
Woodbury's Facial Soap

*Miscellaneous*
Pompeian Olive Oil (Page 66)

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

### *The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods*

*Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.*

*Food shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.*

*Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.*

Prof. Lewis B. Allyn (Food Editor of the McClure Publications) has made Westfield, Mass., nationally known as "The Pure Food Town," and his exacting food standards can likewise make your home "A Pure Food Home."

The Westfield Pure Food Book, compiled by Prof. Allyn as chemist for the Westfield Board of Health, will give you a complete list of products that have been analyzed and certified as safe, pure and wholesome—over fifteen hundred of them. By special arrangement with the Westfield Authorities we offer you this book at its cost to us.

It contains 72 pages and is bound in stiff covers—size 9¼ x 5¼. It gives you advice on the food values of various foods as well.

Fill out attached coupon and mail to-day with 25c in stamps or silver. The use of this book will keep impure foods out of your home. Your grocer can furnish you many of the certified brands under any classification. *Send for it to-day.*

**Pure Food Department, McClure Publications, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City** (McC)

Enclosed find 25c for which you will please send a copy of The Westfield Pure Food Book to

Name _____ State _____

Street _____ My grocer is _____

P. O. _____ Address _____


As Well a Wedding
Without Silverware
as Silverware
Without

GORHAM

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It is Silverware of Originality — not a monotony of repetitional patterns.

It is rich in unique and distinctive motifs, created by the finest artists in the silversmithing craft, combining integrity of workmanship with inspiration of design.

Remember, too, that Gorham Sterling Silverware, thanks to its being an almost imperative feature of the American Wedding, offers a range of choice which is particularly happy in articles for wedding gift purposes, whether utility or ornament alone be the object in view.

At all the better jewelers
and always with this
trade-mark

STERLING

THE GORHAM COMPANY
Silversmiths and Goldsmiths
NEW YORK
Works — Providence and New York

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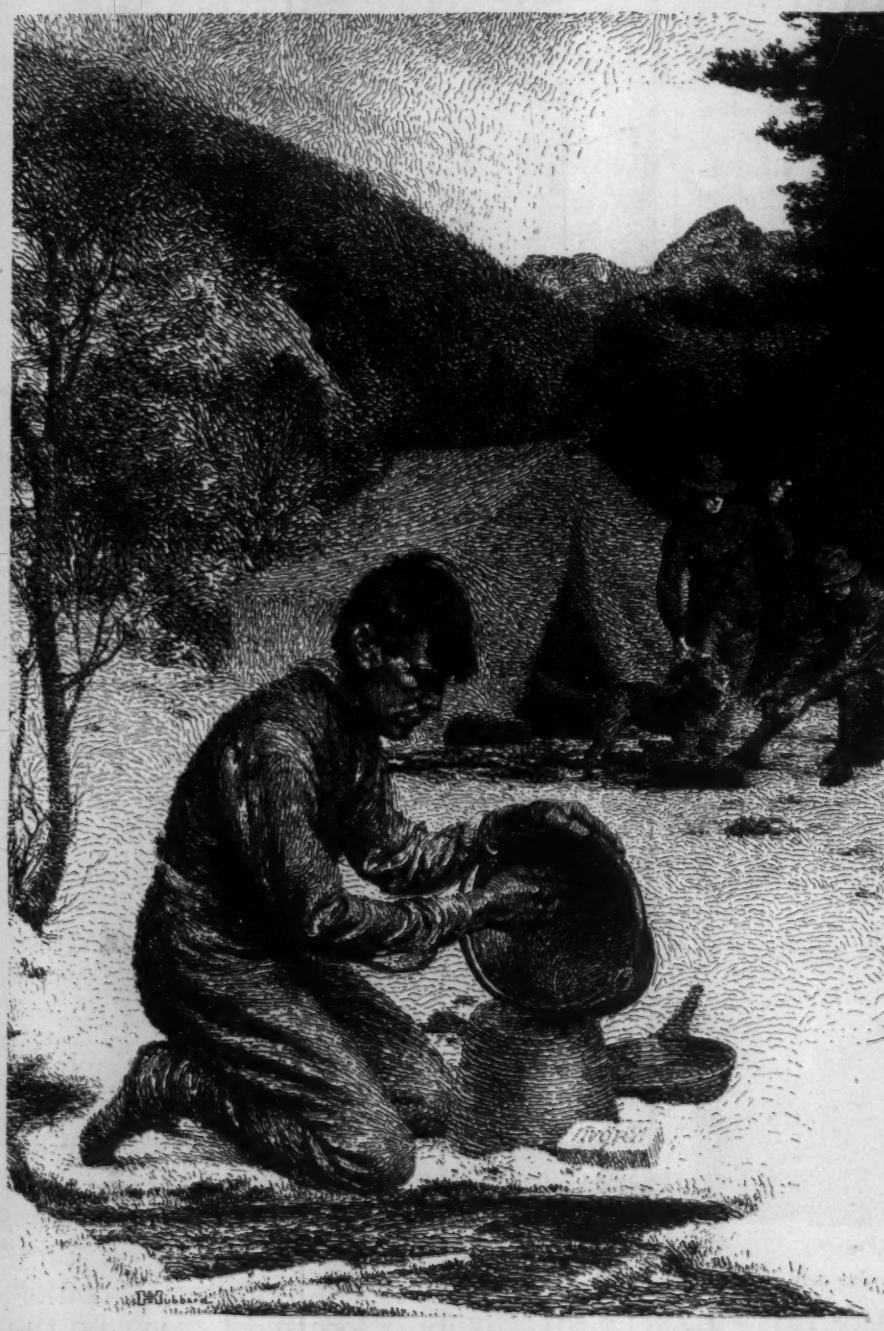


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WITH a gun, a dog, good company and Ivory Soap none need hesitate to follow where adventure beckons. In the great outdoors as at home, cleanliness is essential to health and pleasure and Ivory Soap produces it in persons, clothes, utensils, everything.

Ivory Soap is so mild that it is delightful for the bath and toilet. It is so good a dirt mover that it makes the most badly soiled clothes, dishes and cooking utensils sweet and clean.

No matter what kind of task, Ivory does the work with entire satisfaction because it includes every desirable quality that any soap can have. It is white. It lathers freely. It rinses easily. It is pure. It is free from alkali and other harsh materials. It is not greasy. It has a pleasant natural odor. It is made of choice materials. It floats. And it is so inexpensive that everybody can use it for everything.

IVORY SOAP. . . . IVORY . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

IT FLOATS

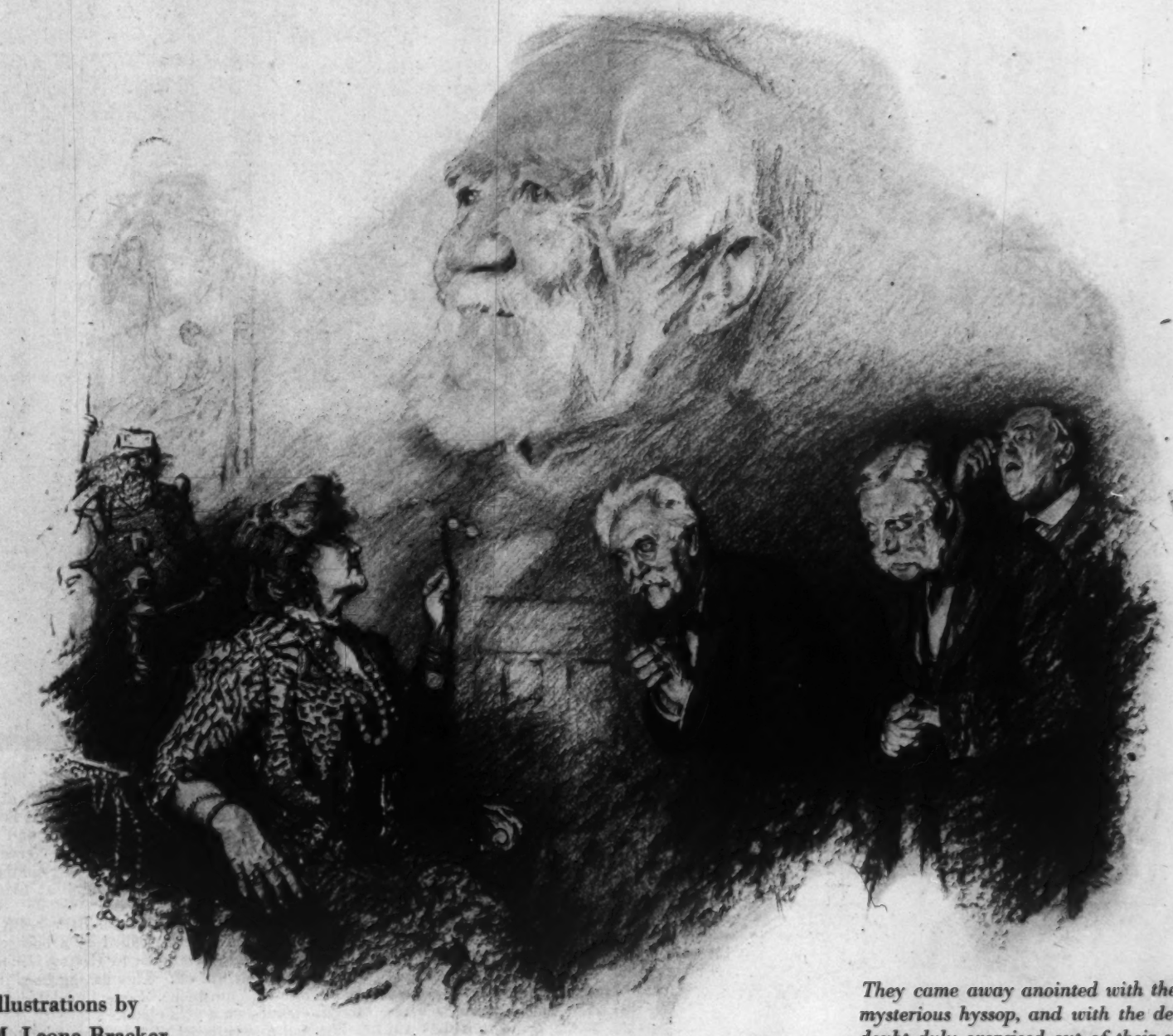
Volume XLVIII
Number 1

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER
1916

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor*

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*



Illustrations by
M. Leone Bracker

*They came away anointed with the same mysterious hyssop, and with the devils of doubt duly exorcised out of their systems*

# Marvelous Cassie Chadwick

*by*

## C. P. CONNOLLY

**ONE of the many almost unbelievable things about this story is its truth. Like "The Amazing Fraud," by the same author, this is a tale of stranger-than-fiction, but provable, fact**

THERE is an ancient adage that "wherever there is a cow there will be a woman, and wherever there is a woman there will be mischief."

It was at a railroad junction. The stub train had rolled torpidly into the station and the passengers had alighted to take the through train. As the through train pulled into the junction, there was the usual bustle and excitement incident to the arrival and departure of these serpentine carriers which give a fleeting glimpse of the outside world.

Back under the eaves of the depot, leaning against the clapboard sheathing, stood a country girl. She was probably sixteen or seventeen years old. Her dress was a mere drapery of coarse linen. She wore no hat, and her coiffure was loosely coiled. What fixed one's attention was the wistful look in her eyes as she watched her more fortunate sisters, in the excitement of anticipation, moving towards the coaches that throbbed under the impulse of imprisoned steam.

There are faces that express thoughts as eloquently as any tongue, and this girl's mind was following the train. She saw it pulling into its destination; saw its passengers departing their various ways into the great whirlpools of city life, with their human panoramas, and in her eyes was the light of self-pity and resolve. How many country girls are there to whom the charms of gay and distant city life flash their ever-fascinating appeal?

Such was the day-dream of power and glory that stirred the soul of Cassie Chadwick in the little Canadian town where, after all of life's passions, spoils, conquests and remorse, she now lies buried. The life of this woman was more strange and bizarre than the most romantic and improbable fiction. Incidentally, she was the most colossal female swindler in the annals of crime in the United States.

She was born in 1857 at Eastwood, Ontario, a village near the town of Woodstock, which is somewhere about half-way in an air line between Toronto and Detroit. She was the daughter of Daniel and Mary Ann Bigley. Her father, who was a section boss on the old Great Western Railway, possessed but meager means, but he brought up his six girls and two boys as well as his resources permitted. His one wayward daughter was as inexplicable to him as a scientific problem.

There was nothing unusual about Elizabeth Bigley in those early days. She came and went as other girls in the neighborhood. She was not a great reader, but she was apparently a deep thinker. At times she seemed absorbed in thought and would sit in ruminative silence by the hour. Early melancholy has touched the lives of many great men and great women.

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*Beckwith, worried, took into his confidence one of his directors, who looked over the same papers that had hypnotized the banker*

During these pensive moods nothing would attract her attention, and she came out of them as if bewildered.

This strange woman, handicapped by deafness, and without friends, or power other than her personality — a talisman that gave her the open-sesame to money vaults — became a social leader in a great city, living in a mansion on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, which had the reputation at the time of being the handsomest residence street in the world. Her home was stored with treasures from every corner of the universe.

She could not be said to be good-looking, but there was an indescribable something about her that was fascinating to men. Her face was far from that of the typical adventuress. Her head was large and well-formed. Her soft brown eyes glittered at times like diamond-facets, and her voice, though somewhat coarse, had a resonant and attractive quality. She had no education in the sense that we speak of education today, but she had a training that neither books nor years will give. She had a wonderful memory, rarely miscalculating in dates or amounts. Such was the scope of her information that men who talked with her in the heyday of her prosperity were astonished at the accuracy and range of her knowledge. But it was her monumental nerve that was her sword and buckler. They advertised a "Cassie Chadwick Nerve Tonic" in Cleveland after the exposure of her methods, and they sold "Cassie Chadwick money" at five cents a roll all over the country.

In November of 1878, when Betsey Bigley was twenty-one years old, she called at a barber-shop in Brantford, an adjacent town to Eastwood, and asked to have her hair cut off. This having been done, she asked for a false mustache. Some time later she sought to raise money on a gold chain.

She had a sweetheart at this time, who squired her sleigh-riding and to parties and dances.

One day the little town heard with amazement that Betsey was an heiress. She had brought home a letter supposed to be from England, which announced that her uncle had died and left all his money, $18,000, to Betsey. Neither Betsey's father nor mother could read, so she read the letter from the English lawyers aloud to them, and they believed it, as so many dupes who *could* read believed in after years in the veracity of her word and the authenticity of her documents. By what natural law is it that there are so many preachers who lack the gift of speech, so many lawyers who don't know the law, and so many men of the world who lose their wits in the presence of a woman?

To heighten the public hallucination, Betsey had some visiting-cards printed, on which appeared the legend:

"Miss Lizzie Bigley, heiress to $18,000."

About this time her sweetheart went to work on a farm some distance from Betsey's home. One day the farmer by whom he was employed went out to the field where the farm-hand was at work and told him there was a lady at the house to see him — a fine lady who had come in a carriage. She had given some long French name.

The country swain did not wait to see his visitor before deciding as to her identity. Betsey was always using long French names. She threw her arms around him and kissed him in the presence of the farmer and his wife. She was introduced as the heiress, and the farmer and his wife, thanking their lucky stars, cordially invited her to stay for a visit. Betsey dismissed her carriage, handing the driver five dollars and telling him to keep the change.

*She played the rôle of society queen and played it with the grace and port of Modjeska*

The next morning her sweetheart drove Betsey to the train. He went home the following Sunday and was told that Betsey had been arrested. They had found two suits of men's clothes in her suit-case.

She had bought two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of dry-goods, giving her note endorsed by a wealthy farmer near Brantford. She had also purchased an organ, giving another note in part payment. When her note in part payment of the organ came due, she did not meet it, but gave another note supposed to be made by a Mr. Kipp of Woodstock as security. This note and the endorsement on the note given for the dry-goods proved forgeries.

She was tried in March of 1879, and the doctors all testified that she was *non compos* on the subject of money. There was a special finding by the jury that Betsey was insane at the time of the commission of the offenses, and she was declared not guilty. The judge intended to commit her to an asylum, but her attorneys persuaded him to allow her mother to take charge of her for a year on condition that Betsey be closely watched.

Betsey remained around home for some time after this, but the lure of the great world was in her blood and she went to Cleveland to visit one of her married sisters who lived there. During her sister's absence on a visit to Canada, Betsey, under an assumed name, mortgaged all the furniture. After her sister's return, Betsey went to live in different rooming-houses and continued the habit of mortgaging furniture which she did not own. From one house to another she went, repeating the operation and using different names at each place.

On October 22, 1882, she married Dr. Wallace S. Springsteen. She had convinced him she was a woman of wealth. The day after the wedding the bride's trousseau and jewels were seized, and the bridegroom found that he had been duped. He soon got a divorce from her.

After this she wrote to many of her friends that Elizabeth Springsteen was dead, and then adopted the names of "Mrs. Scott" and "Mrs. Wallace," these being her former husband's given names.

The lines of Cassie Chadwick's life now blur, as the lines of all such lives blur in places. She was heard of in Erie, Pa., and in Buffalo, N. Y., under the name of "La Rose," practising in those cities as a clairvoyant.

It is certain that she returned to Cleveland and that she kept some kind of demi-social, dubious resort where men, possibly influential citizens, came and went. This fact may have given her the key to her after-life, for she often declared that she felt an utter contempt for men and for their weaknesses and vanities. It is certain that she felt her intellectual superiority, whatever other power she may have exercised over them. To her no man was great, and most men were fools.

When her lines take up again she is in Toledo, two hours' ride by train from Cleveland. This was in 1890. Here she became known as Madame Lydia De Vere, fortune-teller, clairvoyant, mesmerist and medium. Her place here, like that in Cleveland, was resorted to by men in more or less prominent station, among them being bankers and physicians.

Some of the methods by which she earned her bread and butter in Toledo afterwards found their way to the public ear. A policeman gave her two hundred and fifty dollars in gold to sleep on, that she might tell him something about the girl he wanted to marry. She told him some strange things, but he never got back the money.

[*Continued on page 65*]

*Sobs racked her as if she was a child. "I can't — I can't do it any longer"*

# The Lifted Veil

**Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg**

**WHAT has happened in the story: Shortly after young Bainbridge comes to New York as assistant rector in St. Mary Magdalen's — a fashionable church on Fifth Avenue — he is called upon by a heavily veiled woman of evident wealth and position who declines to give her name. She tells him that when she was barely twenty a Canadian had wished to marry her, but she had become interested in a wealthy New Yorker who was living abroad, and married him. After her husband's death, four years later, she returned to New York and went to stay with a cousin and her husband for a short while. Later she had taken a home of her own and she and her cousin's husband had become intimate. This had been going on for two years, but the time has come now when she is unhappy about it and desires to wipe out the past. Bainbridge is able to give her considerable encouragement to start out afresh, and**

TO pass the white vestibule, with its strip of red carpet and its two pointed box-trees was to Bainbridge as the fulfilment of a ceremonial rite. The man who admitted him was in keeping with the admirable neatness of the entry, correct, cadaverous, lantern-jawed, needing only the touch of powder in the hair to make the visitor feel he was in London.

As he had looked forward to seeing Clorinda alone, he was disappointed, on reaching the upper floor, to hear voices. Part of the white-and-gold expanse of the drawing-room being visible from the stairway itself he could see Mary Galloway moving about, inspecting objects that lay on tables and hung over the backs of chairs. He could hear her say, in her silvery staccato: "Oh, but they're much too good. I don't believe they'll let them accept them."

Clorinda replied, tenderly: "The poor things! It's Christmas. I want them to have something nice. They're girls after all."

With the words she moved into view, wearing a poetic, trailing, filmy thing of the black-blue of sapphires under artificial light. A gold thread running through it here and there gleamed in the softened electricity. One bright bar of orange — or was it fire? — struck across the dusky pallor of the skin, below the opening at the throat. Her greeting was simple and unforced, and, for the first time, lacked the preliminary look of fear.

"How do you do? I hoped you'd come. Mary is here. We're looking at the presents I've got for the poor girls at the Home of which you were telling me. I hope you won't say they're too good for them — like Mary."

So the minutes to which Bainbridge had been looking forward as the beginning of a new epoch in his life threatened to become like other minutes. They were in fact a little below the level of other minutes since, in the polite conversation that ensued, he was reduced to the proportions of the tea-drinking curate of the stage. He foresaw, too, that when Mary Galloway rose courtesy would compel him to do the same, and that as their ways lay together he should walk up Fifth Avenue in her company. He would have had no objection to her company had it not been for the odd feeling of embarrassment which had crept unexplainably between them. Though for this he couldn't blame himself, he was not free from that unreasonable sense of guilt which a woman's silent bearing can impose upon a man who has nothing whatever on his conscience. It was almost as if she knew, what she could not possibly have known, that he might have been in love with her by now, if Clorinda hadn't intervened.

With the vital thoughts elsewhere they were talking of books and plays and a recent engagement when a peal at the door-bell rang startlingly through the house. Before the door could be opened the peal was followed by another, more violent and prolonged.

They listened while a woman's voice exchanged a few words with the footman, after which came a rushing swish of skirts on the stairway. "It's Maggie," Mary Galloway said, under her breath. "No one else would come in like that."

"Then something must be the matter," Bainbridge added, rising to go into the hall.

Clorinda also rose, standing pale, calm, spiritlike, behind the tea-table with its masses of silver.

Before Bainbridge could reach the hall Maggie burst upon the threshold, coming abruptly to a halt. "You've been talking about me," she declared, in a voice loud with accusation.

Behind her veil her face was red, while her hat had been knocked awry, probably on too hastily getting into her motor or out of it. Her eyes were brilliant and wild like those of a woman under the influence of stimulants or drugs. Mary Galloway, who alone remained seated, answered her.

"No, we haven't been, Maggie dear. We've been talking of the new play at the Gramercy. Do come and sit down, and let Clorinda give you a cup of tea."

As Bainbridge drew up a chair for her Maggie advanced a step or two into the room, but again came to a standstill. "What is it you all know," she demanded, "that I don't? What is everyone talking about that I haven't heard of?"

"What *have* you heard, Maggie?" Bainbridge inquired, still holding the chair for her.

"I haven't heard anything," Maggie cried, angrily, "not really. I've been to see Claribel Jarrott ——"

"If I were you," Bainbridge broke in, "I shouldn't be distressed by anything Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott says about anyone. She's the type of woman who is never happy unless she's making mischief."

"But she knows something," Mrs. Palliser insisted. "She spoke as if you all knew it — as if it was the talk of the town."

"Maggie dear," Mary Galloway said, gently, "no one knows anything, so far as I am aware, that you don't know yourself. If you're going to work yourself up over every idle tale ——"

"Leslie has no business to have idle tales told about him. No, I can't sit down," she cried, impatiently, as Bainbridge pushed the chair forward. "I don't want to. You're all against me. You know things you won't tell me ——" she started.

*Clorinda remained there, a mute, bowed figure, while the others did their best to console Maggie Palliser*

# —*by* Basil King

## Author of "The Inner Shrine"

**she leaves him in a much more peaceful frame of mind. Bainbridge has all but forgotten his mysterious visitor some eighteen months later, when a Canadian, Sir Malcolm Grant, calls on him with a letter. The letter is not signed, but the contents show it to be from the veiled woman who had visited him, and asks Bainbridge to tell the Canadian about her past life. The clergyman refuses to reveal any part of the woman's story, preferring to consider it in the nature of a confession.**

**Another year and a half rolls by when by accident Bainbridge falls upon a shameful piece of gossip about the Pallisers, friends of his, in a "society" sheet. He calls Leslie Palliser to his home and thrashes the matter out with him. A few days later Bainbridge goes to call on Clorinda Gildersleeve, a young widow whom he greatly admires.**

"But we don't, Maggie darling," Mary interrupted.

"Then why should Claribel take me by the hand — and cry over me — and say that if I had to leave Leslie her house would be open to me?"

"Partly because she's a foolish and dangerous woman," Bainbridge explained, "and partly because of something else which I'm going to tell you in the hope that you'll take it with the wholesome common sense which is one of your characteristics."

She surveyed him haughtily. "I'll take it as I have to take it, Arthur. All I ask is to know."

He stepped forward so as to be nearer her. Clorinda moved away from the tea-table toward the chimney-piece, where she stood with face partially averted from the group, as she gazed into the fire. She had said nothing since Maggie had entered the room.

"What Mrs. Jarrott was referring to was a very silly paragraph in a paper. I saw it myself, Maggie — two days ago — by accident — on the train coming from Philadelphia. It isn't worth your paying a minute's attention to ——"

"Coming from Philadelphia," she reflected. "Two days ago. That was the evening you rang up Leslie and asked him to come down and see you. Was it about this?"

"Yes, it was about this. I wanted Leslie to know that the thing was in print, so that you might be protected from seeing it."

"And it would be better to keep me in the dark."

"It would be better not to wound you when the wounding wouldn't do any good."

"Or come between Leslie and his mistresses. That was your idea, too, wasn't it?"

"No, Maggie," Bainbridge said, quietly. "It wasn't my idea. I think I know what I'm talking of when I say that Leslie has no mistresses."

She laughed excitedly. "Then it must be an entr'acte."

"Maggie, I'm surprised at you," he said, sternly. "You make me feel that after all that idiotic paragraph may be justified."

"Oh, very likely. Tell me what it said, and I'll answer you."

"Then I shall. It said you were — jealous of your husband."

"Oh, that's nothing. I am. I make no secret of it. I *am* — and with reason. Did it say any more?"

"Yes; I shall tell you that, too. It will show you how you impress other people. It said, in effect, that you had an uncontrollable temper."

"Well, I have. Leslie knew that when he married me. I've paid him to put up with it, and I've paid him well."

"Oh, Maggie," Mary Galloway cried, "don't say such things; or at least don't say them before us."

Maggie glared at them all madly. "Why shouldn't I say it? Don't you know it? Doesn't all New York know it? Haven't I bought him? Did he have a penny of his own in the world? Why shouldn't I have a temper? Why shouldn't I be jealous? Wouldn't you be jealous if the thing you had formed ——?"

"Be quiet, Maggie," Bainbridge commanded. "You'll be sorry for these things when you've thought them over; and then ——"

She uttered her wild laugh. "I can't be sorrier for them than I am now; and now my heart is breaking."

"If your heart is breaking you're breaking it yourself. Don't put the blame on Leslie, when all he lives for is your happiness."

She cried out, derisively. "Lives for my happiness! My God! When he's deceived me with half the women in New York!"

"But he hasn't," Bainbridge insisted. "If he had I should know."

"Well, if it was only with one, the consequence would be the same. He would have deceived me."

Clorinda came slowly forward as if about to speak, but as Bainbridge continued she again stood still, at a distance. "Do you know for a fact that there has been any other woman — even one — in his life, besides yourself?"

The great voice came out with an effort of a tumultuous sob. "I don't know *anything* for a fact. I only know that for the past three or four years I've been living in a kind of nightmare. I've felt that something was wrong between Leslie and me without being able to tell what it was. He's been miles away from me; we've been worlds apart; and yet I haven't been able to put my finger on a single incident, or catch him up in a single word, that would bear me out. It's been smothering me; it's been killing me; but I haven't dared so much as to utter a cry. I've felt at times that you all must see it — that you at least must see it, Clorinda, when you've been in this country — but you all seem to be on Leslie's side, and think he has a right to make me suffer."

"I didn't know he was making you suffer —" Bainbridge began, gently.

"Because I've laughed and scolded and put up my big bluff, and tried to persuade myself that what I couldn't see I mustn't believe; but now when Claribel Jarrott comes to me with her whining sympathy I — I can't — I can't — I can't do it any longer."

She dropped into the chair which Bainbridge was still holding by the back, burying her face in her muff. Sobs racked her as if she was a child; as if she was a child she wept aloud with a naïve shamelessness.

Clorinda advanced again, the light striking glints from the gold threads in her dress. "Maggie," she began, hoarsely, "Maggie ——"

But Bainbridge put up a warning hand as an indication that Maggie was to be allowed to weep. It was Mary Galloway who sprang forward, kneeling on the floor beside her friend, and throwing an arm across the broad heaving shoulder.

Slowly Clorinda withdrew toward the fire, where she sat down, with a sort of shivering, in its glow. She remained there, a mute, bowed figure, curiously weary, while the others did their best in the task of giving consolation.

When Maggie raised her head and began to dry her eyes by thrusting her handkerchief beneath her veil, Bainbridge was sitting near her, where his eyes could look into hers. Mary continued to kneel on the floor, though her arm had slipped down to the older woman's waist.

"I'm a big baby," Maggie sobbed, convulsively, "but it's been so awfully hard."

"I can see that," Bainbridge agreed, softly, "but I had no idea of it till this afternoon."

"I've suffered so," Maggie continued, as she blew her nose, "and now I shall make him feel what it is!"

"Maggie darling," Mary Galloway whispered, "you love him — of course. We all know that. And since you do — since there's no question about that in your mind, or his, or ours — isn't it better to act in love rather than in anger? Anger passes, but love remains. Don't — *don't* sacrifice the thing that makes your life to what may not be the feeling of an hour."

"Oh, you don't know anything about it. You've never had a husband. If you had had, you'd be just as crazy as I am." She staggered heavily to her feet. "It's no use talking. You're all on Leslie's side."

"No, Maggie darling," Mary protested. "We're not on Leslie's side. We're only on the side of love. Aren't we, Mr. Bainbridge? Aren't we, Clorinda? One doesn't need to have been married to know that to wound your own love is to wound the most sacred thing about you. That's all we want to keep you from. We love you; no one could help loving you who knows you as you really are; and we want to save you from what you may bitterly regret."

Maggie continued to blow her nose while Mary straightened the crooked hat. "I'm going home. You must all excuse me. I'm a great big baby; but oh, it's been so hard. I didn't expect to find anyone here but Clorinda. I knew she'd be sorry for me ——"

Clorinda spoke from the fireside, without rising or turning round. "I am, Maggie; more than I can say."

"You needn't try to tell me, Clorinda. I know how you feel."

The response was in a tone at once ringing and dead. "Oh, no, you don't. It's far beyond anything you can have any idea of."

Maggie moved toward the door. Her commonplace manner of speaking had in some degree come back to her. "Well, I'm going anyhow. Good-by, all of you. I'm — I'm sorry to have made such a fuss — but you know what I am."

Mary Galloway picked up her muff and prepared to depart. She too endeavored to take a colloquial tone. "I'm going with you, Maggie dear. Good-by, Clorinda. Thank you for showing me the things."

Feeling it his duty to accompany the women and, if possible, extract from Maggie a promise to say nothing to her husband that might make matters worse, Bainbridge advanced toward Clorinda to take his leave. As she neither moved nor looked at him on his approach he was obliged — privileged, he thought — to lean over her.

"I'm sorry this had to happen here," he said; "and yet if Maggie had to pour out her soul anywhere it was better that it should be to us rather than to strangers."

"It would have been still better if there had been nothing to make her do it."

"I dare say it isn't as bad as she thinks."

"And yet it may be worse."

He was afraid to discuss that point lest he should betray his knowledge of the actress. "I must run away now, as I've more to say to Maggie; but I haven't seen you in the way I expected. Mayn't I come back again some other time?"

Her face was still averted as she answered him. "If I said no to that you'd be hurt, wouldn't you? — and I don't want to hurt you."

"Then I'll take that as your answer — and come."

"THERE it is now. I see it. I'm going to get one."

"No, Maggie, no," Mary Galloway pleaded.

"Yes; let her," Bainbridge said, in a tone of authority. "Let her read all there is."

He himself stopped the motor as they passed a lighted newspaper stand, and got out. When he came back with the weekly in his hand he had already opened it to the offending paragraph. Maggie tried to read it by the light of the limousine electric, but her eyes were too blurred with tears.

"I can't," she moaned. "Tell him to drive on."

Up through Fifth Avenue she lay back in her corner of the motor, silent, suffering, with eyes closed, grasping the paper to her breast.

"I shan't go in, Maggie," Mary Galloway whispered, when they reached the house in Sixty-ninth Street.

"Then Tufts will take you home."

Bainbridge said nothing, accompanying Mrs. Palliser into the house as a matter of course.

On the ground floor, near the front door, was a small room used chiefly by Leslie or his stenographer as a kind of office. Followed by Bainbridge Maggie bustled in here, switching on the electric light and saying over her shoulder, "Please shut the door." Dropping into a chair beside a table on which stood a typewriter covered up from the dust by a black oilcloth cap, she put up her veil and read. Beyond the fact that the high color surged into her face, making it almost purple, she gave no sign till she had finished the paragraph.

"WHAT'S this," she asked, then, not angrily, but in a meek, tearful, puzzled voice, "what's this about a certain interesting, dark-eyed woman? Who is she?"

Bainbridge felt himself within the limits of truth in saying: "I don't know. But what I do know is this, that you're now up against the critical moment of your life; and it's for you to show what the principles you've been professing all these years amount to."

She looked round to where he stood, still wearing his overcoat and holding his hat in his hand, with his back against the door. "What do you mean? — the principles I've been professing all these years?"

"As an active member of St. Mary Magdalen's you've been an active member of the Church at large. As a member of the Church at large you've subscribed to certain laws of conduct. Now then, the time has come to show whether you mean to live by those laws or not."

She shook her head. "I don't understand a bit."

"Why did you get married?"

The blankness of her expression betrayed her surprise at so futile a question. "Because I was in love with Leslie, of course."

"And you've learned that being in love with Leslie has involved some amount of give and take, haven't you?"

She uttered her soblike gasp. "Oh, there's been plenty of take."

"But you took it."

"Took it! I've swallowed it by tons."

"But having swallowed it — by tons — did you think of yourself as a finer or a less fine woman for doing it?"

"He shouldn't have called on me to do it. He shouldn't ——"

"No; of course he shouldn't; but that is not our present point. I'm asking you, if when you'd taken the dose, you thought of yourself as a better wife to Leslie, or a worse one?"

"If Leslie could have had a better wife than I've been ——"

"Yes, exactly; but that's still not the question before us. I want to know if you think you would have been a better wife to him by not taking what there was to take ——"

"I never took more than I was obliged to, and I wouldn't have taken that if ——"

"If there had been a way of not doing it. Quite so. But let me put the question in this way. When you married Leslie was it primarily to be a good wife to him, or to get a good husband for yourself?"

"It was both."

"It was both, of course; but I'm asking which it was in the first place."

"It wasn't either in the first place. After what I was willing to do for Leslie — and *have* done — it was the least I could expect that ——"

"But suppose you'd been obliged to put the one before the other, and to choose between being a good wife to Leslie and having a good husband for yourself, on which would you have decided?"

"I'd have been a good wife to Leslie, just as I've always been; and if Leslie thinks I haven't ——"

"I know he doesn't think so, not for a minute. But in declaring that you would prefer to be a good wife to Leslie, even at the sacrifice of having him as a good husband to you, are you speaking sincerely or only because you think it's the right thing to say?"

The poor red face, furrowed with trouble and stained with tears, was turned toward him piteously. "I said it," she gasped at last, "because — because it's the right thing to say."

"That is, when you married you were looking first of all for a good husband for yourself?"

"Yes." she asserted, with the firmness of one who means not to be ashamed of the position.

"And what do you think of your success?"

"If Leslie had only been the husband to me that I've been wife to him ——"

"That's just the point. What Leslie has been to you is his own affair ——"

"What Leslie has been to me is his own affair? Do you mean to say it isn't *mine?*"

"Not in the first place. What's your affair in the first place is what you have been to him."

"I know what I've been to him," she declared, in her mannish way. "But to say that it's not my affair what he's been to me is equal to saying that it's not my affair if a man doesn't pay me money when he owes it."

"Not quite — for the reason that money is a material thing that you can reckon and exact. You can't reckon and exact — love. Love — I mean the love others feel for us — has to be left free. You can neither constrain it nor restrain it, nor can you make a bargain by which so much love must be paid back to us for so much that we give."

"I've given Leslie more than love ——"

"You've given him money. Yes; so you told us just now."

She hung her head. "I wasn't telling you anything you didn't know —" she began, apologetically.

"Oh, yes, you were, Maggie. You told us that you were *aware* of giving it. I don't think any of us had any idea of that — till then."

She continued, with some shame, in her own defence. "I shouldn't have been aware of it if he hadn't gone spending my money on other women."

He stepped toward the table, coming into the glow of the light. "Even if you knew that for a fact, which you don't ——"

"No, but I'm very nearly sure of it. I've felt it for years; and now," she continued, with her hand on the paper, "there's this."

"Being very nearly sure means not knowing anything about it. But we'll let that pass. Assuming that what you say is true, then it's still Leslie's affair, unless ——"

She broke in wrathfully: "My God, Arthur, for a sane man you *are* the biggest fool ——"

"Wait; you haven't let me finish. I'm going to say that it's still Leslie's affair — unless you mean to break with him."

"Break with him? Break with him how?"

"Separate from him; send him about his business; divorce him."

She stared up at him. "Do *you* advise me to do that?"

"No; I don't; but unless you make up your mind to it ——"

"Well, what?"

"You must make up your mind to the other thing."

"What other thing?"

"To living with him, to going on as in the past."

"Well, I have made up my mind to it. What else did you think?"

"I thought you were trying to find something between the two — to living with him, and making him unhappy."

"Don't you think he deserves it?"

"Not on any such grounds as you know anything about. If you're going by that —" He pointed to the paper lying on the table.

"Oh, but I'm not. That only corroborates what I've felt for the last three or four years."

"All the same you don't *know*. And even if you did, so long as you mean to live with Leslie, you must live with him on a high plane, and not on a low one. That's what I meant just now when I spoke of being true to your principles. If principles stand for anything in your life you've got a chance to prove it."

"Prove it how?"

"By changing your mental basis; by thinking less of what sort of a husband Leslie is to you, and more of what sort of a wife you are to him."

SHE slapped her hand sharply on the table. "I've been a *good* wife to him. No one could have been a better."

"Really? Then in that case there's no more to be said."

"What do you think yourself, man? You've been in and out for the past four years. You've seen with your own eyes ——"

"What I see with my own eyes, Maggie, is that you've been nourishing suspicions in your heart, and turning into realities things you don't know anything about; and now when the minute comes you let them all rush out like a freshet in the spring, with a force that will carry you both away with it. Remember that, that you can't punish Leslie without punishing yourself; and of the two it's probably you who'll suffer most."

"But what else can I do when he ——?"

"You can go on loving him; you can show him more

*"Why try to do anything but what you spoke of a few minutes ago — just to love and be loved?"*

love and more love; you can love him for *himself* and not for *yourself* ——"

"Haven't I been doing that?"

"No, Maggie, no. It's time you understood it — time you opened your eyes to the fact that your love has been selfish, egotistic. You've loved Leslie — you told us so just now, didn't you? — as something you owned ——"

"But how can I help it when before he married me he was only a wee little instructor in political economy at Columbia —" she snapped her fingers —"and didn't have a cent to his name?"

He looked at her, with a pitying smile. "Poor Maggie! That's just it. You don't see — you must forgive me for saying it! — or, rather, you can forgive me or not as you like! — you'll be the happier for knowing it, and you'll never be happy till you do know it! — you don't see that in many ways Leslie is superior to you — and that your work is to try to come up to him." As he could see that resentment struggled in her mind with approval of his words, he went on. "Leslie is really a distinguished man, in his own line. He's the friend of distinguished men, and he brings them to your house. He's more than that. There's something rather exquisite in his nature, something ultra-refined ——"

"Oh we're all ultra-refined nowadays," she declared, scornfully.

"Pardon me, we're not. Some of us have a great deal to learn in that direction. I'd think of that, Maggie, if I were you."

"Are you hinting that — that I'm — I'm —" she could hardly pronounce the words —"that I'm — I'm *not* refined?"

"You're splendid, Maggie. You're good and honest and true and sincere; but there's something about Leslie ——"

"Which isn't about me? Is that it?"

"Nor about me; nor about most of us." She drew a long hard breath as he continued. "You speak of what I've seen with my own eyes, Maggie. Well, among other things, I've seen that much as you love Leslie, you've never treated him otherwise than as a regnant queen might treat a prince consort. You've *given* to him; you've not been willing to share a common life with him. In this very house you've always been the head, while he's been a few removes higher than the butler."

[*Continued on page 62*]

# Million-Dollar

## The Story of Three Meals a Day in the Movies

Photograph by Hartsook

*Fannie Ward and her husband, Jack Dean, who star in Lasky photoplays, at breakfast in their villa at Hollywood, California*

BREAKFAST with Mme. Olga Petrova, at her home, Flushing, L. I.

Lunch with Miss Alice Brady, at the World Film Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.

Afternoon tea with Miss Pauline Frederick, at the Famous Players' Studio, near Central Park, New York.

Dinner with Mr. Edmund Breese, somewhere in New York City.

Thanks to a motor and an exceptional digestion, this program looked practical. What followed was a four-reel, personal experience, something like this:

REEL I.

MME. PETROVA'S dining-room, dim and cool, eight in the morning of a perfect summer day. Vista of rose garden sloping from pergola to closely clipped hedge. Collie dog peering through one doorway, Persian cat blinking at another.

Seated at table, heroine, gowned and hatted for trip to studio, her husband, Dr. Stewart, and her guest.

Pussy-foot Japanese butler serving iced melons, coffee, toast and eggs.

Leisurely discussion, Synge and Galsworthy plays, punctuated by busy little telephone-bell. Heroine (Mme. Petrova) rises superior to interruption. Calls answered by butler, maid and Dr. Stewart, according to their importance.

Leader: "A fixed position and a tranquil mind are the handmaids of digestion."

Breakfast over, Heroine makes quick round of domestic establishment. Orders dinner, iced melons, roast lamb, potatoes, two fresh vegetables, green salad, fruit ice. Strolls across lawn to issue orders to gardeners.

Close-up: Heroine gazing soulfully into heart of great crimson rose, plucked from her favorite bush.

Then, without re-entering house, off for her day's work.

Leader: "You saw that I ate a substantial breakfast, with deliberation. This, because I will not eat again until seven tonight. Luncheon at mid-day makes me dull, stupid. And for the pictures, one must be vitally alive to her finger-tips. Occasionally, when my day ends early enough, I join Dr. Stewart for tea at the Plaza, not because I am hungry, but because I am gregarious. . . . Diet? No! I have never had to diet because I have never over-eaten. Do not misunderstand me. Some women are stout by inheritance. But many more acquire fat by living to eat. The secret of slimness — and success in any art — is mental and physical activity, plus indifference to food. The woman who thinks food, plans food, who makes a fetich of tickling her palate, will pay in flesh.

"I am busy every moment at the studio. While others lunch, I dictate correspondence or steal a moment for the modiste or the shops. Costuming is more important to the photoplay than luncheon. While at work, I allow nothing to distract me, callers, invitations, personal affairs. And I retire early. Art is also business. My art demands every bit of strength I possess, and I want to be young many years. To keep young, eat little, think even less of what you eat, work much and concentrate on your work with all your mentality. Then you will love life and live long."

Mme. Petrova lives her creed.

The man who vouches for this fact is "Bobby" North, who once tickled the naughty risibilities of Broadway with "Get Out and Get Under" and other Berlinesque song-hits, now executive head of the Popular Plays and Players Studio. Thus does the lure of gold draw men to the photoplay studio and the Yukon! But let us not indulge in reminiscences, when the next reel clicks our way.

REEL II.

HIGH-POWER machine with lone passenger climbing steep New Jersey Palisades. Makes sharp turn through gate in high board fence. A photoplay city sprawling over unkempt grounds. Its strange population in all sorts and conditions of make-up and raiment, streaming toward huge, one-story lunchroom.

Miss Alice Brady, expectant and anxious, standing in doorway of World Film Studio.

Heroine gives excellent imitation of hostess shoving guest along a narrow dust-path under scorching mid-day sun.

Leader: "I've been sitting around for two hours while a scenario editor re-wrote a scene and a carpenter built the new set for it. Now, at lunch time, I suppose everybody will get busy before we've had a chance to say how-de-do."

Lunchroom duplicates eating house of prairie town on the boom. High counters, piled higher with ready-to-eat fare. One long, narrow compartment filled with small tables completely surrounded by movie folk, army and navy officers, policemen, posing juveniles, grinning black face comedians, and "Mary Pickford" curls.

Heroine, as becomes daughter of William A. Brady, commandeers a table. Accelerates table service by using fan to brush off crumbs left by retreating patrons. Orders, watching door over shoulder apprehensively. Waitress scurries off. (By noon, nobody *walks* in a moving picture studio.) Group at near-by table rises, rushes toward door. Heroine starts.

Leader: "Gracious, those people are in my next scene! My director will send for me any minute. . . . Of course I eat luncheon every day. I must. My breakfast is usually a cup of coffee. In the morning, I need

*Edmund Breese eating his 1915 Xmas dinner in the Mountain Studio of Popular Plays and Players, Ft. Wm. Henry*

*Marguerite Clark eating luncheon between exterior scenes from a Famous Players picture*

# Dinner-Pails

## Told in Four Reels *by* Anna Steese Richardson

sleep more than food; but I love to breakfast in bed occasionally. It's a real adventure — not a reel adventure! I must be at the studio at nine. This means my bath at seven. And when you've danced till late . . . No, I don't *have* to dance — but I *love* it. I'd rather dance than eat. Then my dinners are irregular. Sometimes we work here very late. So, you see, I must eat luncheon. . . . Oh, dear, that sandwich is frightfully thick! Won't you let me order something else for you? . . . Oh, yes, I find lunch-counter food quite satisfying."

Tall, shirt-sleeved man appears in doorway. Crooks a finger and nods. Heroine rises automatically.

Leader: "Just what I expected. The scene's waiting! I wish you might have come earlier, when I was doing nothing. You won't mind hurrying, will you? You see, we're late with this picture, and — Oh, I do wish you had a parasol — there are no trees between here and the studio."

Close-up: Heroine fixing anguished gaze on untouched slice of cherry pie.

Repetition of dust-path incident to fast music.

Leader: "I hate to hurry you like this. But if you keep a director waiting, he goes off his head. He has trouble enough, dear knows, with cameras and things. We players just have to behave. Oh, here's your car! So good of you to come out! I do wish you'd have dinner with me like a Christian, some day in town, when I'm not doing a picture. Yes, Mr. —— I'm coming!"

Flash back: Peaceful scene, Petrova dining-room.

Miss Brady's luncheon?

Half a cup of tea, one slice of bread, two square inches of cold meat and a whiff of cherry pie! Coffee for breakfast. Dinner at any hour permitted by studio conditions and after a hard motor trip to her home on Riverside Drive! Small wonder that Alice Brady has a figure like a wood-nymph!

REEL III.

FOUR o'clock. Miss Pauline Frederick's dressing-room. Out of its black-and-orange splendor rises slim, girlish figure of heroine in simple black-and-white raiment of department-store salesgirl, as befits her present rôle. Close-up: Expression of dismay.

Leader: "Oh, my dear lady! We were going out for tea, weren't we?"

*Owen Moore eating his first meal in several days for the Famous Players' screen adaptation of Edgar Selwyn's play, "Rolling Stones"*

Photograph by White

*Alice Brady loves to breakfast in bed. It's a real adventure — not a reel adventure*

Such has been the idea, but evidently the studio gods are leagued against editorial plans.

"Something has gone wrong — a camera, I believe — or was the scene incorrectly painted?"

Maid answers rapidly in French.

"Well, anyway, I can't leave. I've been here since nine-thirty, doing *absolutely nothing*, and now everybody turns busy at once. You'll forgive me, won't you, and come another day? Do! . . . No, I've had *no* luncheon. To tell the truth, I've been crying — there's no use denying it."

Register desperation.

"Oh, my dear, *if* you had been with me last night you'd understand. My last picture — it's *awful*! I never supposed I could do anything so poor. And they've cut up the story till the veriest movie fan could not follow it. Why didn't my director tell me how bad my work was? That's what directors are *for*. If you give a poor performance in spoken drama, you can retrieve your reputation the next night. But when it's flashed on the screen, you're g-gone!"

Graceful Frederick arms out-flung in despair. Heroine buries face in black-and-orange pillows. Maid consoles in rapid-fire French. Visitor clears throat. Emotional scene proceeds.

Photograph by White

*Petrova delights in the rare occasion when she can enjoy a cup of tea in her sun parlor*

"After I have given thirteen years to making my reputation as an actress, my director lets a picture like *that* go out! W-what's the use of w-working — of l-living? Eat? Dearest lady, I couldn't swallow *w-water!*"

Knock at door. Enter call-boy. Actress triumphs over woman. Powder-puff comes into action. Meanwhile: —

"Please, please, do *not* see that picture. I want you to remember me for the good work I have done. *You* know that I *can* act. But when I think of what the audiences are saying — the scrubbiest little boy in the gallery knows bad acting on the screen. . . . Yes, I'm *coming*. Oh, please have tea with me another day — at my apartment. And roast that picture, *do*. I deserve it — and so does the director. I want to give good acting — yes — yes — I'm *here*. *Please* forgive me — and good-by!"

Anything serious? Not at all! Merely one picture-play not up to the high standard which Miss Frederick has set for herself — plus tired nerves, long hours and perhaps a bit of hunger for the meals she does not take the time to eat. Yet Miss Frederick looks younger and more lovely than when she left the legitimate stage.

REEL IV.

LEADER: Dinner invitation from Mr. Breese.

"Come to the studio at five. I'll be through then, and we'll have an early, quiet dinner somewhere!"

With rising hopes, guest climbs two flights to studio of Popular Plays and Players, within stone's throw of Pennsylvania station. At last there will be time for the breaking of bread and communion of soul!

Visitor emerges from [*Continued on page 92*]

# The Triple Cross

*by*

## HOLWORTHY HALL

**Illustrations by R. M. Crosby**

UNLESS Blackman had realized, at a comparatively early age, that true inward beauty attaches to any community in which money is made easily, the outward aspect of Plainville would certainly have plunged him into profound depression, and separated him from the remainder of his nerve. The air of Plainville quivered with the heat of mid-July; the new, granolithic pavements of Plainville, white-hot and raw, promised faithfully to scorch shoe-leather; the shadow of the dusty station was the only visible oasis in a burnt-up land. At the edge of the platform, two or three wretched taxicabs waited, in competition with the misformed, angrily red trolley-car in the center of the square, where the tracks came abruptly to an end. Across the street, a row of business blocks stretched their false fronts of corrugated zinc towards Heaven in a vain endeavor to conceal their actual height, for commercial purposes, of one story and a half. On a denuded grass-plot flanking the freight office, a mammoth signboard, sheathed with dazzling tin, advised the traveler:

This is
PLAINVILLE, OHIO

| | |
|---|---|
| Population, 1913 | 22,157 |
| Population, 1914 | 24,679 |
| Population, 1915 | 25,097 |

WATCH US GROW!

To the north, the sky hung heavy with tumbling smoke from lofty chimneys; to the east hung smoke, and to the west hung smoke; but to the southward, the world lay flat and glaring, marred only by the steaming cottages of those who were to drag their weary feet down from the factories when the final whistle blew.

To Blackman, however, descending from the train at the most humid hour of the most humid day of a season remarkable for its humidity, the baking city of Plainville loomed as a refuge, a Mecca. He knew that it was the most promising, the most progressive of all those minor cities which, full of pride, and challenging each to each, dot the map from the Chicago River to the Kaw; and he knew, too, that its institutions and its advantages were no more to be judged by its Depot Square than the Great White Way is to be judged by the Stygian darkness of the Park Avenue tunnel. He had come to Plainville for specific relief, and he confidently expected to find it; so that without waiting to be depressed by the first view, he made polite inquiry for the Majestic Hotel, and ignoring the ardent solicitation of the motorman, who leaned over the dashboard of the trolley-car to shout at him, chartered one of the decrepit taxicabs to take him there.

The hotel was also painfully new and challenging. It had evidently been erected more in a spirit of civic aggrandizement than of conservative speculation — and the result was evidenced by the scarcity of bellboys and writing materials. It had plenty of tiling, and pillars, and leather chairs in the lobby, and brass-tagged keys in the letter-boxes; but Blackman observed, as he registered, that he shared with but one other individual the distinction of arrival on this particular day, and accordingly, he feared for his digestion. Later, he discovered that his room still smelled of varnish, and that the faucets declined to turn without mechanical assistance; but there was an adequate shower, and he forgave the rest. At seven o'clock, when he went down to dinner, he was almost comfortable.

He liked to monopolize a table in a restaurant unless a personal acquaintance was with him, so that naturally he resented the liberty of the head-waiter in seating him with an earlier guest, who was already busy with his soup. Besides, Blackman had long harbored the impression that such liquid is for internal use only. But on casting about for a better place, he perceived that the public was limited to a small area by the door, and that the greater part of the room was swathed in pink cheese-cloth, and honorably discharged from service; there were no vacant tables in the sector of action. He sat down without anticipation, and planned to depart hastily, and without regret.

He who was eating soup — a round, deliquescent, cheerful-faced man of perhaps thirty-seven or eight, bright-eyed and alert in spite of his bulk — glanced up and nodded with quick friendliness.

"Hot enough for you?" he asked.

Blackman's temperature rose perceptibly, but he saw no reason to deny the weather.

"Yes, thank you," he said, examining the menu.

"It sure was a hot one," recalled his neighbor.

He had an irritating habit — all habits are more or less irritating in midsummer — of poising his spoon, and looking away into space, then turning sharply and shooting his comments as though to take his hearer by surprise and disconcert him.

"Very," said Blackman. He gave his order to a waiter, whose enthusiasm had apparently become atrophied through lack of generous transients.

"Stranger here?" demanded the stout young man, returning from his contemplation of nothing.

"Yes."

"Never been in Plainville before?"

"No," said Blackman. If he could have devised a shorter reply, he would have utilized it.

The stout young man averted his gaze; presently he snapped his head in the general direction of Blackman, and said:

"It's a grand little town, all right. It's booming right along. Glass, iron — everything. But in the summertime — my!" He fanned himself humorously. "They say there's nothing in Plainville but sun, sin, sand, slag, and Steve Simmons."

"Indeed. From your newspaper?"

"No — Simmons said it himself. Like it?" He grinned engagingly.

"It's very alliterative," conceded Blackman, tasting his cold cuts.

"Between you and I and the fence-post," continued the stout young man, "it's *accurate!* Staying here long?"

"I really don't know."

"I see. On the road, I take it. What's your line?"

"My line? Why ——"

"Electrical goods? You look like a G. E. man."

"No—I'm not selling anything."

"No? Excuse me. My mistake. Then you're —— ?"

"Exactly," said Blackman, sampling his sherbet.

The stout young man stared incredulously, and burst out laughing.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I know when I'm squelched."

"If it would be of the slightest interest to you," said Blackman coldly, "I'm going up to the sanitarium."

"You *are?* Up there? Well — you don't look it!"

"No?" queried Blackman indifferently.

"No, sir! I wouldn't have believed it! Of course, a good many people spend one night here before they go up on the hill, but that's what fooled me."

"How so?"

"Why," said the stout young man, turning suddenly, "they come here to eat what they blame please, and drink what they blame please, before they start in on a regular diet. That's human nature. If you'd ordered wine, I'd have had you! But. . . what's the idea, rest cure?"

"Approximately." He signed the check, and pushed back his chair.

"Well, if I can ever do anything for you, let me know, will you? One time or another, I do a lot of work for people up there. You never know what you might want. Come in and see me when you happen to get downtown. Here's my card."

"Thank you." Blackman hesitated, and decided not to offer his own. "Good evening."

"The same to you. Good luck!" He smiled broadly, and Blackman bowed without smiling, and walked away.

He was in the lobby when he first scrutinized the card which had been so unexpectedly thrust upon him; it bore the inscription:

STEPHEN W. SIMMONS
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
Real Estate Mortgages
Collections
156 Main Street,
Plainville
No Charge for Consultations

"Hm!" said Blackman to himself. "He's the man who spilled that epigram! Modest little fellow!" He put the pasteboard in his pocket, and approached the desk clerk. "A call for eight o'clock," he said, "and at nine I'll want some sort of conveyance to take me up to the sanitarium."

"Right!" acknowledged the clerk briskly. "And are you going out tonight, or do you want some refreshments in your room?"

"Neither. Just some ice-water, and some telegraph blanks. Eight o'clock sharp, please."

The clerk gazed curiously after him.

"Gosh!" he said. "Why . . . why, the poor guy must be sick—or something!"

After forty-eight hours at the Plainville Sanitarium which holds even a tired business man with no discernible ailment under more rules and regulations than an imperial court chamberlain ever conceived, Blackman took his first stroll downtown. His course brought him to Main Street; the number of a certain building set his imagination to work. Indifferently, he entered the hallway of 156, and mentioned the name of Simmons to an elevator boy. Subsequently, when he had journeyed slowly upward in a car through which a twisted wire rope rattled without ceasing, he found himself in an outer office lined with case books and state reports, and inhabited by an overdressed young woman who admitted that the lawyer was in. He had a client, she said, but the client should be leaving directly; would the gentleman wait?

Blackman's watch was still in his hand when the inner door opened, and Mr. Simmons appeared, in company with an elderly, white-haired aristocrat who was shaking his head gravely, and nervously fingering his scarf-pin as he continued his peroration.

"The other side of it is utterly immaterial," he was saying. "As usual, on the first of the month ——"

"Just as you like," said Simmons, shrugging his shoulders. "It's your responsibility. Thanks for coming in. Good day, General." He escorted the impressive client to the corridor, and came back hastily. "Mr. Blackman! An unexpected pleasure! Come in — make yourself at home! How're they treating you up there?" He seized Blackman by the arm, and led him into the sanctum, seated him, and snatched a box of cigars from the desk. "Try one of these?"

"I think not, thank you. I ——"

"Won't they let you smoke? Too bad!" He lounged luxuriously in his swivel chair, and took a cigar for himself. "Suppose you're wondering how I got your name? Off the hotel register. I never overlook a chance. Well — can I do anything for you, or did you just drop in to call? You're welcome either way."

"I was out for a walk," said Blackman. "It's further than I thought."

Simmons beamed delightedly, and looked at the wall.

"It's the fastest growing town this side of Chicago," he boasted, with the habitual sudden turning of his head. "Notice the Masonic Block? And the Library? Inside of five years we'll have seventy thousand here — why, ten years ago you could have bought an acre for what a twenty-foot lot fetches now! And new factories coming in every month ——"

"There ought to be some lively financiering going on here," said Blackman.

"Financiering! Listen! In nineteen eight and nine a man had to go East for capital — couldn't raise it here. The banks didn't have enough deposits to make decent sized loans. Today they've got so much money they don't know what to do with it — and not even the new factories can take care of it all! Why, right in this city we've got two concerns listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and two on the Curb! They've got to four-track the road pretty soon — and we've got thirty-six spurs now. Finance!"

"It always seemed to me," said Blackman, "that a city like this has enormous possibilities for investments. Now ——"

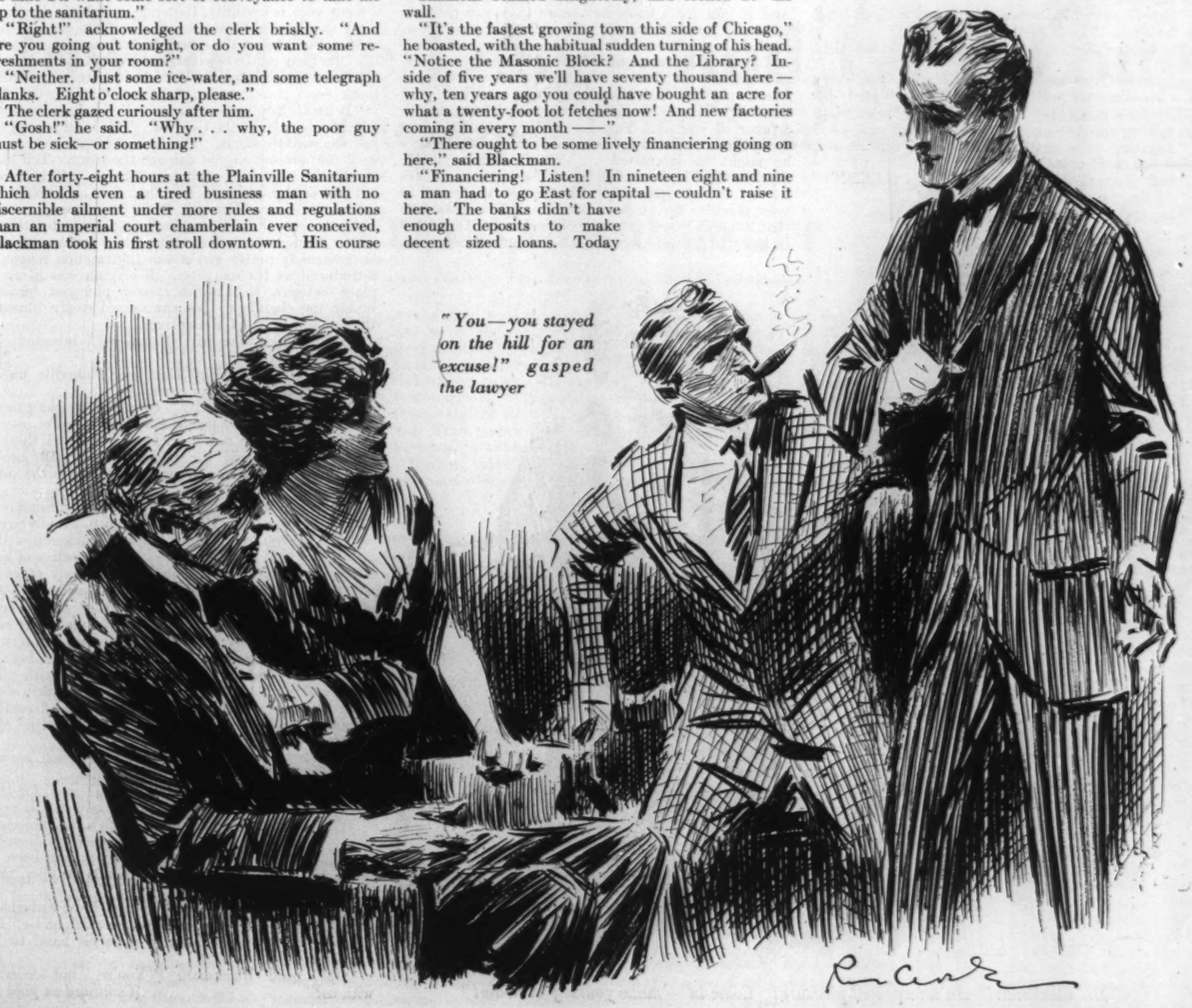
Mr. Simmons sat upright.

"Investments! I should say it has! Why, if a man was to come in here looking for investments, I could put him on to half a dozen. Ask some of the doctors up there! Ask Dr. Floherty. He'll tell you. Every season there's a couple of men from the East up at the sanitarium that get excited about Plainville. They can't help it. Last year I put one man into Plainville Oil and Gas — he bought treasury stock at seven, par ten, and he got out at nineteen. A while ago I put another man into real estate out on the north side. He bought a tract for forty-three, five — and that's where the new iron works are. He got sixty-three, five — in three years. The place *reeks* with investments. Any idea of it yourself?"

"I hadn't thought seriously of it."

"When you do," said Mr. Simmons, "tell *me*. I can put you in *right*. I always have a bunch of money to invest for clients. The other fellow comes to *me* — you know — they all come to me. I was brought up here. Take the man that just went out — he comes here. That's General Ames — president of the traction company. I handle all *his* investments. For instance ——"

"The traction company ought to be pretty successful, I should think," said Blackman thoughtfully.



*"You — you stayed on the hill for an excuse!" gasped the lawyer*

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"How do you mean?" questioned Mr. Simmons.

"Why, they generally are, aren't they?"

"Fair — only fair."

"If I ever thought seriously of investing money in a city of this size," said Blackman, "I'd rather incline towards public service corporations. If the city grows, they're bound to grow, too. It isn't as risky as real estate."

"Well, that may be. . . What did you say your business is?"

"Paper," said Blackman.

"Paper. That's a fine business, paper. Big money's made in paper."

"Yes, there is."

Mr. Simmons swerved abruptly to the left.

"Of course you didn't come in to talk shop," he said, "but now you're here — and you've got a little idea of the town — would you consider an absolutely safe proposition if I showed it to you?"

"Well ——"

The lawyer raised his hand.

"Just a second. It's a fifty-thousand-dollar deal to start. Scare you, does it?"

"I'm not readily frightened," smiled Blackman.

"All right. Good so far, then. Now — could you interest fifty or a hundred more? On a guaranteed ten per cent. basis, and a chance of twenty?"

"I might."

"Straight?"

"I don't make a practise of wasting my time, Mr. Simmons."

"Fine! Anything special to do this morning?"

"Nothing at all."

"Better yet. Want to take a motor ride?"

"It sounds attractive, certainly."

"I'll tell you what I've got in mind," said Mr. Simmons, leaning forward confidentially. "If you've got the price ——"

"Here!" said Blackman. He tossed a check-book on the desk. "Look at the last balance."

The lawyer started, and pursed his lips in astonishment.

"Thunder!" he said. "If that's what you carry in a checking account! *Well!*" He meditated diligently for a moment. "This is an inside proposition I'm talking about — maybe it wouldn't suit you ——"

"Anything suits me," said Blackman deliberately, "that has profit in it."

"So? Even if there's a touch of . . . politics?"

"By that you mean . . . strategy?"

They looked earnestly into each other's eyes.

*"Still — I — I like you very much," she breathed*

"What I had in mind," the lawyer went on, "was a deal I've thought over for a long time. It's . . . just . . . about . . . ripe." He stared at the ceiling, and smoked reflectively. "The best thing for you to do is to play it blind for a while. It'll spoil so *easy*. And if you don't know any more than you do now, you can't spoil it anyway. You can get your information, and after that. . . Excuse me a minute, will you?" He reached for the telephone receiver, and gave a number. "Hello — Traction? General Ames, please. Simmons speaking. . . That you, General? This is Simmons. General, I want to ask a favor of you. . . Yes. . . Well, a patient up on the hill's been in to see me; likes the town; he says he might be interested. . . What's that?. . . He says he might be interested in an investment. . . Yes . . . I thought you might like to take us around in your machine for an hour or so. . . Yes, show him that Summit Street property of yours. . . Oh, you'd be lucky to get out even, but it's a chance; besides. . . Oh, no, you'll add dignity; that's what I want. . . You see, I didn't lose any time, General. He's the man who was in the office when you went out. He was ready for an investment, and I told him. . . Not a bit! A real-estate agent wouldn't do for a second! I want your personality, General — anybody'd believe what *you* say — besides, he'll be flattered. . . All right. We'll be at the corner in ten minutes. Good-by." He hung up the receiver, and grinned at Blackman.

"If it's real estate," declared the patient, "I hardly think ——"

"It isn't! You leave it to me. I've got my reasons. I want you to meet the General. This is all regular — just the way I want it. You look at his property, and we'll ride around so you can see the town. Tell him the truth — tell him what you told me. Only don't tell him what I told you! And then if nothing breaks — no harm's done. Ready? Let's be moving."

At the corner a touring-car was waiting for them; in the tonneau were the white-haired gentleman and an amazingly pretty girl whom the traction magnate introduced as his daughter. Blackman was given a place between them; the lawyer plumped himself beside the chauffeur; the car moved easily through the sporadic traffic of Main Street.

"Your initial visit, Mr. Blackman?" inquired the General affably.

"My very first. But I've had Plainville under consideration for a year, or more."

"It's not a beautiful city," conceded the older man, "but there are a few people who love it. I'm one of them. I was born out yonder on a farm. I think I know by sight half the population —" He broke off to raise his hat to a group of loiterers on the sidewalk.

"I tell him it would save time," said Mr. Simmons, "to go bareheaded. His hat's off so much anyway."

"And do you love it, too?" asked Blackman of the girl. Now that he had an adequate perspective of her, he realized that she presented a symphony of color which, in his brief experience, was unique and wholly satisfying. She was not a small person; on the contrary, she was in height above the average of her sex, and very gracefully rounded. Her complexion was extraordinarily fresh and clear; it harmonized beautifully with her white, floppy hat, trimmed with pink roses, and with her white, summery gown, delicately picked out here and there with tiny knots and fleurettes of pink ribbon. She exhaled the fragrance of an old-fashioned garden.

"I'm afraid — not as much as my father does," she told him.

"There's too much soot for the younger generation," said the lawyer. "But every grain of it's worth its weight in gold to us old fellows — eh, General?"

"My greatest pleasure has been to see some of my friends prosper, Mr. Simmons."

The car swung into a broad avenue, lined with shade trees; it stopped before a large, colonial house, the General hurried to alight, and gave his hand to his daughter.

"Oh!" said Blackman. "You're not coming with us?"

[*Continued on page 81*]

*"Mr. Blackman! An unexpected pleasure! Come in — make yourself at home!"*

*This is a composite photograph of an editor, an advertising man, a bookkeeper, a clerk and a carpenter*

*Here we have a socialist, a society woman, an educator, a nurse and a probation officer*

*And here are five clergymen of various denominations. Note the strength in these pictures. Then look below*

# How to Live Long—and Love Long

## The Third Article in the Great Series

*by*

## CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Composite Photographs Taken Especially for this Article by Paul Thompson

I WILL put down eight practical rules for the care of the body that have been worked out after study and consultation with doctors and food experts, and that have been found wonderfully helpful by those who have obeyed them:

EAT WHATEVER YOU DESIRE, but little of it, especially little meat, about half as much of everything as you were probably accustomed to eat in your careless-living period. It is better to eat four very light meals in the twenty-four hours than two heavy meals. Skip a meal occasionally, and, if you feel out of sorts, try fasting in bed for a day.

READ BOOKS ON FOOD VALUES for diet suggestions and occasionally check up on what you are eating and make sure that your average daily food consumption does not exceed a limit that you have fixed as desirable, say from 2,500 to 3,000 calories a day, according to the amount of exercise you are taking. It ought not to exceed 3,000 calories. Eat freely of fibrous foods, cold-slaw, spinach, celery, apples, dates, figs, ripe olives, nuts, fruit salad, lettuce salad, gluten bread, whole-wheat bread, hard crusts of bread. Eat a little bran or agar-agar every day with cream. This rule is extremely important since it has to do with the right functioning of the colon, and upon this depends your health, happiness and success. *Il faut a tout prix vider le colon une ou deux fois par jour.* In rare cases where this seems impossible it may be necessary (on the advice of a diagnostician) to have an X-ray examination, after a Bismuth meal, made of the abdominal region to *see* what is the trouble.

DO SIMPLE SETTING-UP EXERCISES, especially rotary abdominal exercises for five or ten minutes every morning. Form the habit of doing abdominal exercises or muscle tensing and flexing exercises at odd times through the day. You can do these anywhere without attracting attention.

WALK THREE OR FOUR MILES A DAY and form the habit of breathing deeply and rhythmically through the nose as you walk — so many strides (usually five or six) to the outgoing breath, then the same number of strides to the incoming breath. Do this rhythmical breathing occasionally as you feel like it, and avoid making this or any other part of your plan irksome or monotonous. Do these things because you *wish* to do them. Do not force yourself to do them against your will. Train your will to be a consenting, an approving, a controlling power behind your actions.

DECIDE WHAT YOUR NORMAL WEIGHT SHOULD BE (after consulting an expert) and see that you do not get above it. This is one of the most important things that you can do. There is danger in over-weight, especially after forty; cancer, for instance, is more common among persons of over-weight than among under-weights, according to Hoffman in "The Mortality from Cancer Throughout the World." If you are over-weight enter upon a reduction-diet plan, cutting out water at meals, butter, and lessen the quantity taken of sweets, starches and fats. If you reduce your food allowance to 2,000 calories a day, or a little less, and take a reasonable amount of exercise you *must* take off weight. The two great rules of health call for abstemiousness in food and reasonable exercise, and of these two the more important is abstemiousness in food. Remember that the benefits of exercise are largely neutralized if it is followed by what is called hearty (usually excessive) eating.

DRINK ABOUT SIX GLASSES OF WATER every day, one glass at each meal and three glasses between meals. If you are over-weight drink all six glasses between meals. Also drink the juice of half a lemon in a glass of hot water every morning before eating. Form the habit of taking lemon juice in water on social occasions instead of alcohol. *Do not take alcohol at all*, except, possibly, an occasional glass of beer or light wine.

GO TO AN EXPERT DIAGNOSTICIAN or to the Life Extension Institute at least once a year and have a thorough examination (including a blood test) made of your bodily condition. Do this no matter how well you feel or look, since the approach of degenerative diseases and of various forms of bodily impairment is usually without warning. Have your teeth and teeth sockets examined with extreme care, also all cavities of the head, since here are often found centers of infection that send out bacteria to destroy distant organs.

Do not neglect any small lump under the skin or any wart or little mole that is changing its appearance. It is from such small and insignificant beginnings that cancer develops and, in the great majority of cases, cancer can be absolutely cured if discovered in time.

*The man's face represents a forger, a white slaver, a burglar, a swindler and a shoplifter; while the woman is a composite of a dishonest servant, a general thief and prostitute, a swindler, a shoplifter and a forger. Is Lombroso's theory correct?* **Is** *there a criminal class?*

GO TO DOCTORS for preventive treatment rather than for illness. Do not take drugs. If you follow these rules of living (or similar rules that you may draw up as more suitable to your own case) you will develop in your body — *you must believe this strongly, for it is true* — the best power that can be given it to resist any diseases or ills that may threaten it, especially if you have learned to work, to play, to live joyfully, and have gained that serenity of mind which comes through the daily exercise of the infinite power of love.

In order to please feminine readers I wish I might add some serviceable rules for beautifying the face and the body (since beauty is intimately connected with love and, therefore, with life); but the truth is the rules of beauty are identical with those of health. There are no other beauty rules; in fact, a woman's beauty is never revealed in its full glory except in a healthy body.

Beauty must be cherished, worked for, earned; it must be deserved like love and friendship. You cannot buy beauty, and if bountiful nature gives it to you, you can keep it only in a body maintained worthy of so great a treasure, not in a diseased or fat body, not in a body that lacks the illumination of an aspiring soul.

TO WOMEN WHO WOULD BE BEAUTIFUL I say study such rules of health as are given above, try to live by them and be sure if you cannot be beautiful in that way you can never be beautiful at all.

And here are a few *Beauty Don'ts* that have the endorsement of eminent doctors who have no interest in beauty enterprises and no motive to state anything except the truth.

*Don't* waste money on beauty parlors or on beauty quacks. If you have an idea that your features may be improved, a double chin removed, a crooked nose straightened, go to a reputable surgeon and ask him if the thing is possible. It often is.

*Don't* try to reduce your weight by the operations of a rolling-machine. These machines, by increasing the blood pressure, are apt to interfere with the proper functioning of the vital organs. You cannot lead lazy, self-indulgent lives with constant overfeeding and little exercise and then get a machine to pay the penalty. Do the rolling yourself — on the floor.

IN A PREVIOUS ARTICLE I have referred to the fact that vast stores of knowledge touching the human body are hidden away from our Western culture in those wonderful but obscure Sanscrit writings known as the *vedas*, thousands of volumes that contain the wisdom of the ages.

There are adepts in this Oriental knowledge who are able, for instance, to control at will the opening of the pylorus or curved end of the stomach (where that organ joins the small intestine) although our doctors insist that such control is beyond human power. I myself know several men and women in New York who, after studying with an Eastern teacher, are able to do this.

"What is the use of such control?" it may be asked. "What good does this pylorus accomplishment do?"

I reply that to be able to open the valve at the lower end of the stomach in case of poisoning or acute indigestion, and thus to cleanse the body with floods of water taken into the stomach, might make all the difference between living and dying.

Without aspiring to such unusual knowledge as this it is evident that we ought to have at least as much gumption about our own bodies as we have about our automobiles and our kitchen ranges. We should know, for instance, how to make an ordinary urine test for albumin — the simplest thing in the world — a tablespoonful (silver spoon) heated to boiling over a gas-jet. If there remains in the spoon a white flaky deposit the indication is bad and it may be well to see a doctor about the kidneys. If there is no deposit the kidneys are probably all right.

There are a hundred such helpful and enormously important things that we can (if we will) learn about our bodies and about their right or wrong functioning. How to cure a headache? How to relieve that distressing upward gas pressure from stomach and intestines that alarms the heart, makes it skip a beat now and then, and gives us thoughts of heart disease? How to cure a cold? How to cure sleeplessness? How to cure mental depression, those blue-devil fits that overtake us, and make life seem a wretched thing when really it is a fine thing?

Every day thousands of poor humans crowd into doctors' offices with pitiful plaints like these — I say pitiful because there is usually no excuse for them except our own deplorable ignorance and inefficiency. What would we do with a chauffeur who gave no thought to engine troubles, valve leaks, worn clutches, blow-outs, or faults in the ignition apparatus until a smash-up came? Discharge him as incompetent. Exactly. And year by year a vast number of men and women are discharged as incompetent from the job of managing their own bodies and their own minds — discharged into the grave!

Speaking of gumption regarding one's own body, I had a talk recently with a young man of thirty-one who for the past year and a half has taken the counsels of the Life Extension Institute so seriously to heart and put them into such excellent practice that he has become a shining example of hygienic efficiency. Within six months, by a balanced diet and regular exercise he reduced his weight from two hundred and twelve pounds (stripped) to one hundred and fifty-one pounds, his waist measure from forty-three to thirty-two inches, and his collar size from sixteen and a half, which was formerly tight over a pudgy red neck, to fifteen and a half, which is now loose.

*This composite shows a great moralist, a business man, a medical investigator, a Senator and a Cabinet officer. Every one of these men is known the world over. Read Mr. Moffett's interesting deductions*

In the old days he suffered constantly from headaches, he slept badly, he had pains around his heart and was always tired; now his headaches are gone, his heart never troubles him, he sleeps like a child, he "feels fit, full of ginger," and knows the joy of living that comes when a soul half doped by fat has earned its freedom and established itself in a lithe and vigorous body.

How did he do it? If anyone wishes to know the exact details I will give them later.

AN OLD MAN IN HIS NINETY-SECOND YEAR writes from Los Angeles: "You inquire to what I allege my health and long life. To a rigid obedience of Nature's laws, to energy and purpose, with such correct habits as avoiding tobacco, liquors of all kinds, and animal-flesh eating. For over sixty years I have been a vegetarian. I believe much in deep breathing, good and proper exercise, and the morning bath. . . . I have unbounded faith in God, in the Christ of God, in religion, prayer, and the present-day ministry of angels."

Another Californian, who will be one hundred years old on September 1st, 1917, writes at the age of ninety-six: "When a child my mother trained me to a plain and limited diet, to abstain from all alcoholic and narcotic stimulants, to keep regular hours of sleep, and to keep myself busy, all of which rules I have followed from my youth up."

Many other Americans bear witness to the longevity value of the plan of life already suggested, based on a wise adjustment of *work, play, love,* and *care of the body;* and many emphasize the great importance of abstemiousness in diet and a strong desire to live.

On the other hand there are some cases of men and women who have lived to a great age without practising the slightest abstemiousness, and without doing anything particularly admirable. One young lady tells of her grandmother, the most active and intelligent woman she knows, who has never denied herself anything, has eaten Welsh rarebits at midnight and mince pies for breakfast and been none the worse for it. Others refer ironically to some centenarian who boasted of breaking all the laws of health, who smoked constantly, was a heavy eater of indiscriminate food, and rarely went to bed sober. And the oldest living person in America, among verified cases, Mrs. Anne Pouder of Baltimore, says modestly: "I have lived just like other people; I have eaten what I please and take things as they come."

The fact is these individual statements prove nothing, and a study of longevity reports inclines one to belief that old people themselves know little as to the cause of their great age. It is established, however, that the great majority of the very aged have been moderate eaters and small meat eaters; most of them have been hard workers accustomed to much open-air exercise; most of them have been of spare or average build, not fat; most of them have been married and possessed of exceptional fecundity or sex power; they have had large families and have come of large families.

As a law of family inheritance it may be pointed out that brothers have a longevity advantage over sisters in the case of a strong mother and a weak father (I mean strong or weak in vitality) whereas sisters have a longevity advantage over brothers in the case of a strong father and a weak mother. In other words boys, who inherit chiefly the mother's traits, are more in danger of a short life than girls if a short-life tendency is inherited from the mother; and girls, who chiefly inherit the father's traits, are more in danger of a short life than boys if a short-life tendency is inherited from the father.

When a person inherits long life from the one side and a short life from the other he has two longevities (life terms) one authority maintains, and will probably pass through a dangerous illness at the time when the shorter longevity matures and may die then. If he passes this danger point his health will probably improve and he may live a long life. It is startling to note in many families a tendency among brothers and sisters or among cousins to die at exactly the same age. I have in mind one family where four sisters, one after the other, died at the age of forty-six.

If we compare different races in regard to longevity we find that the Jews have the most extended expectation or average length of life of any people on earth. This may be a racial survival of the fittest after centuries of massacre and oppression, or it may be an impressive illustration of the longevity values of industry, sobriety and thrift.

The English are longer-lived than the Irish, the Scotch are longer-lived than the English, and the Welsh are longer-lived than the Scotch. In fact, the Welsh are the longest-lived people in Europe. And the shortest-lived people in the world are the Esquimaux, who rarely, it is said, live beyond forty.

As between men and women, men would seem to be inferior in ultimate vitality, since there are always more women living on the earth over ninety-five years of age than there are men on the earth over ninety-five. And this is true in spite of the fact that more males are born every year than females.

In his valuable book, "Old Age," Dr. George Murray Humphry, after investigating hundreds of cases, concludes that women exceed men in inherent life power and points to a report of the Registrar-General of England wherein eighty-nine persons were returned, during a certain year, as having died at the age of one hundred or more, seventy-nine of these being women and only ten men.

"The superiority of female life," he says, "is well known by insurance offices to exist notwithstanding the higher rate of mortality during the child-bearing period. . . . That this superiority is not entirely due to the comparative freedom from [*Continued on page 73*]

**The success of Mr. Moffett's articles on how to gain long life and continued happiness naturally leads to more articles on the same general subject. The first one appears next month under the title "Is the Way of the Transgressor Always Hard?"**

*Something moved in the other room. She stood still as a figure of wax*

*Illustrations by*

**F. C. YOHN**

# The Torpedo

## A Remarkable Tale of a Woman Spy and the Sinking of the Saturnia

*A Short Novel by*

**WALLACE IRWIN**

THE Great War, which had brought desolation and exhaustion upon the European Continent, had been over now for several years. An elderly Irish baronet, standing at the rail of an East-bound British liner, surveyed the Irish Sea, tranquil under a summer sun. They were due at Queenstown by four; and as a sort of sentimental duty the gray-haired passenger examined his watch. It was half-past two — almost the exact hour, and they were sailing over the waters where the *Saturnia* lay sunken.

"Excuse me," said a voice at his elbow. "If this is Sir Robert Malloy, I'd like to ask you a question."

He turned his keen eyes and beheld a young man leaning against a life-boat.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the interloper explained, "but I have a sort of excuse. I was on the *Saturnia* when she was torpedoed, you see. I'm an American and I saw my mother drown." He hesitated, after the manner of one who recites an old bereavement.

"Is there something you wanted to ask?" inquired Malloy kindly.

"Yes, sir. It's like this. I know you were very close to the English Admiralty office at the time the German submarines did the job. And I thought you might tell me one thing that has always puzzled me. Why did the captain of the *Saturnia* take it into his head to slow down at the particular spot where the Boches could torpedo her?"

"That," replied Malloy, "was all threshed out in the investigation. I think the records are on file in ——"

"*They* don't explain anything!" the American scoffed. "It was a game of button, button; who's got the button? Engineer blamed fireman, fireman blamed conductor, conductor blamed train-dispatcher. There was no reason for that ship to loiter. I have always wanted to know ——"

"The rules of the sea are complicated," smiled Sir Robert.

"Yes. To tell you the truth, I've always thought Sir Morgan Carsovan, who was at the head of the Admiralty at that time, never got what was coming to him."

Sir Robert Malloy smiled tolerantly. A shade too tolerantly.

"And where in the world did Carsovan disappear to?" the persistent interviewer went on. "British statesmen don't walk off the face of the earth."

"Why, you read of his retirement, about that time, didn't you?" Malloy inquired.

"I know. But retirement doesn't blot men out of existence."

A party of ladies, passing, beckoned the distinguished Irishman from his dialogue.

"Maybe you'd better look under the letter 'C' in the Encyclopedia of Ex-Celebrities," he laughed as he

*"It seems a bit fanciful, coming out of the blue like this, after we've been ten years apart," he persisted*

departed with a haste which, the American thought, was not unwilling.

THAT moment in the late winter of 1913 when Alma Oldenbourg paused in front of the trim, gray building in the Wilhelmstrasse, meant a long journey for her. She lifted her large, rather greenish eyes to the number over the door, then peeped into her purse to verify the address. She smiled a little nervously at the sweetness of the thrill that passed through her; had she not sworn it, standing like a soldier, hand upraised, "soul and brain and body" in the service of her Kaiser?

The orderly at the door regarded her curiously, so she no longer hesitated, but handed him her card.

"To see Captain von Hälden," she said.

"This way, Fräulein," he directed. Passing down the narrow corridor, through a door to the right, she came upon a large, bleakly furnished room; and under a photographic group of his famous duelling corps, sat her cousin, stout, square, his bullet head so closely shorn that the redness of his complexion flamed through the prickly blond hair.

"Alma!" he said. "Ah!" He arose, clicked his heels and extended a big palm, his gaze the while roving over her in a fashion which plainly said: "Here is a pretty object — how can we use it?"

"Cousin Otto," cried she, smiling archly as she took his hand, "one walks into your great dragon's den merely by presenting a card."

"You were sent for," replied von Hälden, unsmiling, because the jokes played by his department were usually of a deadly nature. "But *ach himmel!* How it becomes you to be a woman grown!"

"Have I aged so?" she pouted while her cousin's appraising look passed over her, taking in her small, graceful figure, lingering in a heavy satisfaction upon her pliant mouth and the elf-curl of red hair above brows that tilted upward, always challenging.

"Aged — no!" he responded solemnly. "Twenty-eight is not that."

"Twenty-nine, Herr Captain," she corrected, with a smile.

"You have reached the age, and the time has come in the world's history, when you have the privilege of doing a service for your Kaiser." Von Hälden spoke with formal earnestness.

"So I have been called?" she asked, all piquancy gone from her face.

"You have not forgotten the vows you made twelve years ago?"

"One does not forget — that," she said gravely. "A great many things have happened to me — but I have always remembered."

"Ah! You have seen life, Mrs. Anderson?" He leaned forward with a ponderous smile, but the young woman faced him squarely.

"Call me Alma Oldenbourg!"

"So you have quit the English Captain?" Brutal questions were a fine art in the secret service, and Otto von Hälden used the weapon advantageously.

"That drunkard!" She brought down a small heel as she sat working her fingers into the upholstered arm of her chair.

"I know." Otto nodded with the assurance of one who had the biography of every German subject, revised to date, in his card library. "Nobody ever thought you would like him."

"I have my family to thank for him," she said bitterly. "There were better men among our servants. If I had had a real protector in the world — a real father to look after me ——"

"You have a very real father," von Hälden slowly assured her. "Don't forget that, young woman. If the good of the Empire made it necessary for him to drop you in a bad hour, it is not becoming that a woman of your blood and spirit should complain. See what he has done for you! Up to your twentieth year there wasn't an advantage of travel or luxury denied you. Remember that. Politics are politics, my dear girl. And even though he doesn't acknowledge you, don't think he's not watching out in every way ——"

"To marry me to another detestable person?" she inquired scornfully.

"Alma," Captain von Hälden resumed, after permitting her a moment in which to govern herself, "do you love the greatness and glory — and the future of your Fatherland?"

"I love nothing else," she replied, her strange eyes flaming suddenly. "It is everything to me."

"Good! You have spoken like a ——" He was about to name the great family from which she had sprung so unwelcomely. "And now I am going to tell you why they mated you to your Englishman."

Her elfin brows tilted an interrogative degree higher.

"There was no particular reason for him, individually." Otto aimed at her the steel tips of his eyes. "Any Englishman would have done. Do you see?"

"I can't say I do," she admitted. In retort he raised his voice to the scolding pitch which was, with him, a professional mannerism.

"Stupid child! Can't you understand? The League chose Anderson for you. You were to marry an Englishman, not so much to know *him* as to know others of his countrymen."

"Then my sacrifice began years ago," she reflected. "How useless it was! I never met many Englishmen after my marriage."

"But before — you knew several before?" he cross-questioned eagerly.

"Several," she agreed.

"Yes. And you're a very pretty woman, Alma. You studied in England, too. Wasn't there one Englishman especially smitten — back in those days?"

"How do I know?" she shrugged. "I flirted — I suppose they all said they loved me. Perhaps I was in love with one or two myself."

"Let's speak English," suggested von Hälden, beaming his satisfaction as he addressed her with an accurate London accent. "You haven't forgotten their names, I take it?"

"My memory is sound, in spite of my advancing years," she smilingly assured him in the same language.

"Superb!" grinned Otto von Hälden. "Your English is yet better than mine. And now I will show you a picture."

Briskly he drew from his desk a square of cardboard. Alma looked at the photographic group attached thereto and beheld some two dozen figures, partly in English and German naval uniforms, partly in the long coats of ceremony.

"English attachés and Parliament members visiting Kiel last Spring," tersely announced the secret-service officer. "Have you ever been — well, acquainted — with any Englishman in that group?" His gaze alternated between the mounted photograph and the traveling eyes of the woman who leaned over it.

In a moment she had fixed her attention upon a lean, frock-coated figure to the right of the group. The long face, earnest and scholarly in spite of the frivolous twist of small, waxed mustaches, gazed out at her in a way which seemed to claim for him a certain distinction among the merely official faces around him.

"He has grown a mustache!" was her first comment. "He looks very little older."

"Then you *do* know him!" Captain von Hälden's lips smacked as with the taste of rich beer.

"He was one of those I knew best," she admitted archly. "A very charming man."

"I know all this," the secret-service agent admitted. "I am glad you picked out the man in the picture. This makes your work simpler."

"I am to deal with him?" she asked.

"That's why you were sent for," he answered. "Your friend there is one of three men in line for one of the most important cabinet positions in England — the supreme position, in case of war. Unless the signs fail, he'll accept the portfolio. Do you see, then? Here is one who must be taken care of."

"How?" asked Alma Oldenbourg, her peculiar eyes studying the photograph.

"He is now, we are informed, taking a short rest on the Riviera. His address is 'Riviera Palace, Cannes.' You are ordered to go there and renew an old acquaintance. The object is to be as close to this man as possible and for as long a time as possible."

"Why?"

"Are you ready to repudiate the vows you made your Kaiser?" Captain von Hälden questioned sharply, intolerantly.

"'Soul and brain and body,'" came like a refrain to her ears before she found voice to answer him.

"I shall follow him as you say," she replied. "What then?"

"That you will leave to our office," said Otto brusquely. "You are to go as an Englishwoman, to follow him to London. And you will be responsible for orders to the Number Seventeen."

"Seventeen," she repeated mechanically. "About money. You must know I have nothing."

"I was coming to that," said Otto von Hälden. From a wallet he counted out twenty five-pound notes and laid them on the desk before her. "English currency, you see," he explained. "You may expect as much to be supplied you monthly, wherever you are."

"No further instructions?" asked Alma, rising.

"Good morning, Mrs. Anderson," was his reply, in a formal tone.

"Good morning, Captain von Hälden." Her feet had touched the ornate blue tiling by the door when she hesitated and half turned.

"What's the matter?" he hurled roughly at her. "Not afraid of the risk!"

"Risk!" she laughed. "My dear cousin, I love it!"

HER recognition of the man in the photograph simplified matters, as Cousin Otto had told her. She had taken passage to Cannes and put herself to the task of stage-managing an accident. She did it well. Rising out of a Riviera garden like some suavely petaled flower, she stood in the tender glory of the morning that mellowed upon the delicate pink of her summer gown. No one could have told, from the unconscious air with which she breasted the fragrance of a young day that the tall man, alone behind a newspaper, at a table on the terrace, held any claim to her attention.

As a matter of truth, Alma Oldenbourg had sensed the heart-thump of the hunter as her eyes first lit upon her quarry, thus exposed and within easy range. It was so that she had wished to meet him; and guessing from old experience his restless habit of breakfasting like an American savage, sitting upright at a table, she had foregone her well-loved bedside coffee, had dressed and waited here a hungry hour until, at last, she had seen him striding among the tables on the terrace.

A waiter, observing the young woman's critical review of the arrayed and shining linen, came forward and

indicated a table in the outskirts of the group, decorously placed for a lady alone.

"*Ciel!* There in the sun?" she asked irritably in French.

The servitor, humbled, let her have her way and she chose a place convenient to where the news-devouring Englishman sat. His face, she noted, was lined and careworn as he persisted in his abstraction. After a minute Ambroise, the celebrated captain of waiters, approached and leaned deferentially over the gentleman's chair. Like a gifted sleight-of-hand performer, Ambroise bore in his left hand an orange of splendid proportions, and in his right a sharp silver-bladed knife. And as he chatted affably, he executed the marvel for which he was famed — namely, to peel the orange with one twist of the knife and never break the perfect spiral of the falling rind.

"Yes, Sir Morgan," he was saying. "The gardens are very beautiful now. You have seen the striped camellias? You would do well not to miss them. Ah, they are exquisite along the West walk. Yes, monsieur, you will find ——"

"Ambroise!" She had raised her light voice to a little complaining trill. "You are provoking, never to do an orange so well for me. Yesterday you broke the skin. Today you do not even pay any attention ——"

Sir Morgan Carsovan cast an annoyed glance toward her, held the look an instant, then permitted his newspaper to go fluttering to the floor. The recognition was sudden on his part; and as to Alma Oldenbourg, her face betrayed a sort of confused pleasure.

"Alma!" he cried, coming toward her on his long legs. "I say, this is a bit of luck!"

"Morgan! How in the world could it have happened? And I completely mad with loneliness — you welcome, welcome ghost!" Her face beamed the joy she felt — truly felt, for she had not considered how glad she would be to reëncounter this girlhood romance.

"It's jolly pleasant to be haunting this garden," he declared, regarding her with more earnestness than the speech called for.

"You've changed a trifle," she admitted.

"Yes," he agreed. "I thought you'd notice it. They all do."

"I didn't mention anything."

"You needn't have. But it's there nevertheless. It's the sort of disease that should be diagnosed by a preacher, I fancy — psychological hookworm." He laughed and showed deep lines between the corners of his mouth and the lobes of his nose.

She regarded him sharply before she spoke.

"Have I?"

"Changed, you mean? You've grown to be a woman," he announced admiringly.

It was almost a literal translation of what her cousin Otto had said to her. But from Morgan Carsovan she regarded it as quite the reverse of offensive.

"And oh, let's have breakfast together," she cried. "The heavenly coffee — I smell it. And compel wretched Ambroise to cut my orange as he did yours — without maiming the poor thing."

"You can't know how it bucks me up to be with you!" he declared; and certainly his face had lost its gloomy cast of early morning.

"Tell me everything, every chapter, paragraph, comma of your life since you cruelly deserted me for another. You wrote me for a year or so, then some other enchantment claimed your pen. At any rate, you stopped. Was it because I married?"

"Perhaps. Or because I did." He resumed the tired voice which was, in her estimation, the dominant change in him.

"Oh! I didn't hear. Was it Lady Ann?"

"Yes," he nodded, and stopped; then added, "We're no end good friends."

The chastened Ambroise had laid an orange, peeled to the perfection of his art, on the plate before her. She was looking down at her breakfast, making no further effort to talk, when he inquired: "Your husband — is he with you?"

She laughed.

"His name is with me," she said. "The rest of him has gone the way of worthless men. He was very bad." Her tone, limping slightly under its shade of foreign accent, was childishly naïve. "And he went away to America."

"America!" He was looking moodily over the waters of the Mediterranean. "What a place for broken Englishmen!"

"Morgan! You're not discouraged!" Her hand went toward him in a movement suggesting a sort of protective pity.

"I've been whining, haven't I? What a slacker you must think me! One doesn't do that sort of thing, does one — not an M.P., at any rate. This isn't my usual matin song, Alma, you understand. But, my word! you do have a way with you!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Poor, dear Morgan," she said impulsively and gave his hand a little pat.

"It seems a bit fanciful, coming out of the blue like this after we've been ten years apart," he persisted just as the waiter came between them, laying on their plates a golden *omelette aux fines herbes*.

"Yes?" she encouraged, raising a dainty fork.

"I've often thought of the way I used to open my heart to you on every subject under the sun. How I blabbed out a bit of everything! Never since have I met a chap I could confide in as I did in you — lucky, too, or I shouldn't be in politics."

"Weren't we brats — then!" she trilled when, breakfast finished, they were sauntering down the terrace.

They walked slowly among the twisted trees, Sir Morgan Carsovan chatting on with a boyish enthusiasm, Alma Oldenbourg lending so sympathetic an ear as to span as by magic the decade since they had met.

"And you always were ambitious," she exclaimed.

"I was a brat, as you said," he replied, enthusiasm dying. "How old I must be growing! Last week I heard a piece of news that should have brought me up standing. Instead, it left me lying on the broad of my lazy back, planning my farm in America."

"What's come over the man?" she queried, solemn eyes and laughing lips.

"Mildew," he replied; then with a sudden whimsical, twisted smile, "Alma, I declare, I'm wretchedly in love with you again!"

"Morgan, Morgan!" She keyed her voice to a note of amused scolding. "You lost your opportunity ten years ago."

"Pshaw! I wasn't responsible then. A man's not out of the nursery until he's thirty. Also, I wasn't quite my own master ——"

"You left me to go after Lady Ann," she laughed.

*"Ah!" The German held her with his fierce eyes. "This is not the sort of treason we condone"*

"I have an appointment with a bore at ten," he announced abruptly, coming to his feet as he consulted his watch.

"Shall I see you again?" she asked timidly, giving him her hand.

"At three o'clock?" he ventured. "Shall we motor out to Grasse for tea?"

"At three, I shall be so glad! Morgan, a good angel has sent you to me," she declared as he departed. Her tone was light, but as she watched his long figure striding away, she hoped fervently that he would never come back, that some accident of fate would intervene to save him from the mine she had come to lay for him.

They were rolling smoothly along the old Roman road between Cannes and Grasse, dealing in pretty impersonalities; the sliding silver shadows on olive-grown hills, the wonder of Corsica, hanging like a ghostly amethyst on the blue horizon.

"The sea!" said Sir Morgan. "What a world of bother it has been to us poor mortals."

"Poetically?"

"Politically," he replied with equal brevity.

"Morgan," she began, looking slantingly up at him. "You're worried. You talk as though the sea were your personal responsibility."

"You flatter my conceit."

"Seriously. You're letting your new cabinet appointment weigh too heavily."

"What's this? Who told you I had a cabinet appointment?" He faced about and put the question sharply.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" She looked truly contrite. "I never for a moment imagined that I was intruding on a secret. You told me you had received the best news in the world — and for a Member of Parliament of your ambition and prospects — oh, please don't scold me!" She put forth her hand in a way that never failed to mollify him.

"I'm scolding myself," he apologized.

"Someone ought to read you a lecture," she persisted. "There's surely something wrong with your soul. The youngest man in the British cabinet, appointed because of your brilliancy and success, you should be jubilant — you would be forgiven for an unbearable vanity. Yet here you sit questioning the winds like a blighted Hamlet."

"Psychological hookworm," Carsovan smiled wearily.

"Poor boy! You do need pulling together," she mused.

"See, we're getting on!" he explained, sinking back into his British reserve as he pointed out the little houses closely dotting the slopes. "We'll soon be in Grasse. You've been, I suppose?"

"Not for years. Oh, wonderful!" She uttered a little scream of delight, beholding troups of children bearing great baskets of red and purple petals toward the old Parfumerie which gives the world its essences. They were threading now among low, brick buildings whose cool, black courts and mossy entrances were touched, dazzling bright, with occasional shafts of sunlight. Women and girls, in the dark room which Alma and her companion entered, were squatted around a big cotton sheet into which they were strewing prodigious heaps of rosy petals.

"Not a man's work — roses," she laughed, noting his abstraction.

"No. Steel is more in our line," said he, grimness settling upon his long features. The heavy fragrance of roses was creating a rich spell in her blood; and the cold passion of patriotism seemed to fade, momentarily, into the colors of life.

"Let's go into the hills," she said. Soon they had taken an upper path and had seated themselves on a stone where they could look down on low roofs through the silver canopy of olives.

"Has Lady Ann done anything for your career?" she asked.

"One doesn't blame his failures to his wife, does one?" he parried.

The woman wondered at her own impertinence as she continued to analyze.

"You speak of a lack in you. Where is it? Mediocrities aren't hoisted into cabinet positions at the age of thirty-eight. Morgan, my dear, in a fortnight every chancellery in Europe and America will be speaking of you as they do of the British Government. If the brutalities of life have hurt and crippled you, I'm sorry. I know that ache. But ah!" She reached across and twitched him gently by the elbow. "You need shaking, my boy! Don't sulk under canvas, my poor Achilles!"

"You *are* dosing me with Shorter Catechism, aren't you!" His gray eyes brightened whimsically. "I say, Alma — if I could have that sort of lecture once a day, during my encumbency of office!"

"A lecturing stenographer?"

"Friend, I should call it," he answered seriously.

"Between men and women that's ridiculously difficult," said she. "If I were the adventuress type, now ——"

"There! I have made a mess of it," he exclaimed, flushing in the schoolboy fashion she recalled.

"I didn't mean to take you up short," she relented.

"I don't believe you know," said he quietly. "how close you grew to me during that year at Oxford."

"You have made your own life," she temporized.

"You could remake it for me, I think. I should like to feel you in the air; to know you were within cabbing distance of the office where I worked." They were silent for a while; then he said, "Alma, do you know, before I met you this morning, I had made up my mind to refuse that portfolio?"

"Oh! You aren't going to think of such a thing!" Her light, excited tone cut the stillness of the grove.

"Not now," he assured her, smiling for the first time. "You have put new fight in me. And if I could talk with you every day — by Jove, I could rule Britannia!"

She awoke to the fact that her hand had been resting in his; and when he raised it suddenly to his lips, she rose and moved away a step. Strange, emotional tears had welled from her eyes. Neither spoke for a time.

"Will you ever come to London?" he was asking.

"I'm intending to go," she responded. "I have business in London — I may have to go — I think I may stay for a long time."

Sir Morgan Carsovan was called home that evening; and it was something less than three days later that Mrs. Anderson's baggage was marked for London.

It was in the Spring of 1914 that Alma had packed and followed the English politician to London. It was on an afternoon in the Fall of 1915, that she sat in the living-room of her flat, looking thoughtfully out upon the dull complexion of the day. That year had blasted away the old stones of civilization; and since she had talked with her lover on an olive-grown hill overlooking a peaceful industry of roses, Europe had felt the prick of that minor political murder which, through a vicious tangle of bureaucracies, had set a dozen Empires blood-mad, had impoverished a world-finance, had turned palaces into emergency hospitals, had thrown the women of seven races into mourning.

With fabulous flying monsters of German creation infesting the midair over English towns; with the Channel closed like a private trout stream, netted with chains of steel to fend off von Tirpitz's school of destructive pickerel; with few lamps burning in the London streets at night, and by day a flight of earnest oratory on every corner, lashing half-convinced patriots toward the colors; with all her aspects altered and depressed by war, the London of 1915 was a city of espionage and suspicion. Germanic people were counted and viséed; yet Mrs. Anderson continued to occupy her lodgings in a comfortably middle-class section of town, undisturbed by the drag-net which had sent so many of her compatriots to the Tower.

This dull afternoon found her strangely contented with her lot — guiltily contented, she felt, as she looked out into the muggy street and awaited the arrival of the man whom, by methods inscrutable to her, she had been sent to ruin. She chided herself for having permitted the sacred emotion of patriotism to have become so dim a light. Yet she had done dutifully all her Government had asked of her; and they had required so sublimely little. Merely that she should live as close as possible to the English statesman. Where, then, was the treason which her Prussian conscience would not permit her to overlook?

It had seemed so natural, so inevitable, the drifting together of her life and Carsovan's. He managed always to touch her sympathy somewhere, and her help went out to him impulsively, [*Continued on page 35*]

# PIERRETTE

## *by*

## Theodosia Garrison

**Picture by G. H. Mitchell**

ALL his gallant youth he gave to love them,
Reverenced and honored not a few;
Blue eyes — black eyes — how he bent above them,
Tender — almost true.

Woman in her glory and completeness —
This his sum of knowledge and of joys,
Knew her moods — her vanities —her sweetness,
As a child his toys.

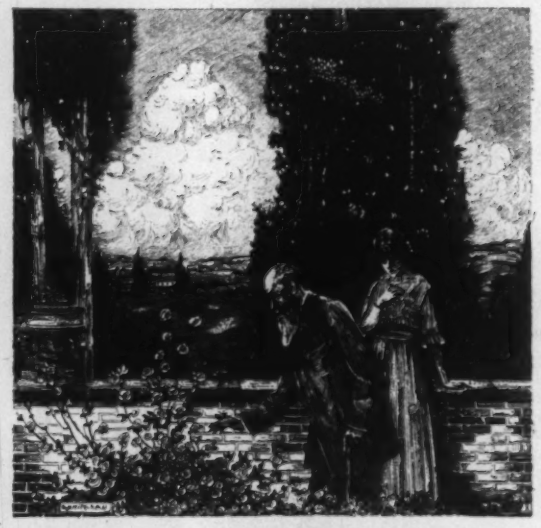
Ever through his heart the sweet progression
Made its never-ending, wilful way;
Strange, of all that varied, vain procession,
One alone might stay.

Nay — I know, for yesterday I drew him
From his cherished books and cameos
To the garden, where the slow wind threw him
A welcome from its rose.

Just an old man now who, in his garden,
Bends and lingers by the blossomed throng
A little sadly, as though asking pardon
For being old so long.

And as his tremulous, white fingers righted
One rose that bent from out its sister-band,
A white-winged butterfly, bewildered, lighted
A moment on his hand.

Just a moment and as quickly vanished,
But he stood, his hand extended yet,
And with that gallant smile the years had banished
Said one name — "Pierrette."



That was all, no other word — no story;
We paced the garden till the West was red,
Yet in that instant all youth's flame and glory
Sprang from the ashes dead.

Strange, that a heart wherein so much had perished,
Where many loves had lingered but to die,
Of all the dear — the beautiful — but cherished,
Pierrette — a butterfly.

And so I think, of all who stand to greet him,
When Death may lead him where his own are met,
But one alone shall laugh and run to meet him,
But one alone — Pierrette.

# Getting Allyn

## A Record of Truth

*by*

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

*These lectures on pure food, which are held all over the country and attended by thousands of women every week, are an outgrowth of the simple experiments tried by Professor Allyn's pupils in the Massachusetts State Normal School*

FIVE years ago the trade in food chemicals and drugged foods was in a pretty strong position. Some big people had been hit by the government's Pure Food law in 1906, but there were a lot of big ones left. And after 1908 they had the celebrated Remsen board holding off the government chief chemist, Dr. Wiley, who was out against the use of alum, and coal-tar dyes, and benzoate of soda. And they were holding him under politically, until everybody could see he was getting more than he could stand and going to resign. It looked as if they had the United States Government pretty well fixed not to interfere with their business.

But sometime along in 1910 a strange thing happened to Nelson H. Armington, who had New England for Curtice Brothers Company, the firm that makes Blue Label Ketchup. For some little time before their business had been falling off in Westfield — a fat little prosperous town just west of Springfield, in Massachusetts. It seems that the grocers there were giving up using the Curtice stuff because their catsup had benzoate of soda in it. The company had had complaints from their traveling men about the falling off of business there. So Armington slipped out to Westfield to see what was going on.

This benzoate of soda was the stuff that Dr. Wiley found was bad for you, because in the first place it was bad for you itself, a kind of slow-acting drug, if you kept taking it; and still more because some of the preservers used it to keep partly decayed stuff in shape until it could be eaten. The Remsen board had said that theoretically you might take small doses of it in catsup into your system without being injured by the chemical itself. And so the government had been held off. But most of the good concerns were giving it up — especially after the National Canners' Association came out against it.

But a lot of little fellows, and this big concern, the Blue Label people out in Rochester, kept using it. They were going to use it as long as they wanted to. There was nothing actually disgusting in it, as some people said. In the early days it had been made out of horse urine, but now it is practically all made, they say, out of coal tar.

So Armington went out to Westfield — a town of about 15,000 or 20,000 people, with a sort of common with big elm trees on it, and a big red brick Methodist church, full of sharp corners and towers, a town with quite a number of factories; and he saw the trade there, and they told him about this Allyn who taught chemistry in the State Normal School and was back of all this thing as a member of the Town Board of Health.

Allyn's claim was, like Wiley's, that if everybody went on taking the stuff, men, women and children — some of them sick, of course — it would hurt some of them anyhow; and if you wanted to take drugs, a doctor was the man to give them to you, not a food-factory workman, with a scoop dropping the stuff into a big preserving-kettle. And then, what was the use anyhow, of putting drugs into preserved food, when the chemists and the National Canners' Association and the American Medical Association all said you could get better goods without them? And so Allyn got this rule passed by the local Board of Health on December 8, 1909, prohibiting the use of these different chemicals in food — and some other rules — and he called it the Westfield standard. It was a ridiculous thing when you thought of it — this little town setting its judgment up against the Remsen board and the United States Government.

### The Birth of the New Standard

BUT the strangest feature of it all was the way he got the thing started. He had taken about two hundred girls in the State Normal School, and gotten them all excited by showing them how to dye hats and stockings with dyes they took out of children's candy; and how to find alum — which nearly all the foreign governments prohibited — in baking powders. He let the girls make the experiments themselves, and then turned them loose, so they could tell all the rest of the women that there were these chemicals in their food. Of course, it was only this one little place, but it was getting pretty serious there. The women were talking all over town and one woman had sent back a case of Curtice stuff to a local grocer. So Armington went up and saw this man Allyn. One of the grocers took him up there.

He met this smallish, smooth-faced man, with a fresh complexion and gray hair brushed up high, the way small men quite often do; and a formal way of talking — as a high school principal sometimes talks, or a professor in a small college. He was in a big chemical laboratory there at the school, and off in another room there was an exhibit of package goods on shelves — those with chemicals in them on one side, and those without them on the other. And the Blue Label Ketchup was with those containing the chemicals. You could see right away how the thing would hurt trade in the town.

### Bribery Has No Attractions for Professor Allyn

SO after Allyn had shown him around awhile, Armington went over to where the goods without the chemicals were, and said:

"I can see this is a good thing for these people, being over here on these shelves — good advertising for them."

"Maybe," said the little fellow. He wasn't very talkative.

"About how much," said Armington then, "is it worth to them? About how much would it cost to have Blue Label Ketchup taken off that place there — and put over here?"

"It would cost a damned sight more money than Curtice Brothers own," said the little man, flaring up, and talking mad.

Armington saw he couldn't do anything with him.

It was a funny thing to think of. Here was the United States Government not interfering with trade of this kind at all — helping it, you might say, because if anybody said anything about your goods with chemicals in them, you could come right back and say: "If it's good enough for the United States, it's good enough for me." And you could advertise it as endorsed by the United States Government. It wasn't really, as a matter of fact. But they let you do it then. And at the same time, here was this little town Board of Health, with this normal-school chemist, setting itself up to drive the firms with chemicals they said were harmful, out of town — destroying their business. And at the bottom of it all were the women this little chemistry professor had started talking there.

In the Fall of that year, 1910, when Paul Pierce got up the first Pure Food show in the United States, in New York City, this chemistry teacher was down there, too — set up in a booth, with two or three of his girl pupils analyzing food for anybody who cared to bring it in. And he made a bad impression there on the trade in chemicals and antiseptics in food. There were thousands of people who saw it — everybody naturally being interested in the kind of food they bought. This called attention to the thing outside, and the next year one of the big New York weeklies sent out a woman to write up the town of Westfield and the way Allyn had got the women to demanding food without chemicals in it. She wrote two articles, and in the second she came out strong against benzoate of soda in food.

You might naturally have thought that the thing would stop there, but this New York house that was running the weekly got Allyn to write for them — on Food without Chemicals and Antiseptics and how the women in a town could get it, if they once started.

The publishing people had Allyn and his idea looked over by an expert, and saw that he was all right. And they could see right away, after printing their article, that it was good business for them, as well as doing what they thought was right. Their readers all wanted to read this stuff on their food; and the advertisers that didn't use chemicals and antiseptics liked it, naturally. And, of course, they were the great bulk of the trade — for most of the good big houses, when they had it called to their attention that they were using these chemicals and found they could make their goods just as well, or better, without them, quit using them. So the great share of the advertisers liked it.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

*This is the kind of work which is being attacked*

On the face of it, it wouldn't seem especially bad — this advertising — for the manufacturers who used chemicals. For nobody attacked them or their goods by name, in it, to hurt their business — as muckrakers had been doing before. They just left them alone, as much as possible, and wouldn't let them into the advertising pages; they advertised only those that did come up to this Westfield standard that the Board of Health in that little town made in 1909. Any manufacturer in the world could send in his goods and have them analyzed chemically — and can to this day. And if they came up to the standard, they could advertise as much as they wanted — the more the better for the weekly, naturally. But if you were a big house, and couldn't get in and wanted to, it hurt. Because after a while it tended to make the buyer suspicious.

So you see, while you might think a little thing like that would die right out, it didn't. Instead of getting better, it got worse. This talk among the women, starting in that little town, became known over the country. That next year, and the year after — 1912 and 1913 — Allyn kept running his stuff regularly in this weekly; and they kept barring out the advertisers whose stuff didn't come up to the Westfield standard. And then Allyn started lecturing around the country under the Eastern Lyceum Bureau, with thousands all the time listening to him — women's clubs, and that sort of folk.

One interest he got after in those lectures of his was the alum-baking-powder people. They are a strong business — that line. You wouldn't think it, but they claim to sell 90,000,000 pounds of this alum baking-powder a year — about a pound a head for everybody in the country. And the people who know say that, although it sells very low, there is a big margin of profit in it. The trouble with the business is that the governments in Europe have about all prohibited alum — along this idea: that it is a bad thing for you to eat. And although it got by the Remsen board on theoretical tests, still somebody was always after it, and there was always the danger that if they kept after it long enough, they might get the government to step in here, in this country, too.

So naturally the alum people began to keep watch on Allyn as he went out around the country talking on chemicals and food. And after a little while someone named Claudia Quigley Murphy started following Allyn around at his lectures. She went after him to a lot of big cities, from Boston out to Chicago; and every time, toward the end of the afternoon, when the women were asking questions, this tall, thin woman of fifty or so, would get up and say:

"Now, professor, you said something about baking-powder."

And he'd say: "Yes."

"Now will you go on, please, and tell us something more about that matter? What do you think about it?"

And then he would let loose, and say that cream of tartar and phosphate baking-powders were all right; but alum was bad stuff to use — injurious to you if you took enough of it — especially for women or children who weren't very strong.

It got to be a kind of joke after a while. Nearly every place Allyn would speak, and after he got to the questions, this strange woman would get up and ask about baking-powder, and the two of them would go over the same thing again. Of course, she kept notes on it.

And, of course, when anybody attacked the alum people's goods then, they could always come back and say that the other baking-powder people were "trusts," and advertise "What's good enough for Uncle Sam is good enough for me." They needn't say anything about the foreign governments. But this business of Allyn's, going right to the women with the thing, was hard to answer.

His lecturing was bad enough for them. But then that next August, in 1913, the advertising in the weekly began to run down alum in baking-powder, not mentioning names of firms that made it — they didn't do that in that advertising from the beginning — but just attacking alum as a kind of mild poison in food. But the thing hurt just the same, and so the alum people put their political man on the job — this A. Cressy Morrison, the man they have had to do their political and press-agent stuff, the quiet stuff back of the scenes. And just as soon as this advertising came out in the weekly, Morrison wrote a polite little note to the Westfield Board of Health, saying he had always been much interested in baking-powder, and wanted to know what their idea was in the thing. And they handed the letter over to Allyn to answer.

There was quite a correspondence, but the alum people didn't get any satisfaction out of it. And all the time the thing was getting worse, spreading this talk among the consumers everywhere. So it was clear enough to everybody in the chemical-food business that something had got to be done to stop it, and the best possible thing, of course, was to make the consumer lose faith in Allyn. They could not come out and say that Allyn was in the pay of their competitors. For that was dangerous. They had looked him up thoroughly and they had found it wasn't so, and it would be apt to act as a boomerang to say so in so many words. So the next best thing to do was to hint that idea as strongly as you could and get the suspicion into the people's minds; and then do something to confirm it.

So that Fall of 1913 somebody — nobody can tell who — got into that laboratory in the Westfield Normal School where these girls made their experiments, and did a little fixing. The girls made experiments for themselves — Allyn just telling them what the tests were — and when a girl made an analysis, she went over to a blackboard, and wrote out what she found in the stuff — whether it had benzoate of soda or alum or other chemicals in it.

One day one of the girls came to Allyn, and said she had found alum in a baking-powder that was supposed always to be made with something else; and another girl reported the same thing about another one of the non-alum baking-powders. Allyn told them at first they had probably made a mistake in their tests. But then he made the tests himself, and there it was — alum! Then they sent down and bought the same goods from the grocer and there wasn't a sign of alum in them.

About the same thing happened with ketchup and benzoate of soda. Only every time that anything — no matter what — was tested for that, they always found it. So Allyn thought about this for a while, and went in and looked over his chloroform and ether. They always used one or the other in making their tests for this chemical. And when he looked, he found that somebody had doctored both the ether and the chloroform with benzoic acid — so you always found it, of course, in everything. The alum, of course, had just been put into the cans and stirred up.

It was certain that none of the girls did this. The school people went over it pretty carefully. There was no doubt that somebody had stepped in from outside and mixed the drugs. Whoever did it knew his business; he had done it just right. And at that time the laboratory was not locked up very carefully. The idea, of course, would be that, with all these hints they were sending around about Allyn being hired by the other houses that didn't use these chemicals in their goods; and with the girls finding these very chemicals in the brands that they kept hearing Allyn was interested in, they would naturally get suspicious of him. And the whole thing would tend to kill the women's talk at the place where it started from — to make a kind of backfire of talk.

But nothing came out of this, as it happened. And after that they locked up their chemicals and the samples they were [*Continued on page 87*]

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
SENATE CHAMBER, BOSTON

June 1st, 1916.

To the Women's Clubs of Massachusetts.

Ladies:-

I respectfully bring to your notice the contents of a letter which I have sent to the Federal Trade Commission, at Washington D.C., a copy of which is inclosed.

It seems to me that the women of the country have been imposed upon by the representations made for this so-called Westfield Standard. I consider it a public duty to at least bring the facts to the attention of the women of my own State. I know of no better means of doing so than through the Women's Clubs of the Commonwealth. It is with this purpose that the facts are now brought to your attention, and I trust that you will co-operate with me in giving the matter such publicity as is possible.

Very respectfully,
John F. Sheehan
Second Hampden Senatorial District.

*This is the method of attack*

# The Straight Road

## A Strange Meeting of an Old Acquaintance, and the Great Riot in the Hopfields

*Chapter XVIII — Three Days*

**Illustration by C. E. Chambers**

A reader writes: "I wish to express my admiration for the beautiful serial, 'The Straight Road.' It is the best story of the year, plain, clear, and to the point. Such stories will help to purify the world from evil."

ANNIE M. JONES.

THOSE arbored green aisles of Las Palmas hop ranch that had looked so cool and pretty from the train simmered in a heat that ranged day by day from one hundred and six to one hundred and twenty. I stood in that smothering lane of vines, face to face with the job I had undertaken, my bridges burned behind me. The salt moisture ran into my eyes; I looked round uneasily at Boy.

"You can sit down and rest, muvver, if you want to," he offered. "You show me — I'll pick 'em."

"Pooh — the idea! I'm not tired. We'll both pick."

At it we went. The old gloves I wore had saved my hands from being scratched and then smeared with the black sticky sap of the vines. There was no use attempting to keep Boy's hard, stubby little paws out of it. He worked like a tiger; his only complaint was of the tepid, boiled water in our bottle. So when a light-covered wagon passed the end of the row, I called and stopped it, intending to buy him a cool drink. As I went toward the outfit I saw that the driver was a rather hard-faced woman, dressed girlishly in ready-made middy and outing skirt, with tennis shoes and silk stockings; but I was right up to her before I realized that it was Milt Stanley's wife.

"Hello, Callie," she said easily. "Milt swore he found your name on today's list. How d'ye do?"

"Milt!" I echoed. "Is he at Las Palmas?"

"Yep, we're all here." She slid me a sidelong look. "That's no news to you, is it? Milt's manager."

"Manager — of this ranch?"

"Why, sure. Callie, he hasn't drunk a drop for six months — and he's manager. I'm so dog-goned thankful that I'm willing to drive round and peddle grub, or anything, to help out."

"Is that your horse and wagon?" Boyce spoke up, hands in overall pockets, squinting judicially at the turnout. "Are you got ice-water to sell?"

"Hello! I know whose kid you are!" Luella took him up.

"He wants a cool drink," I said. "Can I buy one?"

"Oh, I don't *sell* water," she began, just as Joe Ed's lean, perspiring young face thrust itself around the green shoulder of my row.

"No, you don't, Louisiana Lou — you give it away!" he jeered. He had an empty fruit-jar in his hand, and he came on with a perfectly businesslike air.

"Now, you Joe!" Luella's features, inexpressive as though they had been cut out of a raw potato, changed just as I had seen Mrs. Thrasher's wooden countenance do. She smiled at Joe Ed. "Take what you want; but don't you tote off any of that water for other folks — mind!"

He went to the back of the wagon, and proceeded to help himself. Luella handed a filled glass to me for Boyce, saying:

"This is on me, too, Callie." Then as she noted the hand in which I took the tumbler, "Gloves!" she simpered. "Careful of your looks as ever. My, but you were a pretty little thing when Phil and you used to go together back in Stanleyton! Ever hear from Phil these days?"

I shook my head.

"What! You didn't know he'd cut loose from the old folks entirely?"

"No," I was brief. "Thank you for the water. Come, Boyce, we must get to work."

"Well, wait a minute till I tell you," she persisted. I tried to stop her with, "I know he's back on the coast. I heard that."

"Oh, but I'm telling you he ain't with his folks, nor liable to be with 'em any more. Did you know he never showed up for the whole four years, stayed right through vacations — said the climate agreed with him — and they footed the bills? Hold on, Callie — don't rush. They paid and paid and paid — you know Phil's a spender — and as soon as he got his diploma he walked in on 'em, the swellest looking thing you ever seen, and began givin' 'em his views — laying the law down to 'em — and there was one grand split. Phil just as good as kicked himself-out of the house. Milt is It with them now. I guess Phil's gone right down, got to be just a sort of tramp. Have a glass of lemonade on me, Callie, you and Joe."

"No, thanks, we'd rather live longer." Joe Ed came up and declined for us both light-heartedly. "Say, Louisiana Lou, is it acetic acid or Prussic, that you murderers use for that wassail?"

"You young devil!" she grinned at him as she drove off, and he turned to me instantly with:

"Who's Phil?"

"Oh — a boy I used to know — when I was in school."

"An old sweetheart!" Joe went straight to it. "Was she talking about Philip Stanley?"

"Yes."

"And little Dewdrop Auntie who drives the busy stew-wagon says nevvey's gone down in the world — got to be a tramp?"

"Oh, I shouldn't pay any attention to Luella's talk about him," I said impatiently.

"Right you are," Joe Ed agreed. "He was in San Francisco two weeks ago. The Pochins know him — got acquainted with him when he was doing that tramping that little Lulu mentioned. He went into it to get first-hand information. He's a Capital and Labor shark, Sonya told me. I saw him once in 'Frisco. He looks a fat lot more like a plute than a tramp."

"He always did — whatever he had on," I said involuntarily, and Joe Ed gave me a quick glance before he went back to his work and I turned to mine.

I HAD got up unusually early that morning, after an almost sleepless night, and made a railway journey; and I had met some pretty hard setbacks. As the afternoon went on I felt the effect of this. The heat told on both Boy and me. After a while he curled down and went to sleep, but I kept at it the best I could till we heard the whistle over at the drying kiln. Women had been dropping out and starting for the camp for some little time, going ahead to get supper, leaving their men to finish up. The last wagons were on their rounds. My afternoon's picking was not so heavy but what I could drag the sack down to the driveway and load it without much trouble. I waked Boy, and we joined the scattering, steady stream that set out from the fields to that gaunt, forlorn, ill-smelling slope where the camp was.

I ate with the Pochins and Monroes that first evening. We all helped to get the meal, and then sat around on the ground to eat it. Joe Ed came over with a glass of bacon and a bottle of jam, and joined us. Boy, fresh after his long nap, was delighted to be with all those children.

The terrible sun had gone down clear and red, in a cloudless sky, leaving promise of another burning day. The camp, full of people, every tent and shack lighted by its candle, lantern, or lamp, and a few little cooking fires kindled outside, seemed a good deal like a big, poor, dirty street-fair. Everybody was trying to keep cool. There were both men and women barefoot. Lights winked over in the tules where the Orientals were.

Now I saw Paul Cluett for the first time — a broad, bench-legged, round-faced man, with two deep dimples that played in his brick-red cheeks whenever he spoke. He was after Monroe to go over and talk strike, through an interpreter, to the Hindus and Persians in their queer tule bowers. The first thing he said to me was:

"Are you going to join the I. W. W. and strike with us?"

"Sure we are," Joe Ed answered for me, and I let it go at that.

I will say here that I stuck it out and picked hops on Las Palmas ranch for three days. My memories of those days are all of parching thirst and flies, of stenches and despair and the lamentations of the people. The temperature ran frightfully high; the housing was inhuman. The best I could do, working hard, was about ninety cents a day. Some of the men, keeping at it from dark to dark, doubled that; families, all picking into one sack, had the hopeful feeling that they made a good bit. But in the field there wasn't even an attempt at the ameliorations and decencies of civilized life.

Of course the individual protests and complaints from the workers must have been pouring in steadily on the ranch management; while Monroe, Cluett, and four or five of the other men, were putting every minute they could get from their picking into organizing work. They were trying to get up a big, representative meeting and make a formal protest, so that the owners would have to take notice of them.

As Wednesday and Thursday went by with no cleaning up of the camp nor any sanitation in the fields, dysentery broke out. The Pochins had two children actually down, and several others of the tribe weren't fit to be at work. Little Ida Monroe was very bad Friday night. Of course her mother was taking care of her, but with her crying, and the groans of a thirteen-year-old girl in a tent further down, nobody in our neighborhood got much sleep.

The truth is that the place, with its smells and dirt, and lack of all decent conveniences, had become a man-made hell. Yet under the pressure of a misery that might have been expected to make devils of them, these poverty-stricken seasonal workers were considerate and forbearing.

Right through the worst of it the young folks wanted to have a good time. Joe Ed and his ukelele were in constant demand. That inextinguishable spirit of his was like a flash of sun, moving about in the dull misery of the Las Palmas situation.

Each evening Sonya took the San Francisco papers and, sitting under the lantern that hung on the front wall of their shanty, read out the news. A crowd gathered to listen to her.

I came on Wednesday; on Saturday evening, at last, they got together a sort of meeting. There wasn't any dancing that night, or any singing. Sonya's papers lay unread below the lantern. Down near the driveway — because there was a rumor that the proprietor of Las Palmas had motored into Corinth and would come back past there — they gathered in the summer-dusk, a few hundred bewildered, discouraged men and women.

I left Boy playing with the Monroe and Pochin children. I'd have to go back and put him to bed pretty soon; but I did want to hear some of the speaking anyhow. It had begun when I got there, and I stood on the outskirts.

That tired, hot, dirty crowd could look far up to where, in the brilliant electric light streaming from the windows of the owner's big brick house, the gyrating arms of the automatic sprinklers tossed the water to keep the lawn fresh and green. The temperature had run up to a hundred and five in the shade of the vines that day; we could smell the camp from where we stood; the Saturday night pay in our pockets was a reminder of its shortage. I can't see yet anything unreasonable in the demands they were talking of — free drinking-water, a cleaning up of the camp, and the same pay other ranches were giving.

I was saying this over and over to myself, a lump in my throat while I listened and looked about me. Right behind me a motor horn snarled out startlingly. I screamed and fell back with the rest. Moving as silently as a big shadow, a powerful, handsome car was almost on us, a heavy-set man at the wheel, a gentleman and lady on the back seat. So much I got in my first glimpse; then

## O I Have Seen in Grenstone

### By Witter Bynner

O I HAVE seen in Grenstone
How generous and how fond
Benedick is toward everyone,
Before he gives his bond.

On colder days than Christmas
His good-will apprehends
A world filled high as bins in the fall
With golden-hearted friends.

And on hotter days than May-day
He merits and discovers
A world filled bright as woods in spring
With unbounded lovers.

But Benedick, once married,
Must lead a straightened life,
With the world, east, west and north and south,
Bounded by a wife.

the machine stopped perforce; the speakers turned and surged right up to it.

"The owners," whispered a woman near me. "Ain't that Dan Brockaw driving — used to be a teamster in Corinth?"

The muttered answer came in a man's voice.

"That's Dan. But he's their constable now. Sworn in as a special officer. They pay him, same as they do the ranch boss."

Above the throbbing of the halted machine I heard Paul Cluett saying: "We want to ask you, sir —" and then a curiously familiar voice broke in from the motor: "Who are you? What's all this?" I pushed desperately around to the side, got the light out of my eyes, and saw that the lady and gentleman there in the car were Mr. and Mrs. Stanley!

I suppose that Paul Cluett went on with what he was saying; indeed I know he must have done so, for the first thing that was clear to me after that was Mr. Stanley's voice again:

"Hah! You can't take snap judgment on me, Cluett — stop my machine and try to hold me up for extra pay and drinking-fountains. I've got nothing to say to you."

"I guess you'll have to give us an answer. Our committee ——"

"Committee!" Mr. Stanley snorted at him. "Who are they?"

"Well, we haven't got one — yet. Say — if we get 'em together, will you meet us?"

There was a strained silence, then, slowly, grudgingly:

"Well . . . I'm not recognizing any organization by this, but ——"

"Where'll you meet us? When?" Barney Monroe was not to be held out of it any longer.

"At the office — the proper place," savagely. "Tomorrow morning — ten, sharp. Four of you — no more. I'll give you five minutes to say your say in, then; that's as far as I'll go."

"In writing — tonight yet we send the paper," Father Abraham's voice was raised.

All this time Mrs. Stanley's eyes had been on me where I stood. Now she was pulling her husband's sleeve to call his attention.

"Who?" he blurted out impatiently; then as she pointed and whispered, "Where?" He saw me at last, glared at me for a moment; then, "Clear the road there!" he shouted and as they scuffled back they hissed him. "Brockaw, drive on."

With a roar the car leaped away, leaving curses and shaken fists.

The big, shining car went roaring on into the warm dusk, driven by a hired bully, carrying the angry old man and his contemptuous wife, leaving behind rage, misery, dirt and unseemliness.

I stood and looked after them. What an irony of fate that out of all the hop ranches in California I had blundered upon the one owned by these people! I ought to have known when I found Luella and Milt in positions here. They had both thought I did know; that was what they meant by asking me if I had heard from Philip lately. They took it for granted I had come to Las Palmas because of him. Of course they had hurried at once to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and told them I was among the pickers — she wouldn't have recognized me tonight if she hadn't been looking for me.

People pushed against me, and passed me. I looked around; the crowd was moving toward the dance platform. Joe Ed bobbed up at my shoulder.

"Come on," he exulted. "Now we'll have it. This'll put pep into the limpest of 'em."

I went with him in silence quite a way, edging toward the outskirts as we moved.

Finally, when we were almost opposite my tent: "Don't come any further with me, Joe," I said. "You go on to the meeting."

"Aren't you coming, too? What's up?" he halted, surprised.

"No, I've got to pack and get ready. I'm going to leave here in the morning, just as soon as I can."

"Scared of the strike?" solicitously. "Oh, there's not going to be any ——"

"It's not that," I broke in. "I'll tell you some other time, Joe."

"Sure — sure — that's all right," he turned me toward the tent. "Course you ought never to have been here, anyhow."

We could hear the young folks shouting half-joking objections to having their dance platform taken away from them. Joe turned and ran.

Putting Boy to bed, I mechanically pulled out my slim purse and counted my money. Not enough to take me far. Well, it was only a question of living for a few weeks; I was up here now; maybe I'd better stop in Corinth and see Mrs. Eccles's son-in-law about a job on some other hop-ranch till the season was over. My spirit was still prostrate from that encounter with the Stanleys. I couldn't summon a bit of pride or hope. Lying there afterward in the dark, thinking it over, it seemed that I had gone steadily down in the world since the time of my first defeat at the hands of these people, and that here and now I had about reached the bottom. If I had made any success — breaking away from a degrading marriage, getting legal freedom, keeping my child and gaining a profession that would support us both — not in the dejection of that hour was I able to realize it.

The meeting didn't hold after half-past ten; and then squads and bunches began to straggle past my tent, talking loud. Joe was right; they were in earnest now. They meant to make a stand for it tomorrow. Altogether, it was a strange sort of night; for when it had quieted, and the camp — like a big, sick, suffering monster trying to get bedded down — seemed to be turning and moaning half conscious, a queer screeching that might have been laughter, or screams, or a fight, broke out over by the slough. Then someone ran past my tent in the dark with a pad, pad, pad of bare feet, and a whistle of loud breathing.

At dawn Boy waked me, fretting for a drink. When I looked at him — his cheeks too red, his tongue coated — I came to my senses with a jump. Here was my real reason for leaving Las Palmas ranch and its wretched conditions. One touch of anxiety for the child made me wonder at and despise last night's mood — a mood that could give any importance to what the Stanleys might think of my coming or leaving.

I didn't go back to bed, but dressed then and there — putting on my street clothes and laying out Boy's best things, too. The whole camp seemed to be waking early that Sunday morning. Before I was finished there were women out at the cooking-fires getting breakfast. There was a new tone to the noise and clamor; the spirit of last night's meeting was in it.

By nine o'clock the place was a babel. I was packed and ready, Boy and I dressed, everything finished and closed up. I went over to the Pochins to see what I could find out about getting someone to take Boy and the baggage. Some friends of theirs had gone to the Harmon ranch the day before I came.

"How did the Salinskys move?" I asked Father Abraham.

"Tramped it," said he. "Mother, give me those tracts in Yiddish. I shall be off."

"Tramped!" I repeated, thinking of the distance. "Well, I can't do that."

"Off! — you shall be off!" cried Mrs. Pochin blankly, straightening up from the pallet she was spreading on the shady side of the shack for little Leo, the sickest of her grandchildren. "Who gets me then the arrowroot and magnesian for this child?"

"Mother, I'm on the committee." The old man spoke like a soldier who goes to the firing line.

"The committee! And Barney, too — his children can die, just so well, while he works by the committee."

"You women must tend to such things. Send the girls for what you need." Father Abraham moved off determinedly.

"Girls!" his wife wailed after him. "My girls ain't girls any more." She looked around to me with angry eyes full of tears. "My man goes; the boys they went first; Vera and Sonya, long ago they chase off. Dear God, what can I do?"

"Well," I hesitated, "I've got to go down to the store, anyhow, and see about some way of getting moved. I'll try to get the things for you."

"Mrs. Baird," Barney Monroe's wife called from her door, "while you're trying, I wish you'd see if you can get some Jamaica ginger, or even some brandy that I could burn for Ellie."

"All right," I said, putting the coin in my purse. "I'll do the best I can. May I leave Boy here? I hate to take him with me in this heat."

I went back into the tent for my parasol, and to tell Boy. I hadn't got half-way down the slope before I saw that I had done well not to bring him; the bend of my arm across which the jacket lay was wet with perspiration; I was afraid it would come through my clean shirtwaist, and I must save a decently fresh appearance for the trip. I shifted the coat to the other arm. That morning the path from store to camp was traveled by scores of restless, aimless-seeming figures, and every foot that was set down raised a puff of dust. Up the line toward the office, where the committee was to meet Mr. Stanley at ten o'clock, the crowd was still thicker.

"Bice!" I called, as I caught sight of a tall form ahead of me. The big man turned, and touched his hat. His black face was streaming, but he looked more wonted and contented in the heat than any white man could. "Bice, is there any chance for me to get over to Corinth with my baggage, today?"

"Not today, madam. It's Sunday. But we have to meet the nine-o'clock train tonight, if that will do."

"Nine o'clock! Well, that will have to do," I said. "Can you call for me and the things, up at the camp?"

"Yes, madam. I surely will."

Nine o'clock that night — if it hadn't been so hot I should have tried walking over. But I couldn't do that, with Boyce already droopy. Anyhow I must get on to the store now for Mrs. Pochin's errand. My foot was on the steps of the porch when I heard my name called, and turned to see Sonya Pochin ducking through the crowd toward me, panting.

"Oh, Mrs. Baird, wait a minute. We want you to meet — We told him ——" She caught up to me. "He's been over every ranch in the district, now, except Las Palmas, and he's going through it today. Wait. Here they come. See — there by Vera."

I put down my parasol. There were others with Vera, pickers in their Sunday clothes; but the tall figure nearest her, immaculate [*Continued on page 51*]

## Letters and Letters

### By John T. Culver

SOMEONE once said that a man is known, not so much by the letters he writes, as by the letters he receives. Thinking this over, and realizing how true it is, most of us might well be discouraged. I know of nothing that would be so apt to take the conceit out of us as an analysis of the letters we receive. What a terrible arraignment of one's character to find in one's mail a dun from one's tailor; a notice of dues overdue at the club; a postcard from Chicago, reading, "Having a fine time — wish you were here;" and a note from one's landlord, stating that unless our family makes less noise, we are subject to ejection.

After all, that is about as well as most of us do. And now that the picture postcard has done away with the good old-fashioned friendly letter, one often wonders whose packet of mail is really interesting, whose life is beautifully burdened with answering real letters from real people.

Many of life's little graces are disappearing. Let us try to write — and, more important still, to receive — fine letters.

"How was it — where have you been, Joe?" I asked. "We've been so uneasy about you"

*"But I have dope on enough of them"*

# Casey—Reformer

## The Lovable Hero Comes Back Big

*by*

## David Douglas

**Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux**

"'SENOUGH," wheezed Cyrus Brown after he had struggled, with much puffing, into an upright position in his creaking chair. And there was a gleam of almost boyish mischief in his usually piggily unexpressive eyes as he continued:

"You gents've only been dittoin' each other for the last hour or so. An' you're as unanimous in your handin' the gruel to Mr. Julius Caesar Casey as the gentle sisters of the sewin' society are to the dearly beloved absent ones. But you're only wastin' time, for, doggone it, although I'm a detective, I'm also a human bein'. The more you slam the little runt the better I like him an' the less I fancy the job."

Brown's bulk of flesh forced his speech to be intermittent. And while he sat with wind recuperating for further manipulation of his tongue, and three-decker chin trembling with evidence of some internal struggling, the five other men of the group in the office of Deacon Simeon Wells, in Cascade City, eyed each other with expressions of consternation. Casey, editor of the *Star*, and lately developed as a social reformer, once more threatened to put a crimp in some of their important business activities. And they realized that they were in a serious position because, in previous contests, Casey had accumulated information concerning themselves that it was necessary to keep from the public. The fat detective, who had for a couple of hours been the repository of their respective opinions of the editor, represented, even if he did not look the part, a forlorn hope.

Appearance of agitation is not usually conducive to sympathy on the part of the beholder. And so, after a mind-itching pause Brown treacled the silence with a laugh as unpleasing to the others as a cheap perfume to the patrons of a closed-in street car. This ripped the cover off the self-control of United States Senator Roger Bacon. He rose to his feet with one hand gripping his gray chin whiskers as if they were the throttle of his temper and began to pound the table in front of him with the other hand. Observing him, Brown wondered whimsically if a man could make any show of anger with both hands in his pockets.

The Senator stood so long without evolving speech that his friends became irritated. It is paradoxical that the sense of one's own futility in the face of a problem makes one impatient rather than tolerant of others in the same condition. There was an edge therefore on the tone in which Sam Gardner, president of the Cascade City bank, whose one-time ambition to be Governor of New State had been crucified by Casey, at length demanded:

"Well, you're not a wooden Indian, are you?"

Bacon's glance snooped from face to face and then, with venomous emphasis, he ejaculated:

"Damn Casey!"

Instantly and because he was largely a creature of habit, the Deacon piped in his Sabbath tone: "Amen!"

Mirth is the burglar among human emotions. It appears even in the midst of anger unannounced. The Deacon's muttered repudiation of his endorsement of the oath was drowned in the varied-toned bubbling of the laughter of his companions. And his ill-temper was reinforced by ex-Governor Bill Simpson, who chuckled:

"As Casey would say, Deacon, that was one time you didn't Deak."

The Deacon cast a look of deep dislike on Simpson, but evaded answer to the insinuation by demanding:

"Do you mean to infer, Mr. Brown, that you're not going to handle the case for us?"

"Don't you worry about Cy Brown, gents," the detective retorted, "when there's any taffy in sight. The coinerino puts the kibosh on sympathy and affection even in the best regulated families. But you gents've been goin' round an' round Casey without gettin' anywhere. There's only two kinds of talk, same's there's only two kinds of wives. One helps you to get there. The other wastes your energy without result. You've made it plain, all right, that you've about as much use for Casey as a corpse has for a toothbrush. But when you stick the temper spark plug into your tongue you generally give it the right of way about the strong points of the fellow you're aimin' to run down—the things that helped him to trim you an' get your goat. That is, unless you're lyin' about him."

"We're not that kind," interrupted the Deacon sourly with an accompaniment of wrinkled nose.

"No, I guess that's Gospel," returned Brown after an interval of deep breathing and a nod of his over-sized bald head. "An' that's what leads me to the thinkin' trough about you big business men. You're as careful about the letter of The Ten Do As They Says when you're thinkin' of your own picayune, personal affairs as you are about your daughter's rep, but when it comes to dealin' with the affairs of folks in bunches you've got about as much religion as a 'dope' who's just sniffed a go of 'coke.' From what I've rescued from your talk-fest Casey's been tryin' to keep the spirit of the injunctions Old Man Mose laid down, an' so he's butted into your bank rolls. An' that's why you've figured its price no object to have me come out here from N'Yawk to get the goods on him. But have you also figured there mightn't be any to get?"

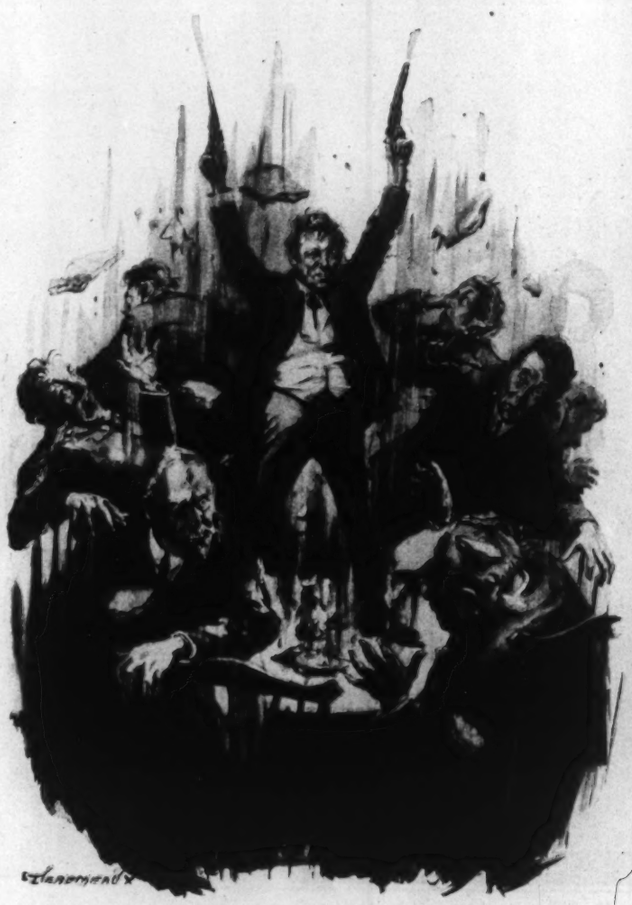
While he waited for an answer Brown surveyed the men with eyes seeming even smaller than they were because of his plenteous brow garnishing and fat cheeks. Man to man, the individual will not hesitate to say the unpleasant thing. In groups he waits to let the other fellow do it. And so, after an interval of silence, during which his companions shifted uneasily in their seats and evaded the detective's glance, he gave utterance to another of his almost smelly laughs and ventured:

"I *see*—let Cy do it, eh?"

"Well, blast it," at length flashed sneeringly from Simpson, "you know what your reputation is. You make the evidence if necessary, don't you? Why should we have to tell you your own rotten business?"

For an instant Brown gripped the arms of his chair with both hands and there was a suddenly perceptible extra bulge in each of the sleeves of his fashionably cut coat. But this sole evidence of his appreciation of the insult passed as speedily as it had come. It is most often the little unguarded sputterings of temper which most greatly affect the destinies of individuals. And as a wife will forgive the beatings of a brutal husband during a whole lifetime and yet secretly resent to her dying day a few insulting words of his, so the memory of Simpson's outburst lingered in the mind of the detective. But his voice held only its usual evangelistic husk when he answered:

"Well, we'll let it go at that. I just wanted a definite understanding, that's all. I'm to get the goods on Casey in any old way I can?"



*Casey had leaped on the table, a Colt 45 in each hand, and blazed away at the ceiling above their heads*

After waiting for an answer that did not come, Brown, taking silence for consent, continued:

"You gents needn't worry. I haven't any stenographer up my sleeve. And now, this is the situation as I understand it: Julius Caesar blew in here practically a hobo an' sat right in the game, an' he's been holdin' trumps ever since. Colonel Percy Tuggs, your present Gov'nor an' owner of the *Star*, made him editor. *He* made Tuggs Gov'nor an' he's made the Old Man's daughter, Miriam, think he's IT ——"

Brown stopped to acquire breath for another verbal journey and eyed Bacon, whom he had sized as the leader of the quintette of conspirators, interrogatively.

The Senator paused in the act of lighting a cigar and glumly nodded confirmation of the correctness of the diagnosis thus far.

"Very good," went on Brown, "an' Casey's spoiled the political ambitions of some of you; prevented others of you from continuin' handin' the Indians pints of red eye in return for their birthrights of quarter sections an', in general, put the kibosh on most of your little old monopolies. An' now, as a final smack in the eye, he's come out as reformer an' he's got strength enough behind him to put a bill, called the Iowa Abatement Act, through the legislature and force your own little home daddies to pass an ord'nance putting a Tin Tag law on the statutes. Whenever you've tried to have him shot or otherwise pickled for Eternity, you've found him a sort of Jack-in-the-Box like *we* used to play with when we was kids, but which the young hopefuls of right now are too blamed high-brow to monkey with ——"

Gardner suddenly drew his chair back from the table with an impatient jerk and made as if to speak. Brown raised a plump, jeweled hand for silence.

"I'm nearly through," he said. "I may not be mixin' my conversation quite to your likin', but the ingredients are accordin' to Hoyle, I reckon. The point is that the only way we can get at Casey is by fakin' a position that'll affect his character an' standin' with the girl ——"

"For heaven's sake cut out the rhetoric an' come to the bacon," growled Simpson.

Brown took advantage of the interruption to allow his lungs to gain another handicap in their race against his avoirdupois and then continued, with as much of a smile as was possible to eyes and lips coated by much fat:

"To be frank with you, gents, while I'm not hopeless about the situation I'm not enthused about it. I've mosied round today an' had a look at Julius Caesar Casey. Also I've seen the Queen called Miriam. An' believe me, when a little old, red-roofed, one-storied, rickety shack of human architecture like him can make a free-steppin', four-inches-higher-than-he-is, bright-as-a-new-dollar peacherino like she is, wear his trademark, there's a Power-to-Spare sign on him that ought to be plain to folks with ord'nery good sight an' understandin' ——"

Gardner rose stiffly to his feet.

"Of course," he interjected in his sorry-we-can't-extend-your-note voice, "if you're afraid ——"

"Tiddleywinks," rumbled Brown also getting laboriously upon his feet, "I need the money. I've five excuses for gettin' it back in Greenwich Village, in little old N'Yawk. Say, gents —" his face took on an expression as much at variance with its usual appearance as would be the tender look of a Madonna on a Kewpie, "don't it beat Dick Croker how most of us use the things that oughta make us lay closest to the right the excuse for goin' out an' gettin' the dough on any road that we don't think leads direct to the Pen? And say," he tried to straighten his fat veneered shoulders, "if you could see that youngest kid of mine ——"

"The deuce!" spat Watson, owner of the *Plaindealer* and Casey's lone newspaper competitor in Cascade City, "we didn't come here to listen to any fond-father patter. What we want to know is: what d'you propose to do? We've told you all we could about Casey. You ought to have a line on how to get to him. How're you going to do it?"

"Gents," responded Brown, brushing the cigar ashes from as much of his waistcoat as he could see, "I've made mine through a study of human weaknesses. There's just two main roads of approach. It's either the pocketbook or the heart. Casey ain't got any dough an' don't seem to care about it. There only remains the Miriam girl."

Watson's face clouded as he remarked:

"Then I'm afraid you'll be wastin' your time an' our money by stickin' around. Casey's first big splash in this burg was goin' out an' peekin' along the barrel of a Winchester at an editor of my paper although he'd never had one in his hand before. An' the darned little rusty-topped, knock-kneed gargoyle put my man out of business for four months. Since then the girl thinks his eyes are the sun and moon."

Brown yawned widely and then chuckled before he sought to encourage them with:

"Well, we'll not worry quite just yet, gents. I've a little lady friend that I call Miss Misunderstandin'. She's 'specially on the job when there's folks in love — get me? I'm goin' to stick her in the path of Julius Caesar Casey an' Miss Miriam Tuggs. Up to the present her battin' average makes Ty Cobb look like one of Muggsey McGraw's spring try-out discards. An' now, s'long, gents — I'm off to the Pilkington House. Early to bed an' nine hours of it's *my* motter."

"Well, have a nightcap before you go," urged Simpson, "an' drink confusion to Casey. The Deacon keeps a bottle here for medicinal purposes."

"Gents," responded Brown with a grimace he designed for a wink, "I drink only for business purposes an' the feller who drinks with me usually gets it in the neck. An' soak this away for future reference: confusion comes in the end not to those it's drunk, to, but to them who do the drinkin'."

*The Governor stood side by side with Cyrus Brown, the detective, and in front of them Miriam, a smile of triumph in her eyes*

*"Sweetheart," he chided gently, "you know how it is with me"*

IF you haven't seen your sweetheart make demure love to you, you haven't touched lips with complete pre-nuptial bliss. At least that is as Casey thought, one night several weeks after the events already set forth, as he reclined in an easy-chair opposite a large mirror in the parlor of Governor Tuggs and watched his sweetheart tousle his redder than red hair. She was perched on the arm of his chair the while. When the silence had continued as it can only between lovers for any endurable length of time, Casey chuckled.

Miriam leaned down so that she could meet his eyes with her own and ordered: "Say it!"

"I'll do it if I can," he answered.

"Why, what ——"

His almost bewilderingly radiant smile flashed out as he continued:

"Old Girl, if you don't want your fingers to telewag me advance information you'd oughta wear gloves when you absently-mindedly let them stray through this hirsute wilderness of mine. And then," he chuckled, "I've been watchin' you in the glass."

Miriam sprang to her feet with blush chasing blush rapidly across her face and into oblivion in the roots of her hair. She stamped one of her little feet in mock anger as she replied:

"It's meaner than I thought you could be to take an advantage like that."

Casey's voice was very soft as he responded:

"Mean, is it, darling, for me to want to see as well as feel the proof of your almost miraculous love for an object like me? If it is then it's mean of God to give the violets an' the little daisies the sunlight." He paused and eyed her with a glance that did not serve to allay her blushing.

"But what is it, Old Girl?" he asked when the silence had become almost tremulous.

Miriam seated herself in a chair some little distance away from him and twisted a wisp of a handkerchief with nervous fingers before she at length replied:

"It's about your meeting tomorrow night. I overheard part of your talk in the office with Dr. Wilson this afternoon ——"

"Yes?" encouraged Casey as she hesitated.

"You'll be careful, won't you?" she pleaded.

Many mischievous little devils popped into expression in his eyes as he asked:

"Careful of what?"

"Why, you understand what I mean, don't you?" she begged.

"Sure," grinned Casey. "I'm also posted as to what became of the pillar of salt Lot's wife turned into, an' what's going to be the ultimate end of the Progressive Party ——"

"Julius Caesar Casey, can you *never* be serious when I want to discuss things with you?" she demanded, sitting up very straight in her chair.

"You know perfectly well I can when you tease me by springing that infernal name on me," he answered, pretending intense gravity. "I presume, however, you want me to promise not to titillate the nerves of our dear, local Mother Grundy or sprain the temper of old Deak Wells an' the rest of his bunch. Well, I'll promise, Old Girl, to do nothing but tell the truth."

Miriam eyed him dubiously for a moment or two before she responded:

"But, Julius, you always have it so highly seasoned that people don't like it."

"Truth," he replied, "is unlike beef in that it can be served in only one way. The trouble is that people never like it unless it happens to suit their particular taste and serve their purpose. An', no matter how I hand it out tomorrow night, it's going to be distasteful to a lot of them. I promised Wilson I'd shoot it straight from the shoulder ——"

Miriam slammed a cushion with spiteful energy from behind her to the floor and exclaimed: "I think it's contemptible of Dr. Wilson to try to hide behind ——"

"Mind your metaphor, Old Girl," warned Casey with a grin. "Remember there's just about a hundred an' fifty more of Wilson than there is of me."

"Well, why can't he do the straight talking himself then?" she demanded. "That's the way with preachers. Whenever they feel their people need strong doses of truth they get someone else to give them — they're afraid to do it themselves ——"

"Come," remonstrated Casey, "that's not quite fair. But your blamin' the Doc in this case makes me understand why the wife always hands it to the Samaritan who brings him home, an' not the husband himself, for gettin' drunk. The fault in this case is my own. I started the movement for the bills. Wilson's loaned me the church to talk about it in — that's all."

Miriam arose and began to pace nervously up and down the room.

"I can't understand how it is," she began, "that all the ideas you have seem to bring you trouble. I used to think it was because you thought you had to have some purpose for the paper, but now I'm coming to see it's something else. Why," she demanded halting in front of him and surveying his freckled face with a troubled gaze, "do you have to create such a disturbance just for — *those*, those kind of women? Can't you see that sometimes it almost breaks my heart to hear the way people talk about you? They're saying dreadful things about you now — that these, these people are your natural element ——"

Casey sprang suddenly to his feet with glowing eyes and lips plainly intent upon speech. Miriam, always considerate of the difference in their height, resumed her seat as he paced the floor nervously and answered:

"I'm not goin' to say much about it now. You'll hear more about the things I'm tryin' to bring about in my talk. But it hurts, Old Girl, to hear you talk about *those* kind of women because, if you really understood, it would hurt *you* to realize how uncharitable you've been. The trouble is that good women forget that *those* other women were mostly made what they are by the husbands, fathers, sons and brothers of other good women — sometimes their own men have had a hand in the makin'. It isn't the known evil men, the outcasts an' social lepers, who start *those* women on the road. It's the so-called good men — the double-living, supposedly decent citizens, who put them wrong. An' right here, an' all over the country, good women are profitin' an' livin' on the results of vice perpetuated for the profit of some of these same decent citizens."

Casey was now striding rapidly about with blazing eyes and clenched hands.

"Can't you understand?" he demanded of the girl who sat regarding him with pale face and intent, brooding eyes, "that I'm not making the fight in Cascade City alone for the sake of the few score of unfortunates here, but for that of the entire country? If here an' there a start is made it will soon spread. An' can't you see," the blushes came again to her face for a moment at the look he gave her, "that the biggest job any decent man or woman can have is to try to make their country a better place for their children an' gran'-children to live in?" [*Continued on page 59*]

# The Man Hunt — *by* George Creel

SURELY it is not so much that people lose their heads as that they do not use them. For every penny of public money stolen, a dollar is wasted; yet pursuit of some petty rascal can arouse a frenzy of interest while fundamental reforms beg in vain for a hearing.

The financial machinery of every state is a ramshackle hodge-podge carried down from tallow-dip and stage-coach days, but it remains impossible to gain intelligent consideration of budget proposals that will stop waste as well as graft. Let a legislator, however, purchase a theatre ticket with state funds and he is pursued across the front page of every metropolitan daily.

The bribing of an alderman by a street-car company receives scare-heads and extras, but there is no space for discussion of the public utility problem; the violences of a strike are "played up," but not the conditions of labor that brought those violences about; attacks on a warden are given columns, but prison reform goes unexplained; always an emphasis upon the destructive and an avoidance of the constructive; great noise on the symptom and silence as to causes.

The enemies of progress are keenly alive to the situation. It is never the reform they bother about, but the reformer, bending all effort to make him the object of a hue and cry. Lindsey, Heney, Folk, Whitlock, Osborne — all of them have known the bitter experience of being compelled to answer sewer slanders the while the things they fought for sank out of sight.

It will not do to blame the press. Newspapers, when buncombe is put to one side, are money-making propositions just as much as a department-store or a butcher-shop. Not only is the purely obvious easiest and cheapest to serve, but appeals to the primitive passions always get quicker action than appeals to the mind.

It is the people who are to blame for letting themselves be put in a position of dependence upon the press for all facts connected with the public business. The task of intelligence is to dig new wells of information that may be kept free from poison, filth and stagnancy. The way stands clear. The public-school plant represents the largest single investment of the people's money, yet it is operated a scant seven hours a day for an average of one hundred and forty-four days a year. All there is to do is to run the plant at full capacity, making each building a headquarters for citizenship, an all-year-round meeting-place of the community.

Such utilization of half-used school-houses — each the center of a neighborhood group — will permit the self-organization of voters into a deliberative body that will always be in session. Here may public servants be summoned to give account, here may candidates present their causes, here may the common good be consulted and determined, and here may the *real* news of the community be given circulation and receive decent discussion.

# "It Can't Be Done"

*by*

## Fred C. Kelly

ONE morning a few months ago I drove my little old 1913 model automobile, with extra rim and casing, to a repair-shop and asked the man to tighten a certain nut to stop a rattle in the windshield.

The repairman examined the nut and bolt critically and remarked that the threads were worn. He looked at it still closer before passing final judgment. Then in the tone of one announcing a decision of the highest court, he told me: "It can't be tightened."

It happened that only a day or two previous, certain government officials at Washington had telephoned by wireless to Paris, and the message was overheard by somebody in Honolulu. I mentioned this casually to the repairman, and put the proposition squarely up to him that if it was possible to talk by wireless to Paris, it ought to be within the range of human achievement to tighten a nut. So he went back into the shop after another monkey-wrench and a larger pair of pinchers, and in a short time he had the nut nicely tightened up. The windshield hasn't rattled since.

My point is that every day one meets strong men who are prepared to advance arguments showing conclusively that this or that cannot be done. Nearly everybody who steps out of the crowd and tries the untried is obliged to combat the belief, if not the jeers, of the hosts who think that the things which have not been done cannot be done.

A few years ago the Wright brothers made a journey down to Kitty Hawk in one of the Carolinas, in search of favorable winds to make some final experiments with their flying-machine. They had been working at their machine so long that they firmly believed they eventually would fly; yet they had never actually done so. But one afternoon at Kitty Hawk, they flew, and remained in the air several minutes. They had conquered flying. That night they sat quietly about the little village inn, saying nothing to anybody else about their successful day's work. Orville Wright picked up a copy of a magazine to while away an hour until bedtime. He opened it at random, and by chance the first article he saw was one by a famous scientist, a world authority on air currents, gravitation and aeronautics, in which the learned writer proved beyond all peradventure that flying with a machine heavier than air was a physical impossibility, and that to attempt it was sheer nonsense.

And Wright had just got through doing it!

In this connection one recalls that the first news printed in the Wrights' home city of Dayton, that they had really flown in a heavier-than-air machine, was a dispatch from Paris.

When Langley was making his experiments with a flying-machine in Washington, while the head of the Smithsonian Institution, he appeared one day before the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. He desired a government appropriation of $10,000 to carry on experiments in flying. Uncle Joe Cannon was at that time the chairman of the appropriations committee.

"What, Mr. Langley," put in Uncle Joe, "ten thousand dollars to spend in trying to fly in the air?"

"Now, I know it sounds impossible," admitted Langley, "and yet you know that a bird is heavier than the air. Don't you think a man can do anything a bird can, if he tries hard enough?"

So Langley got his $10,000 appropriation, but the committee was criticized from one end of the country to the other. Incidentally Langley died a somewhat soured and disgruntled man, hating newspapers and nearly all writers, because he had been made the butt of gay banter and rude jest throughout the years that he attempted what the Wrights later accomplished.

Many years ago — along about 1846, I think it was — Gen. Lew Wallace's father ran for reelection to Congress, but was defeated by an overwhelming majority by a comparatively obscure opponent. The reason for his defeat was that he had voted, as a member of the House, for an item of $10,000 in an appropriation bill, to defray the cost of an experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore.

"He voted to spend ten thousand dollars of our money," wailed the taxpaying voters, "for a scheme to send messages by the lightning!"

They felt that it was an insult to their district to have such a representative in Congress.

You see, the average man cannot conceive of anything being done in a different way than it has always been done before. Always the tendency is to follow some kind of precedent. The first railroad cars looked like stage coaches, and the first automobiles were modeled along the lines of an ordinary buggy. The chances are that it required a good deal of self-restraint on the part of the early automobile makers to omit a whip socket. Years ago women used to break their backs bending over washtubs. The tubs had to be placed on low benches because the water was lifted into them by hand, a bucket at a time, and it was not easy for a woman to lift the water in that manner any farther from the ground than absolutely necessary. Now, when every house has running water, stationary tubs are usually so low down, even as in the days when that was necessary, that the washerwoman still suffers needlessly from backache.

Shortly after Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, Uncle Joe Cannon, then a young member of Congress, was approached with a proposition to invest $1,000 in the new project to talk over an ordinary wire strung on top of wooden poles. For $1,000, he was assured, he could be in on the ground floor of a great business enterprise that was destined to revolutionize methods of communication the world over.

Just a short time before that Cannon had lost a few hundred dollars in a scheme to [*Continued on page 59*]

# The Torpedo

[*Continued from page 26*]

without effort. He had risen on the wings of her inspiration; he could not get on without her. And what about herself?

For two years no word of any kind had come from the Wilhelmstrasse. Regularly, on the second of each month, a typewritten envelope had arrived by express. It had always contained twenty five-pound notes. She was going it alone, she felt; and she realized how little she had accomplished. There were Germans about her, keenly watching; of that she was sure. Only a few weeks before, when she had ridden to the stable, a little groom who addressed her in a Cockney twang, had stupidly insisted on putting her horse in the wrong stall.

"He goes in stall Twenty, I believe," Alma had said.

"Oh no, y'r lidyship — Seventeen," the small, wizened man had replied distinctly. "Seventeen is the number, you'll remember."

He had said this looking her steadily in the eye, and she had suddenly recalled Cousin Otto's injunction. "You will be responsible for orders to Number Seventeen."

The groom had never ventured out of his professional shell; but she realized, with a feeling of impending drama, that she was waiting upon Responsibility. Yet today, as she turned occasionally and sighed her impatience into the face of the Dresden clock on the mantel, she was the picture of any woman to whom one man means happiness. A quarter-after four. Morgan should have been here a half hour ago. Again she looked thoughtfully out into the street. The face she showed was more reposeful, fuller and gentler than it had been that day at Cannes. Yes, she was too serene — like a sentry who allows the warming influence of sleep to steal through his veins when the enemy is lurking right over there in the dark.

THE door opened softly and Alma, caught unawares, permitted herself a little cry of delight as the tall man who entered leaned down and took her in his arms.

"Morgan! I've been watching so long. I didn't see you come up."

"I came the other way," he answered as he kissed her. It was easy to see that his fortieth year had brought him strength and that his eye had learned to take the measure of the world.

"I walked over from the Square," he further explained. "My cab is waiting there with some luggage and a man who ——"

"Morgan!" she exclaimed sharply. "Where are you going? What are you intending to do?"

"I've come to tell you," he began rather awkwardly as he settled down on the couch beside her. "My dear girl, things come up now and then, in our line, which you've got to take for granted."

"Oh, let me go, too!" she plead, clinging to him like a small child. "We've never been apart, even for a day. Oh, I shall be afraid!"

"*Liebchen!*" He never abandoned that blessed word of cursed German. "I shan't go far. I shall still be in London."

"But you're making a frightful mystery of it. Why are you taking your bags and saying good-by, like this, if you aren't leaving the city?" she inquired accusingly.

"It's only this. In these desperate times one must do peculiar things. It is important, for the next few days, that I shall be absolutely alone to work out my problems. There are only two persons who know where I am going; my second secretary and Sir Robert Malloy. I am taking Robert rather than an official associate, because there are things only a friend can do for one."

"And I can't even telephone you?" she asked.

"Not even that, my dear!"

"Four or five days without you." She arose and walked over to the window. "Oh, I'm scared — dreadfully, dreadfully!"

"My girl!" He was at her side in an instant, comforting her.

"Perhaps I'm acting like what you call — a slacker," she told him. "But you must remember, after all's said, I *am* a German. And the city is alive with — with terrible things. Suppose they should find me out. Only yesterday a great mob gathered on Oxford street, threatening to burn, to tear down, to kill —" Her face was white with the horror of it.

"There, there," he reassured her, patting her shoulder gently. "It's not so bad as that. You're always under my protection, dear."

"Morgan," she said, looking whitely up at him, "during these years we have been together, have I ever asked anything that would hamper you in your work?"

"Darling, you have been the greatest help in my life. There is no counselor in the realm who could have done so much."

"Ah!" She sighed contentedly and closed her eyes. "And I don't want to be a drag. But oh, Morgan! I do so need this one thing."

"The one thing I can't give?" he asked, stepping away from her. She nodded and looked down. Carsovan stood by the table, abstractedly fingering the leaves of a magazine.

"Alma," he said at last, "I have always been perfectly open and honest with you — too much so, everybody would say. I have ignored the fact that you are a German woman, because I know you are my wife in the highest sense of the word and cannot be disloyal to any of my principles. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, Morgan. That's so."

"And I am going to give you a further trust, my dear, because I don't want to leave you nervous and miserable." He seated himself at a small desk in the corner and, with a stubbed pencil, jotted a few figures on a sheet of paper. This he folded into an envelope which he sealed and handed to her.

"I'll be at that address," he explained briefly as she took the white square.

"Ah, my man!" She clasped her slim arms around his neck.

"And now I must be going," he said. "I've sealed the envelope, because there's no use of your knowing, in case you don't need to know."

"And if I do?" she asked, searching his eyes.

"Don't hesitate. Come — come direct as a torpedo," he jested bravely.

He kissed her and she stood leaning against the door long after she had beheld him disappear down the winding staircase.

The little groom with the Cockney twang led her bay mare from stall Seventeen next morning. His own horse was already standing by the mounting block, she noticed; and as she was about to place her foot in the

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Here is an opportunity of a lifetime for the young man who can qualify. Tree Surgery is *remunerative*. Men in the Davey organization earn from $1,000 to $10,000 a year. Tree Surgery is *healthful*, because it supplies an abundance of fresh air and exercise. Tree Surgery is broadening, *educational*—because the Tree Surgeon travels to every part of the United States (unless he prefers to work in a restricted locality), because he works on the largest and most beautiful estates, and because he conducts business with men and women of wealth and refinement. Tree Surgery is *fascinating*—Tree Surgery is a *profession* that commands respect.

Untrained men won't do. Tree Surgery as Davey experts practice it is a real science—as difficult and precise, in its way, as medicine or dentistry.

Therefore, in order to fill two hundred positions that will be brought about within the next few months by the constant growth of the Davey organization, we find it necessary to train two hundred worthy young men for the work. Do you want to be one of these two hundred fortunate men?

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W. H. Wilhelm, formerly clothing clerk in small town. We trained him and gave him position. Now earning $1500 a year as inspector and foreman.

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## How you can be a Tree Surgeon

If your age is between twenty and thirty, if you are healthy, and if you can furnish gilt-edge reference as to character, you are qualified to become a student in our course of training. Unmarried men are preferred.

Six months' study of Davey Tree Surgery—at your home, in your spare time—will then qualify you to join the Davey organization. We will have a position ready for you. Your study will not make you a finished expert, let us say frankly; but it will give you a fundamental grasp of this science that will enable you to rise rapidly if you are ambitious and energetic.

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stirrup the stunted, wizened fellow looked at her impudently and addressed her in German.

"Where has Sir Morgan Carsovan gone?"

Alma had long since realized that this man was from the Wilhelmstrasse office; but the question, coming with uncanny conciseness in her native tongue, startled her so dreadfully that she might have fallen, had not the attendant grasped her nimbly by the elbow.

"Don't be frightened," he continued in the same low, confident tone. "Of course you understand that I am Number Seventeen, here to give you orders. Where has Carsovan gone?"

"I do not know," she replied faintly.

"Thank you!" was all he said as he helped her to her horse, and, mounting his own cob, followed respectfully in the rear. Her heart was pounding desperately and she rode a few brisk miles with the feeling that the German was behind, armed to shoot her if she turned. At length, when they had reached a quiet stretch in Hyde Park, Alma looked nervously back and observed her groom jogging along stolidly.

"Smith!" She beckoned him to her side.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Speak German, please."

"Beg pardon, ma'am?" he touched his hat respectfully.

"None of that," she commanded. "I should like to know how you are aware of Sir Morgan Carsovan's movements."

"It is our business," he replied in his native gutturals. "And I am to give you your instructions. You are to go to Carsovan at once and ——"

"On whose authority?" she asked proudly.

"Captain Otto von Hälden's," he replied.

"Otto! He isn't in England ——"

"Since the war began. Conducting our campaign. And you are expected to go at once to Carsovan and ——"

"If Captain von Hälden is here, I want my instructions from him," she cried, panic-stricken at the crisis which, thus suddenly, faced her.

"I'll tell him," said the groom and, whirling his horse rapidly, galloped away.

FOR two hours of mortal fear Alma Oldenbourg posted along the bridle paths, dreading an encounter with her fierce Prussian relative, whom her imagination pictured in every approaching equestrian. Could she be, she thought with a sort of puzzled shame, the girl who once flamed with nation-love and swore blood-sacrifice to her Fatherland's ideal? In the fanaticism of her girlhood dream she had seen herself, in some crisis like this, rushing eagerly upon the swords of martyrdom, obeying blindly the call to which she had devoted her life as unquestioningly as a novitiate lays her golden hair upon the altar. Now the time had struck and she, a timid rabbit, was scurrying for a cranny.

The groom did not come to her again during her ride, and it was another man who helped her from her horse at the stable. Her apartment was a few blocks' walk away, and momentarily during her stroll she anticipated the unwelcome visage of Otto von Hälden peering forth from every areaway. Yet she walked to her door unaccosted, and many hours passed in a state of dreadful waiting.

About three o'clock Susan, the maid, knocked and announced:

"Man to mend the gas-jet, ma'am."

"Send him in," commanded Alma, all a-tremble. And as the rough-clad workman slouched into the room she did not need to look twice to recognize her cousin under the greasy cap. He had done away with his military moustache and his chin was roughly stubbled, but his eyes held their native gleam.

"Close the door," she said quietly. As soon as he had obeyed, she asked: "Otto, what do you want of me?"

"In the first place," he demanded, regarding her sternly, "why are you attempting to evade your duty?"

"I don't understand," she parried.

"Our man Schmitz came to you this morning with orders. Instead of taking them as you were expected to do, you have beaten about the bush and made it so that I have had to come out in the open — at the risk of my neck."

"I am sorry," said she. "I was not sure of your man. How did I know he wasn't in the English service, spying on me?"

"Schmitz?" Otto barked. "Didn't he tell you he was Number Seventeen?"

"What do you want me to do?" she questioned directly.

"You must go at once to Sir Morgan Carsovan, wherever he's hidden himself, and get something from him."

"Oh!" She turned away.

"Are you in love with that Englishman?" Captain von Hälden pinned her with those twin bullets.

"What nonsense! Why do you ask?" She confronted him.

"How have you gotten so close to him? *Hein?* A man and a woman together for over a year — I suspect you have carried out my instructions only too well in that matter. Women become sentimental over jobs like this."

"I have had my Fatherland to think of, Captain von Hälden," she answered coldly.

"So? I am glad you have not forgotten," he snapped. "And now your orders."

"I am to go to Sir Morgan ——"

"Yes. He is somewhere in London, engaged on a business of great importance with nobody near him except Sir Robert Malloy. But you probably know all about that."

"I know absolutely nothing," she answered coldly.

"I expect you to go to him," he went on, as if he had not heard her reply, "and get away from him, without his knowing it, a bit of information."

"Something he is to tell me?" she asked, puzzled.

"A code signal," said Otto. "Carsovan and Malloy are at work revising the Naval Code Book. You will find it there among his effects. You mustn't take the whole book, as that would be discovered and spoil everything. What we want is page 60, if possible. If you can't get that, there is one signal you must copy. You'll probably find it marked in handwriting, as Carsovan is too much of a civilian to remember these ciphers, and I am told he scrawls his code-book full of explanations."

"What is the signal you require?"

"'Slow down to half speed,'" said Otto von Hälden. "It is absolutely necessary that we have it in our hands before ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Why do you want it, just now?" asked Alma.

"How can I tell?" her cousin evaded. "It is required in the routine of our office."

"It is too late to see him today," she temporized.

"Nonsense!" Otto came closer and grasped her rudely by the arm. "You know as well as I that Carsovan, wherever he is, is sleeping with his work."

"I— I'm quite unaware of his address," she said unsteadily.

"Ah!" The German held her with his fierce eyes. "This is not the sort of treason we condone."

"He did not tell me where he was going," she parleyed, half hypnotized by his undeviating stare.

"You are lying," he growled. "Your country and your Kaiser are calling you; and if you fail you may look to the consequences. I myself will see to it that you are given, with full account of yourself, to the English police."

"You wouldn't dare!" she cried, facing about. "If I were arrested, you would go with me."

"Yes. And Sir Morgan Carsovan would be handcuffed to the two of us. He would be served the finest, I tell you, for the English dearly hate a traitor."

"You must go now!" said Alma wearily, and she went slowly to the door which she opened for him.

"Ten tomorrow," he said casually in English, lest lurkers might hear too keenly.

The hall door had no sooner slammed upon Otto von Hälden than Alma Oldenbourg settled by the window and sat idly, her hands folded in her lap. She remained a great while unmoving as though she had fallen into some strange sleep which left her upright, her eyes wide open. It was long after the street outside had darkened that she stirred a little; and even then it was to assume that attitude of thought which is so often merely the outward form of a distracted mind. It was not until, looking dully out upon the heavy night, she saw a shabby man shuffle into the light of a shop window at the corner that she arose and moved away. She was in a tremble for fear he would cross over to her door.

And yet, thought she, her cousin Otto, in his fanatical threats against her, had been right. There was no justification for her, should she funk the job to which she had voluntarily set herself. She had made her vow years ago when her Fatherland was smiling in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity. Today her country's need was


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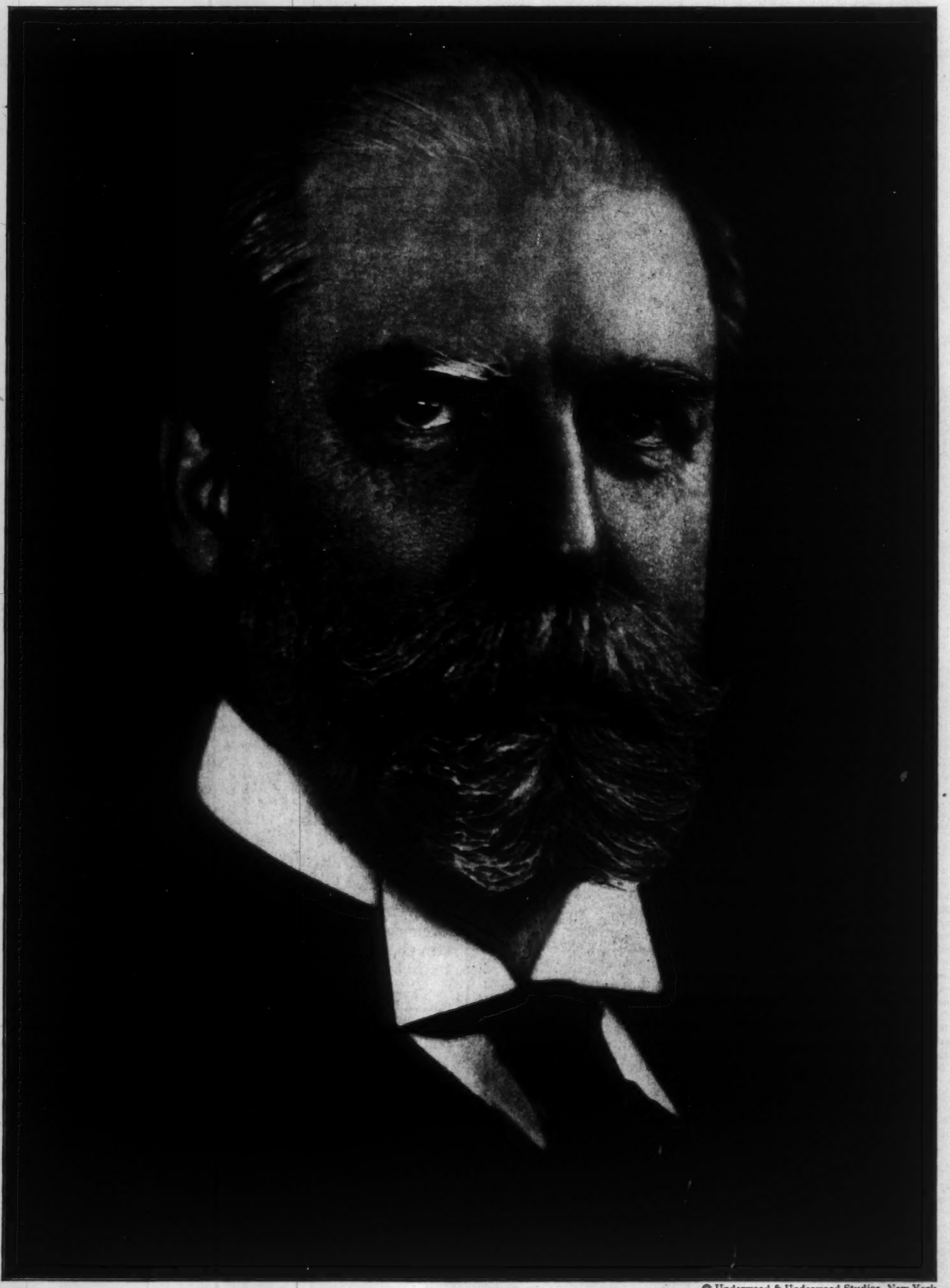

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# CHARLES E. HUGHES

*You can help the cause by cutting out this photograph of Hughes and posting it in your window.*

# AMERICA NEEDS HUGHES

## *By* THEODORE ROOSEVELT

SINCE 1912 we have had four years of a policy which has been an opiate to the spirit of idealism.

It has meant the relaxation of our moral fibre.

A sordid appeal to self-interest and to fear has paralyzed the national conscience.

We have been told that Americans, if they do not wish to be killed, should leave Mexico and should keep off the ocean; that to save a few American lives it is not worth while to hazard the lives of American soldiers; that Mexicans should be allowed to spill blood to their hearts' content; that the European War is no concern of ours; that even as between Belgium and Germany we should be neutral not only in act but in sympathy!

Not once has President Wilson squarely placed before the American people the question which Abraham Lincoln put before the American people in 1860: what is our duty?

Not once has he appealed to moral idealism, to the stern enthusiasm of strong men for the right.

On the contrary, he has employed every elocutionary device to lull to sleep our sense of duty, to make us content with words, instead of deeds, to make our moral idealism and enthusiasm evaporate in empty phrases, instead of being reduced to concrete action.

AMERICA as a nation has been officially kept in a position of timid indifference and cold selfishness.

America, which sprang to the succor of Cuba in 1898, has stood an idle spectator of the invasion of Belgium, of the sinking of the Lusitania, of the continued slaughter of our own citizens, and of the reign of anarchy, rapine and murder in Mexico.

Nevertheless, I believe that the American people were ready for the same kind of appeal which was made to them by Abraham Lincoln in 1860, by the advocates of an honest currency in 1896, by the advocates of the Spanish War in 1898, by the advocates of Nationalism in 1900.

But the appeal was not made.

On the contrary, Mr. Wilson invoked the spirit of timidity and selfishness. He made no effort to invoke the sense of duty.

He put "safety first," the immediate safety of the moment, to be obtained by shrinking from duty.

He did not even put American rights first, still less did he put American duty first.

His task was not an especially difficult or dangerous task; but it needed a brave heart and a steady hand.

Under his lead America could and should have put itself at the head of all the neutral nations by its example, if not by direct diplomatic agreements, in demanding that the war should be conducted in accordance with the usage of civilized nations, that international law should be observed, that the rights of neutrals and non-combatants should be respected.

If this spirit had animated our administration there would probably have been no invasion of Belgium, no fears of a like fate to terrorize other smaller nations, no torpedoing of merchant vessels, no bombarding of churches and hospitals, no massacring of women and children, no murder of Miss Cavell, no attempted extermination of the Armenians and Syrian Christians.

WE cannot undo what has been done. But we can repudiate what has been done. We can regain our own self-respect and the respect of other nations for this country. We can put in power an administration which will throughout its term of power protect our own citizens and live up to our national obligations.

It is just that this nation should concern itself with its rights; but it is even more necessary that it should concern itself with its duties.

As between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson, who can doubt which is the man who will, with austere courage, stand for the national duty?

Mr. Wilson's words have contradicted one another; and all his words have been contradicted by his acts.

Mr. Wilson's promise has not borne the slightest reference to his performance.

We have against him in Mr. Hughes a man whose public life is a guarantee that whatever he says he will make good, and that all his words will be borne out by his deeds.

Against Mr. Wilson's combination of grace in elocution, with futility in action; against his record of words unbacked by deeds or betrayed by deeds, we set Mr. Hughes' rugged and uncompromising straightforwardness of character and action in every office he has held.

We put the man who thinks and speaks directly, and whose words have always been made good, against the man whose adroit and facile elocution is used to conceal his plans or his want of plans.

The next four years may well be years of tremendous national strain.

Which of the two men do you, the American people, wish at the helm during these four years; the man who has been actually tried and found wanting, or the man whose whole career in public office is a guarantee of his power and good faith?

But one answer is possible; and it must be given by the American people through the election of Charles Evans Hughes as President of the United States.


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pathetic, desperate, terrible. And she had sworn it, "soul and brain and body," to serve her Kaiser. . . .

She had no dinner that night, but lay for hours, open-eyed, on her bed. Hours more she sat, trying to think, losing track of time. The city was very still when the telephone's jangling brought her nervously to her feet.

"Mrs. Anderson?" asked a voice she recognized.

"This is she."

"It's Smith, m'm. There's been a bit of a fire at the steyble, ma'am — several 'orses killed."

"My Toto!" cried she, thinking of her adored mare.

"Yes, ma'am. She's 'urt some. Would it be askin' too much for you to come round and see ——"

"I'll come," she began impulsively, then checked herself. "I think I had better wait until morning," she announced decisively and hung up the receiver.

Sleep again was out of the question. Smith's solicitous message was, undoubtedly, inspired by Otto von Hälden who wished to meet her in some quiet part of town and renew his persecutions. But what if poor Toto were suffering now, her splendid mount, the first gift of Morgan Carsovan? It was like leaving a fine, generous friend to die alone. Once she arose and started to dress. Her intention wavered in a moment. Smith was merely acting for her cousin, she was sure.

During the endless reverie of that night she saw Otto von Hälden in a new light. He was treating her cruelly, yet was he not wielding the cold steel of heroism? He was here, working almost single-handed against an entire nation. He was brave and untiring. She alone had proven weak and cringing in the face of duty.

About five o'clock she sank into a weary sleep. The face of Otto von Hälden appeared to her at a window; broadly it glared and blood had clotted over his jaws from a horrible wound.

"Don't!" she cried, too late, for he had thrown some ghastly explosive thing under her bed.

"It's only me, ma'am, — layin' down the breakfast things," announced a cheerful voice beside her. Alma's slowly opening eyes beheld the snub-nosed profile of Susan, the maid.

"I've been dreaming," she said, sitting up.

"Yes, ma'am," Susan assured her. "But ain't it gratifyin'-like to know that nothin' in life is so orful as them nightmares."

Alma ate her breakfast dully and again took up the thread of her miserable problem. Otto's last words had been, "By ten." It was after eight.

"I mustn't stay here!" she thought in a sudden rush of terror. "He'll come after me — I can't see him."

It was half-past eight when she left the house. Should Otto find her away, she argued vaguely, he might call upon some other person to carry out his plan. She did not foster this idea long; for there came reeling toward her, from behind a building near the corner, a slovenly drunkard whose hat-brim flopped loosely over his eyes.

"Are you going now to carry out orders?" asked Otto von Hälden's voice.

"No. That is, I'm —" she stammered foolishly.

"Getting closer to ten!" he grunted. "Remember, if we go to the Tower, Carsovan goes with us."

"I'll do as you say!" she consented breathlessly.

THE cab stopped at last before a small house, standing in the midst of its ugly tribe on a mean street. The door was finally opened meagerly by a short, middle-aged gentleman with eyeglasses and a small, gray mustache.

"I am sorry," he told her. "The family living here is named Hughes."

Alma knew this gentleman to be Sir Robert Malloy, but as he chose not to recognize her she merely persisted.

"Oh, Sir Morgan will see me!" Her voice assumed its most penetrating key. "Let him have my card, if you please."

The door swung on a wider arc a moment later.

"Come in," invited Sir Robert Malloy coldly.

In a littered, ugly, stuffy room at the head of the stairs she found Sir Morgan seated at a shabby oak desk, an Alpine avalanche of papers threatening to descend upon him.

"You shouldn't have come," was his severe beginning as he closed the door behind her. In spite of his unfriendly greeting a sort of hunter's thrill went through her at that instant, for her roving eyes had caught, half concealed among papers on his desk, the treasure she had been sent to steal. The Book! There was no mistaking its leaden covers, weighted, in case of necessity, to sink its secrets into deep oceans.

"Oh, Morgan!" she whimpered, comprehending his look. "Morgan — they've found me — they won't let me alone!" And, sinking into a chair, began to cry.

"Who?" he asked, casting aside his offended mien as he tried in vain to draw her hands away from her eyes. "Tell me, darling — have there been detectives?"

She nodded. Even now she could see how grave and driven he looked, and she bravely conquered her tears.

"English detectives?" he asked narrowly.

"Yes." She lied. An impulse urged her to shout the truth, to tell the plot that had been laid against him. But the vision of Otto restrained her.

"There, there!" said the Englishman, smiling wanly as he held her head against his shoulder. "The bobbies shan't worry you any more. I'll put a stop to that sort of thing."

"How can you?"

"A scrap of white paper," he announced with an artificial lightness, fumbling in a pigeon-hole. Then, "What the deuce have I done with my cards," he muttered and, rising, went into another room. A draft banged the door behind him.

Alma's courage returned as she gazed into his open desk. A corner of the Book lay full in view. This was the instant. . . . Noiselessly she glided toward it. Miraculously the volume opened at page 60 as she slipped it out from under cover. Something moved in the other room. She stood still as a figure of wax. Then, when the alarm subsided, she pulled at the tough page which rasped frightfully as she tore it from its binding. Before the door opened again she had crumpled it into the bosom of her dress. As Sir Morgan Carsovan reëntered the room, waving between long thumb and forefinger a half sheet of letter paper, she could see from her chair that the Book lay, as before, one corner exposed under its shelter.

"Can't find a thing in this jumble," he said smiling, handing her the note.

"Mrs. Anderson, widow of Captain Kenneth Anderson, R. N., shall be shown every attention and courtesy.

"Morgan Carsovan."

"And you're risking your position for me!" she cried in a low tone.

"We are borrowing a great deal of trouble, dear girl," he replied with that same terrible lightness. "Hallo!"

The telephone jangled, bringing Carsovan nervously to his desk.

"Yes. This is he. You've got her by wireless? Good! Full speed ahead? Rather! She'll be well within the Zone by now. No fear, if she keeps *that* up. Jove, I don't mind telling you she's given me a bit of a turn this trip. Let me know when — yes, good-by!"

He turned upon her a face so beaming that it seemed quite natural for her to inquire: "Is it some ship in danger?"

"*Has* been," he informed her cheerily. "Her wireless apparatus has been misbehaving and we just got word from her." He grinned comfortably. "Going full speed ahead right through the infested spot."

"Is she — is she the *Saturnia?*" The name flashed into her mind just as she spoke it. The newspapers had been full of her peril for the past few days; accounts of German warnings sent her passengers before her departure from New York; rumors of von Tirpitz's vengeance lurking in her course.

Carsovan nodded a pleased affirmation.

"But isn't she in danger — danger of submarines?"

"Not if she keeps up the clip!" he assured her. "Twenty-six knots an hour. There's not one of those undersea blighters that can shoot within a mile of her wake at *that* speed."

"But suppose something happened to slow her down?"

"What on earth or the waters beneath the earth could slow her down?" he asked tolerantly. "Engine trouble? Poof! She's the greatest liner afloat. Her engines are like the Bank of England — never fail. Alma, what's ailing you? Have you friends among the passengers?"

"No. But the thought is awful. There must be a great number of women and children ——"

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"Nearly a thousand, I fancy. They'll be singing welcome home at Queenstown by four o'clock."

"I must be going," she said. And she departed without a word of farewell.

She gave the cabman orders to take her to the stables; and she was no sooner settled among the dusty cushions than she felt the page from the code-book chafing harshly against her bosom. So this was the tragedy which Prussia had portioned out for her! It was nearing the hour of twelve — and by four o'clock, he had told her, the women and children would be singing welcome home at Queenstown.

She took the wadded paper from her blouse, smoothed out its creases and made careful examination. There were long columns of figures, letters and words jumbled nonsensically together. Here and there along the margin Sir Morgan's own hand had jotted explanations in brilliant ink. "Top speed" — she came to this handwritten note next to a complicated cipher. "Stand by for orders" — "Turn back" — "Slow down to half speed" ——

She read the column twice, very carefully, then began scribbling figures on an ivory tablet in her memorandum-book. They were driving along the sordid block that fledged the stables; Alma stuffed the page back in her dress.

IT was past three o'clock when she paused in mid-flight and decided to return to Carsovan. Again Malloy opened the door for her, and so terrific was the emotion which swept her along that she did not see the baronet's disapproving looks, vainly barricading her advance. Straight up the stairway she stormed and into Sir Morgan's workroom. The latter looked up in mild abstraction at her wild entrance.

"Back again?" he gasped, still under the sedative influence of work.

"Yes. I have no other place to go. I can't go home — they'd kill me. I've come to you, you're all my help," she told him in a terribly pinched voice that seemed to creak somewhere on broken hinges.

"I don't understand, my dear," he was making feeble protest. She sat all crumpled up in the chair opposite him.

"Let me tell you, Morgan — I've come — I've come —" She looked foolishly away, groping for a plausible thread. "I want you to know that I'm not what you think I am. I haven't ever been — not from the day you met me at Cannes. They sent me to you from Berlin — oh, I didn't want to, not from the first!" she cried.

"*They* sent you?" His voice sounded so detached that she had a feeling that he was thinking of something else, had not heard her.

"I should have realized then that I was the wrong woman to do it. It needed strength — and oh, Morgan, I'm weak! I was under orders to live close to you; Otto told me very explicitly to do that. But when I began to understand, and see that I was in love with you — I wanted to run away and desert my duty."

"Alma, you've got to pull yourself together and be clear," he commanded; and she saw for the first time how steely hard he was tightening his attention upon her.

"I'm trying, trying," she wandered on in the same aimless tone. "You see, it *was* my duty. When I was just a young girl, shortly before I first knew you at Oxford, I joined the League and swore it with the others, to serve, 'soul and brain and body.' And when they sent me out to watch you, I thought I could win a sort of immortality. But I'm weak, I'm weak." She repeated this despairing refrain over and over again.

"Who have been giving you orders?" His query was sharply staccatoed, but it only brought from her the same irrelevance.

"I was so happy with you. That seemed to become my one responsibility in life — just to be happy. I must have forgotten. Only yesterday they came to me — ah, Morgan, I lied to you when I said I was afraid of the police — they came to me and ordered me to find you and — and carry out orders ——"

His expression was dazed, grief-stricken, alarmed. At times he looked at her as though he doubted her sanity, then a half-consciousness of what she was trying to tell seemed to fall upon him.

"It's not so bad as you think, dear," she said vaguely. "I am bad; I have lied and lived a lie these two years. But when they asked me to steal it from your desk, I ——"

"Steal what?" he demanded sharply.

"Your code-book."

It was as if a poison arrow had caused him to leap in sudden pain; and his hands were on the lead-covered book before he turned to her.

"It's there, you see — all safe, except — oh, if I could only tell it as it occurred. You went to the other room to do me a kindness. Just see what a traitor I am to *everything!* You had no sooner closed the door ——"

"Have you been tampering with that book?" She dared a look at him and saw how everything but terror had fled his face.

"Morgan, Morgan, don't condemn me till you know everything," she plead in a small voice. "They made me do it. Can't I explain? They threatened to expose us, to send us both to the Tower if I disobeyed. It was for you as much as me that I acted — don't look at me so! See, I've brought it back to you."

She fumbled in her gown and handed to him a folded scrap of paper. He gazed blankly, then spread it open upon his desk before him.

"How did you get this?" he demanded at last.

"I told you — I tore it from your book."

"Have you shown this to anybody?" he asked huskily.

"No, no, Morgan — that's why I've come back to you. If they had seen it I should have drowned myself in the river. But I fooled them — I fooled them!" she proclaimed with a sudden fierce jubilance.

"What did they want with it?" He laid his hand carefully on the precious page.

"They wanted the 'go slow' cipher to sink the *Saturnia*. Don't, Morgan!" For the man's body seemed rigid with horror. "Nothing happened, I tell you. I was too quick for them. I saved your ship."

"What — could — you — do?" he droned lifelessly.

"I copied another signal from your book and when Schmitz met me at the stable I gave it to him and told him it meant 'Go slow.'"

"What signal did you copy?" asked Carsovan drily.

"The one you'd marked 'Full speed ahead.' I knew it would make the *Saturnia* go faster and ——"

Carsovan arose, spectral tall, and hurled open the door.

"Malloy," he called. "Here, quick!"

His associate came bounding up the stairs.

"Bob," asked Carsovan, "what have you heard from the *Saturnia?*"

"Nothing for half an hour. All was well at last report. I'm trying to get the office now."

The telephone on Carsovan's desk jingled. Malloy held the receiver to his ear only an instant, then snapped it clattering back.

"The *Saturnia* was torpedoed at half-past two and is sinking."

"What is it? What have they done?" Her clear treble cut the pause.

"The *Saturnia* has been torpedoed," said Malloy, turning upon her.

"But no! Of course it can't be — how *could* it be?" She sat twisting one glove aimlessly between frail fingers. "Where did they get the code signal? Not from me! I told you the truth — I gave them the wrong cipher purposely. Oh, what have I done?"

There was perfect calm in the room. Out of it at last Carsovan's voice drawled, cracked and thin like the death-bed sarcasm of an old, old man.

"I'll tell you what you've done. The page you stole from the code-book was marked with explanations. They were intended for the revised book. The signal you saw marked: 'Full speed ahead' was actually the one now in use for 'Slow down to half speed.' That's what you've done — sunk the *Saturnia.*"

Malloy, his face set to the unbending frown of a condemning angel, stood in the door.

"Aren't you going to *do* anything?" he thundered at Carsovan.

"Nothing," Carsovan answered.

"Then I must," said Malloy, and left them alone. Carsovan's look was that of a man from whom the future had been burnt away by disgraceful fires. Alma sat, faded and limp, like a small pink rose that has been stepped on.

And when she spoke it was in the childish plaint of the weak and futile, world without end: "I didn't mean to do it! I'm sorry — sorry ——, Morgan dear."

*Next month: Edwin Markham, Waldemar Kaempffert, Louis Fancher, Bozeman Bulger, May Wilson Preston, Anna Steese Richardson, Porter Emerson Browne, Clarence F. Underwood, Dr. Frank Crane, Carolyn Wells, Tony Sarg, Louise Closser Hale, Richard Le Gallienne.*

**Many persons** drive ahead recklessly in the matter of food and drink who wouldn't think of disregarding a traffic signal.

But Nature's laws of health cannot be trifled with.

For instance, the coffee drinker who says, "coffee doesn't hurt **me**" may sooner or later find he has a "jumpy" heart, frazzled nerves or some other trouble often due to the drug, caffeine, in coffee.

Generally one can get back to health and comfort by a change from coffee to

# POSTUM

the delicious, pure cereal food-drink.

**"There's a Reason"**

Postum comes in two forms: The original **Postum Cereal** must be well boiled; **Instant Postum** needs no boiling—a level teaspoonful in cup of hot water makes the same delicious drink **instantly.** The cost per cup is about the same for both forms.

**—sold by Grocers.**

# $3,000 for the best name suggested to take the place of flashlight

TWENTY years ago when the harnessing of electricity was still much of a novelty, when automobiles were three parts joke and one part hope deferred, a man with a vision dreamed of carrying a pocketful of electric light into the dark, ready for use.

Out of this dream grew the first flashlight, the first EVEREADY. And now we have the perfected EVEREADY, no longer a "flasher" but a light capable of giving hours of continuous service. Therefore EVEREADY has outgrown the old term *flashlight* and we offer a reward for a new term, or coined word, worthy to stand with Eveready—a name we may protect. $3,000 will be paid for the best suggestion. This is your opportunity.

*Fifty thousand dealers will feature Eveready window displays beginning the morning of Oct. 7.*

*Fifty thousand dealers will then be prepared to distribute Eveready Contest Blanks.*

Get your blank at once, read the contest rules carefully—then fill in your suggestion—and mail direct to us.

This contest is absolutely free to all. It is open from October 7th to November 7th. In case two or more contestants submit the name selected, the full amount of the prize will be awarded each.

**AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS**
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York

**Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited**
Toronto, Ontario

***Go into the nearest store where EVEREADYS are displayed and ask for a free Eveready Contest Blank***


# Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

## Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

**Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.**

### Constructive Enthusiasm

*WHILE reading McClure's Magazine, I read verbatim your page under the caption "Does It Pay?" and the interest I manifested in same was actuated by the fact that I am just placing upon the market a complete line of food products under my newly trade-marked brand "Pure Gold," which embraces canned vegetables, salmon, tuna fish, coffee, mayonnaise, and creamery butter. In every particular I have endeavored to produce the finest goods that money would purchase, without regard to price, in an endeavor to produce for this market something better than has ever been provided for the consuming public, believing that in such times as these, prices are not the largest consideration. My goods will be sold in groceries which are designated as Pure Gold Stations, which necessitates the grocer buying the entire line, which will be in the neighborhood of fifteen cases of goods. We have already designated upwards of sixty Pure Gold Stations. I have contracted with the Syracuse Herald for twelve full pages of advertising before the coming year, eleven of which will carry the names and locations of Pure Gold Stations. Our Pure Gold butter we have had on the market for over a year, and it is today the largest selling of all brands in this section. It is a fancy creamery butter produced by the Fairmont Creamery Company of Buffalo, in a sanitary package and under ideal conditions. We deliver same from one to two days from the churn to our customers in quantities small enough to insure good results. I note you have given your O. K. to the Wag line of canned goods, sold here, and our peas and tomatoes are produced by the same canners who produce Wag goods. The other items we are positive are as good as theirs. Naturally we would like an endorsement from you of our goods, and inasmuch as we place Quality and Purity ahead of every other consideration we would indeed enjoy your endorsement of our outfit. Will you kindly advise what steps I am to pursue to obtain same?*

*J. M. C., New York.*

This acknowledges receipt of your kind letter, and it certainly has just the right kind of ring. You will perhaps understand that a free analysis was made of the Wag Brand at the instance of the Syracuse Herald to ascertain whether or not the products were eligible to the Westfield McClure Cooking School recently held in Syracuse. After the close of the school we, of course, have no authority to perform analyses for the Syracuse Herald, and as our laboratory at the present time is crowded to the capacity of its operators, we should be obliged to hire an additional chemist, under the supervision of the writer, to perform any very extended examination. Duplicate samples of all articles for analysis must be included, and an approximate cost per determination, for each determination necessary on each article to be examined would have to be met; from three to five determinations being necessary for each sample. Your idea of quality, service and good values is an excellent one, and we wish you all possible success.

### An Exaggerated Claim

*SOMETIME ago I read an advertisement which claimed that the use of a certain medicine would improve the eyesight. Could this be possible? Have always been under the impression that no medicine of any kind could improve a person's vision if it were defective.*

*E. P., Ohio.*

There is no medicinal preparation which will improve the eyesight, and you are right in your conclusion; defective vision should be treated only by a specialist who thoroughly understands the case in question, and his advice should be followed.

### Pure Raspberry Jam

*ENCLOSED find a label which I took from a bottle of raspberry jam. There is nothing to indicate ingredients of the jam. Is this in accordance with the Pure Food Laws?*

*A. L. D., New York.*

The label reads "Pure Raspberry Jam." If it is pure as indicated, it is not necessary to print on said label the names of ingredients, and the label is legal. If, on the other hand, the preparation should be of the compound type, it would be necessary to state the ingredients.

### Fruitless

*I HAVE been advised to take Analax, a cathartic. It is described as a "delicious, fruity laxative." What kind of fruit is used in this preparation? If this is not good, what is a good cathartic?*

*H. H. H., Ohio.*

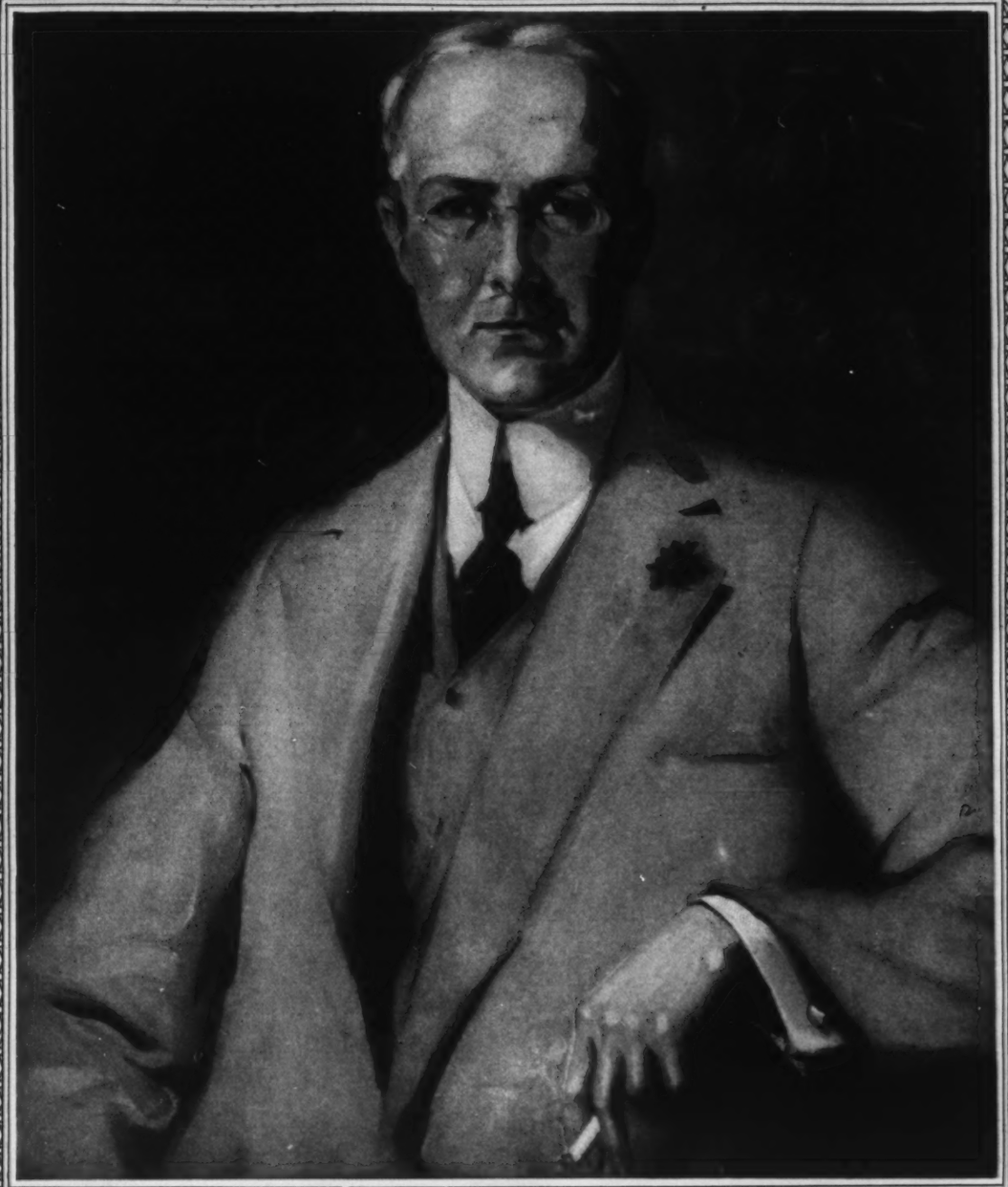
Analax evidently contains the fruit of a coal tar plant. The active principle is phenolphthalein, a coal tar drug and an active cathartic. Under the observation of an intelligent physician, no doubt it performs a useful function on occasion. The best laxative is Nature's own, induced by a careful diet including plenty of fresh vegetables, fruits and whole cereals with a minimum of meats or high protein foods. To drug children with aperients is little less than criminal. Proper elimination cannot be accomplished by the use of drugs and nostrums.

### Concerning the Purification of Water

*MANY queries are addressed to this department of McClure's concerning the purification of water by running over gravel, and relative to the antiseptic action of lemon juice. The monthly bulletin of the California State Board of Health answers these two questions very thoroughly.*

Two traditions, entirely contrary to fact, are so wide-spread as to deserve repeated public refutation. One often hears the very dangerous statement that water swiftly flowing over stones purifies itself within marvelously short distances. Sometimes even the number of pebbles necessary to bring about purification is stated. This tradition is just opposite to the truth, for the principal agents in the self-purification of streams are sunlight, sedimentation, and the action of minute living organisms. These all require time and act best in quiet waters. That is why some of our cold, rapid, mountain streams receiving pollution from careless campers and small groups of habitations are so dangerous. The other fallacy is that lemon juice added to drinking water will sterilize it. Lemon juice is not an antiseptic and will not make impure water safe.

**If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.**



PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

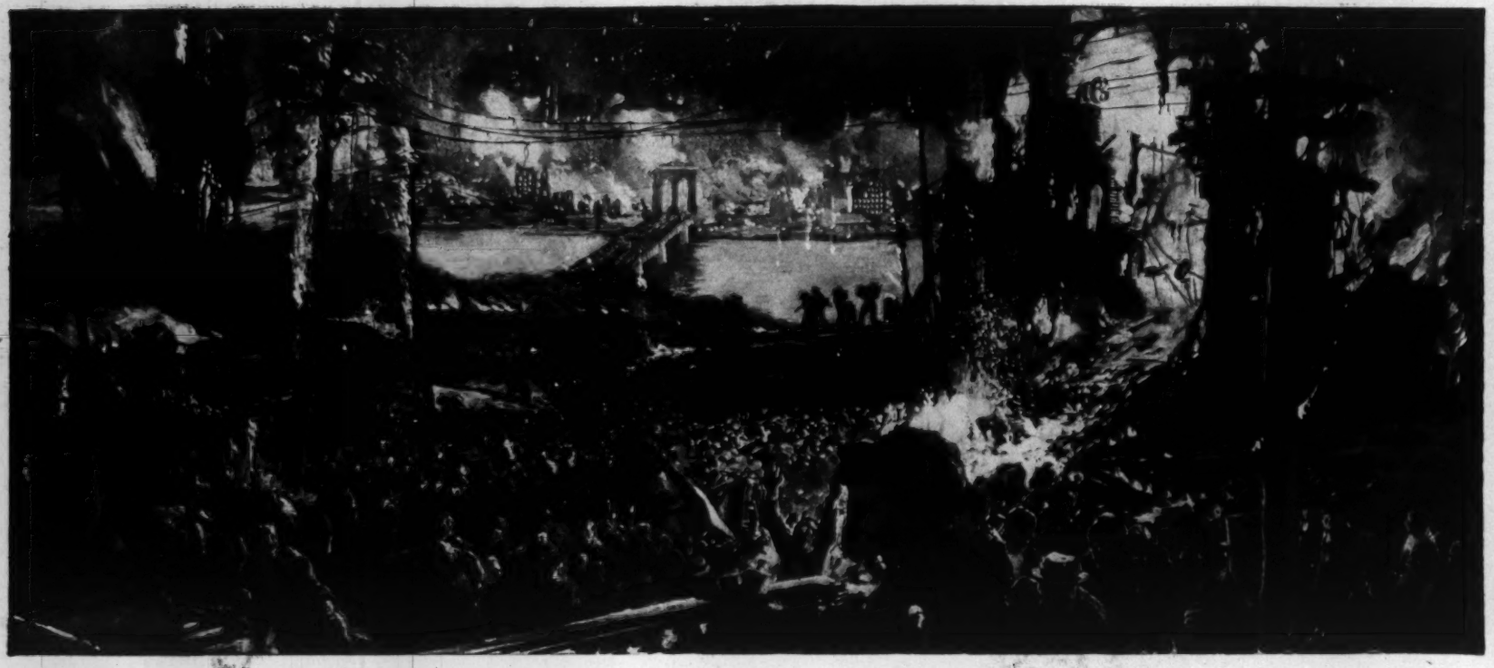
FATIMA may never become the *only* cigarette smoked by keen, substantial men of this type. But you will find that Fatima has already become more popular with such men than almost any other cigarette.

This is because men who smoke wisely want a SENSIBLE cigarette—a cigarette that is cool and comfortable to the tongue and throat and that leaves a man feeling "fit" and clear-headed even though he may smoke more often than usual.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# FATIMA

## *A Sensible Cigarette*



# A Rubberless World

IMAGINE this world suddenly deprived of rubber! Fires, now quenched by the use of rubber-lined fire hose, would feast on cities.

Gardens would shrivel up.

More than half the wheels of industry would stop for lack of rubber belting. Engines and pumps could not be operated without rubber packing. Factories and mines would close down.

Think of the railroad disasters if there were no rubber air-brake hose! With the disappearance of air and steam drill hose, the digging of our building foundations and the tunneling of mountains could only proceed at the pace of the pick and shovel.

Without rubber gloves and rubber surgical instruments the surgeon would be badly handicapped. Sufferings, unsoothed by the ice bag and hot water bottle, would be unbearably acute.

This is a glimpse. Picture the rest. Imagine your everyday world abruptly set back three-quarters of a century! A startling thought—but one that need not worry you.

For in the last 74 years there has grown up a mighty rubber industry, able to supply civilization with the rubber articles it needs. With this industry has grown the group of rubber companies which form the United States Rubber Company, **the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.**

From the 47 tremendous factories of the United States Rubber Company comes every kind of rubber goods humanity demands. It is a well-balanced output, embracing not only **belting, hose, packing, mechanical and moulded rubber goods of every description, but also all styles of rubber footwear; canvas rubber-soled shoes; weather-proof clothing; tires for automobiles, motor trucks and all other vehicles; druggists' rubber goods; insulated wire; soles and heels—each in gigantic quantities.**

The usefulness of the United States Rubber Company does not hinge on the continued demand for any one product. It grows with the increasing use of rubber for every purpose. And with that growth comes an increasing ability to furnish the quality, variety and quantity of rubber goods the public needs.

# United States Rubber Company

Photographs by Ira L. Hill

## SHIRLEY MASON

*THE youngest star of the many young stars in motion pictures. Miss Mason is sixteen years old, has been thirteen years on the stage, is now leading woman in McClure's Pictures, and within six months will be one of the best known young women in the world.*

## EVE—AND HER ADAM

*THE young lovers in seven unusual photoplays, produced under the McClure trademark, as "Seven Deadly Sins." Shirley Mason plays "Eve," and George Le Guere "Adam"*

# 50 Horse Power SIX Sedan $1700.

POWER. The Studebaker Touring Sedan is the most powerful car of its weight on the market. This means *power* to move at walking pace in dense traffic and *reserve power* for the instantaneous getaway when the opening appears, and *power* means the smooth, even speed on the boulevard or country road. It means effortless ease in climbing the steep grade on the long tour. Power is the *one* thing that makes the closed car possible for *all* purposes.

Studebaker offers a complete line of high grade cars from $850 to $2600. Write for handsomely illustrated catalogue picturing the cars and giving complete list of prices. All prices F. O. B. Detroit.

*The Car of the Golden Chassis*

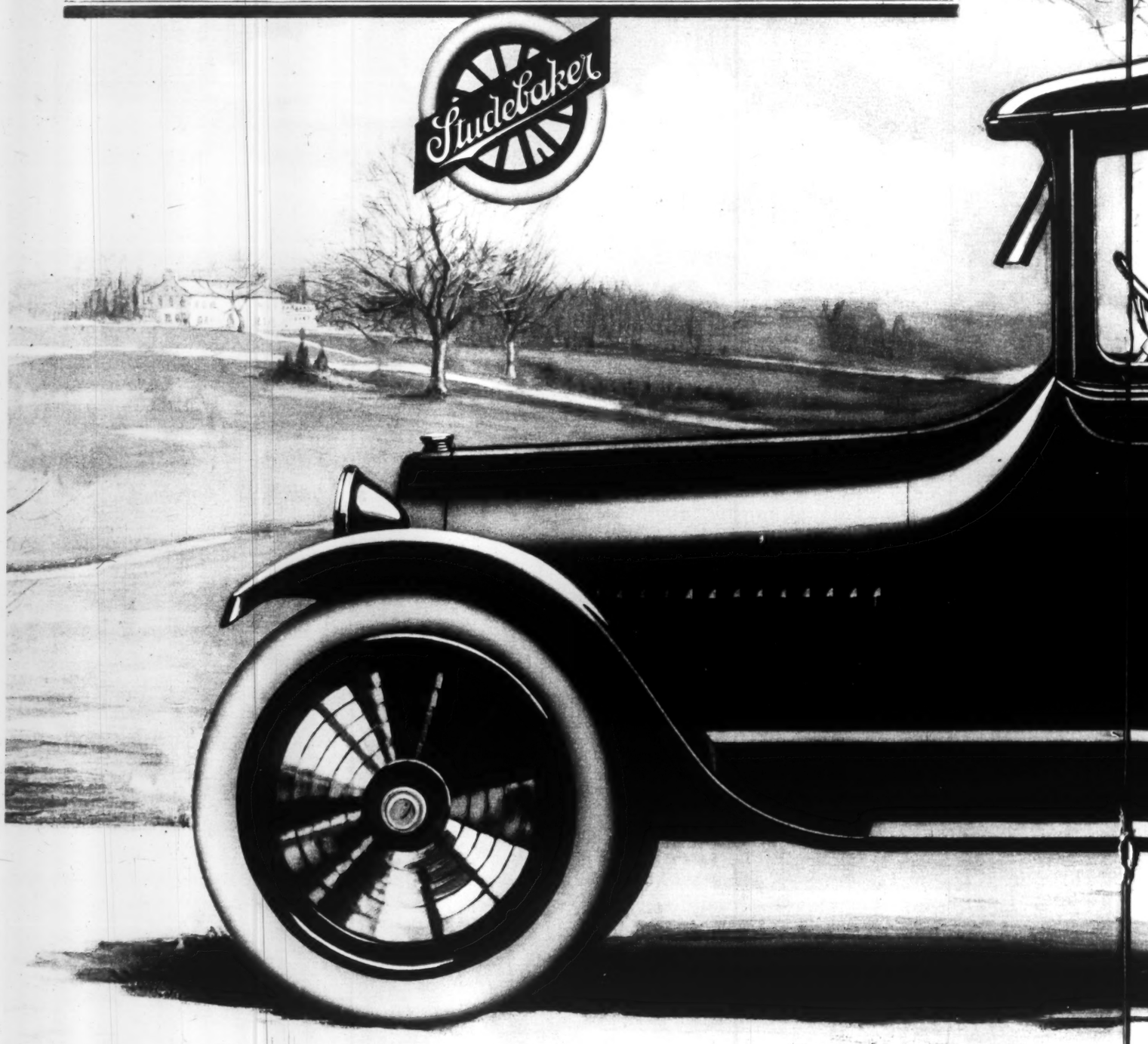
Permanent exhibit of Studebaker cars in Marlborough-Blenheim Arcade, Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.

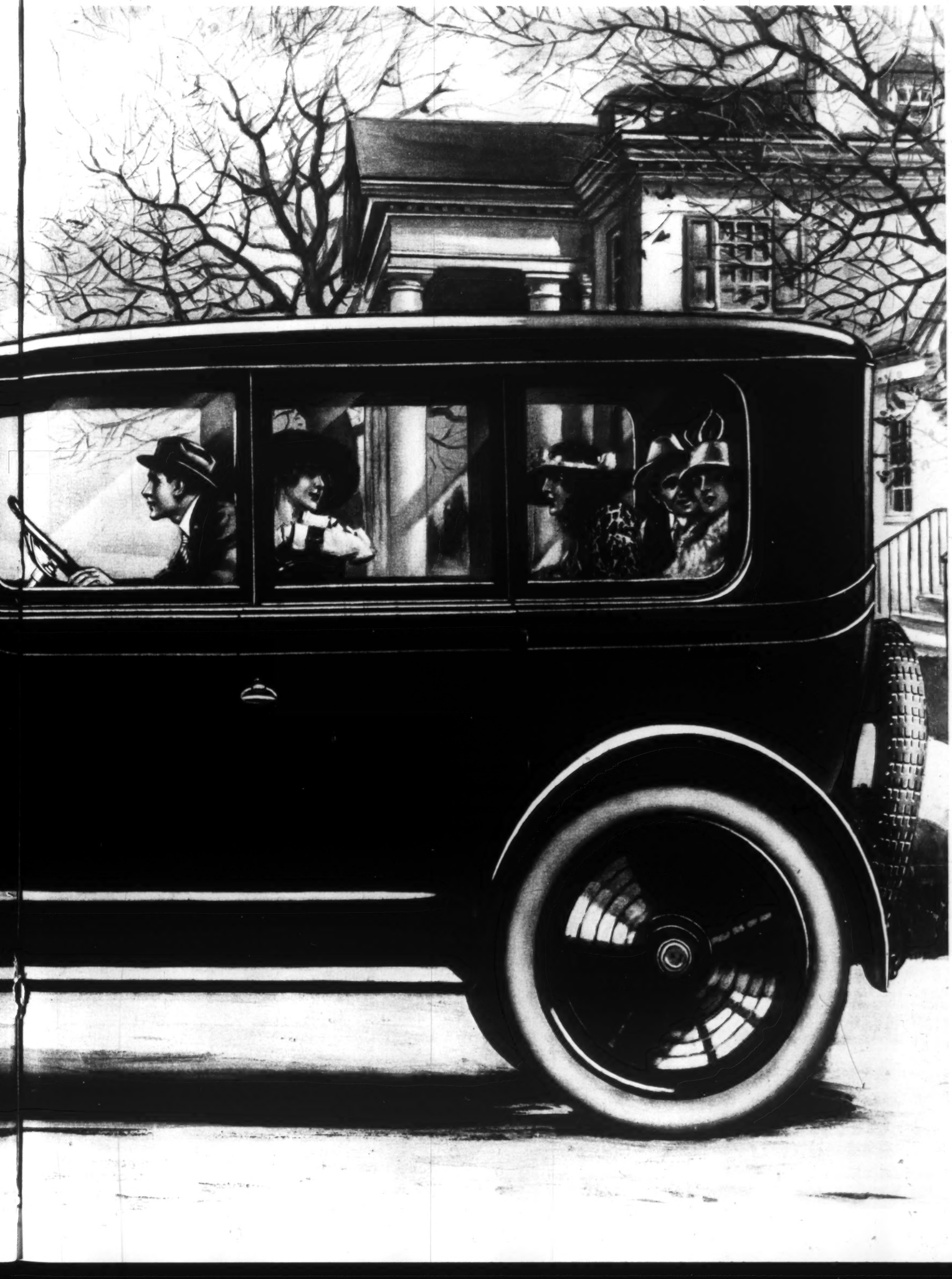
## STUDEBAKER

**South Bend, Ind. Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.**

*Address all correspondence to Detroit*

*More than 277,000 Studebaker Cars produced and sold*





Photographs by Underwood and Underwood

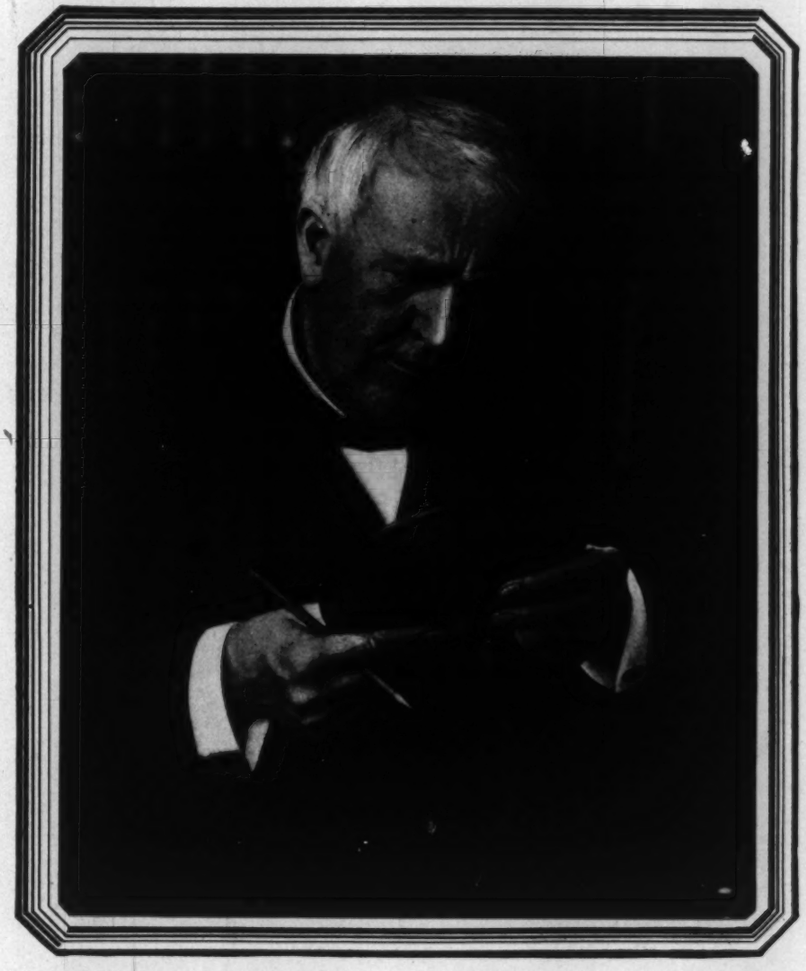
## NANCE O'NEILL

*AMERICA'S most distinguished emotional actress, known to theatre-goers in every city and town in the country, has definitely forsaken the stage for the studio. She is now engaged in acting the star part in "Greed," one of McClure's famous "Seven Deadly Sins" series*

# EDISON WEEK

In the United States alone, the industries founded by Thomas A. Edison give employment to six hundred thousand human beings. Edison Week is observed every year by a group of these industries in recognition of Mr. Edison's contributions to science and commerce

## *October* 16th *to* 21st



## The New Edison

OF the various arts and sciences, Mr. Edison takes the greatest interest in the recording and reproduction of sound. Unquestionably, of all his numerous inventions, the New Edison, the instrument of Music's Re-Creation, is his favorite. It marks the goal of his ambition to record and reproduce all forms of music with such utter perfection that the reproduction can not be distinguished from the original music.

Mr. Edison has perfected this new instrument for the reproduction of music, and recently submitted it to comparison with the voices of such great artists as Marie Rappold, Anna Case and Arthur Middleton of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Thomas Chalmers of the Boston Opera Company, Alice Verlet of the Paris Opera, Christine Miller, Elizabeth Spencer and Marie Kaiser, the great concert singers.

*Remember,* these great artists stood beside the New Edison in *Carnegie Hall,* New York, *Symphony Hall,* Boston, the *Astor Gallery,* and other shrines of music. They sang in direct comparison with Edison's reproduction of their voices. More than 200,000 music lovers attended these demonstrations and were unable to distinguish the original from the reproduction. The music critics of more than two hundred of America's leading newspapers admitted that they were unable to detect the slightest difference. To differentiate this new instrument from ordinary talking machines, the critics coined a new expression—*Music's Re-Creation.*

These astounding tests have proved conclusively to music critics everywhere that the New Edison is incomparably superior to any and all other devices for the reproduction of sound. We have the verdict of the American press and American music critics. We now want the verdict of the American people.

# Bringing it home to you—$1,000 in Prizes

And 10 cents a word for your opinion, as explained below

IN every locality there is a merchant licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell the New Edison. These merchants have set aside a limited number of specially tested instruments which will be sent *on absolutely free trial* to the homes of responsible people during Edison Week. Bring Music's Re-Creation into your home. Keep the instrument for three days during Edison Week. Let your family form its opinion. Then put that opinion into words.

The music critics have told in their language why the New Edison is infinitely superior, from their standpoint, to any and all talking machines. We want you to tell us in your language why the New Edison is more valuable and desirable in the American home than any talking machine. We want you to tell us why it is superior as an entertainer and as a means of developing real culture and musical appreciation on the part of your family. We already have a booklet that contains the opinions of leading American music critics. This booklet tells the technical and artistic side. We want another booklet that will tell the human side, and this is what we are willing to pay for your opinion:

**$500** for the Best Opinion
**$200** for the Second Best Opinion
**$100** for the Third Best Opinion

Ten cents per word for opinions which do not win prizes, but which we decide are worthy of publication. No opinion to be more than 200 words in length

The Contest Closes October 28, 1916

### *The Conditions are perfectly simple*

Go to an Edison dealer at once and apply to him for a three days *free trial* of the New Edison during Edison Week. If you are not too late he will give you an entry blank containing all of the conditions. Let us make plain that you assume no obligation to purchase the instrument placed with you. At the end of the three days trial you may return the instrument if you desire to do so. This free trial imposes no responsibility upon you except that you promise to be careful of the splendid instrument that is to be placed in your home.

Professional writers and phonograph trade are barred. You don't have to be a trained writer to win a prize. Ideas are what count. You can make grammatical errors and misspell words and it will not count against you. The New Edison stirs deep feelings in music lovers' souls. We want your feelings expressed freely in your own words. Don't wait. Act quickly. Remember the number of instruments available for these free trials is limited. Should you be too late to have an instrument placed in your home, there is a consolation contest open to you for the best opinions based on merely hearing the New Edison in an Edison dealer's store. The prizes in this consolation contest are

**$125** First **$50** Second **$25** Third

The Contest Closes October 28, 1916

The dealer will explain everything to you. Go to his store this very day. Owners of the New Edison may compete. Go to your dealer and get an entry blank.

### *Let us help you win a Prize*

Write to us at once and we shall gladly send you these helps: The brochures "Music's Re-Creation", "The Music Master's Conversion" and "What The Critics Think."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.
Department 1028 ORANGE, N. J.

Fairy Soap produces a rich, free lather in any kind of water; its cleansing qualities are most agreeable and refreshing.

Fairy Soap is white—pure—made with expert skill from carefully selected materials.

The oval, floating cake fits the hand and wears down slowly to the thinnest wafer.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

*"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"*

5¢

# The Straight Road

[*Continued from page 30*]

in all that heat and dust, a light coat over the silk-shirted arm, a straw hat carried, looked like a visitant from Coronado. This must be the man from the Bureau of Labor at Washington. As we waited, he stopped at a low roadster that I had noticed standing beside the way, stowed some papers in its pockets, and turned to come on. Then at a flash, in spite of time and change, I saw who it was. I stood there, just blunt and stupid. Should I have known him again? Yes, instantly, in this world or any other — this could be nobody but Philip. The next dizzy moment I was shaking hands with him, and he was saying that he had seen Boyce up at the camp and the child looked like me.

Looking at him I knew in what spirit he had demanded and taken from his parents those four lavishly supplied years of eastern culture. Philip was not the kind of person you'd enjoy exhibiting your failures before. But here I was now face to face with him — a hop-picker on his father's ranch! Perhaps his very composure and rightness it was that first choked me past speech and then set me off saying:

"I'm leaving Las Palmas. Boyce isn't well. We're going as soon as we can get away."

"Oh," cried Vera, "we'll miss you awfully! But of course you ought to go if you can." She stole a side glance at Philip. "Children have got no business in a place like this. They're all getting sick."

"Leo's worse," Sonya broke in. "When we came past the house mother said you were going to try to get some things for him, Mrs. Baird. Did you have any luck?"

"I was just going to try," I said, glad of the interruption. We faced around toward the store, and there was Milt Stanley stepping out, pulling the big doors together.

"Did you want Milt? Is there anything I can do?" The courteous helpfulness of Philip's manner reproved the jerky coldness of mine and increased my confusion. With an incoherent, "Never mind," I left him standing there with the Pochin girls; the idle, uneasy waiting crowd watching me as I went toward the store door. "Stop a minute, please, Milt," I said. "I want to get ——"

Milt checked the key he was about to pull out and looked over his shoulder, past me to Philip. You never saw a man so staggered.

"Well," he said blankly, "where'd you drop from, Phil?"

"Good morning," came the perfectly colorless response. "Callie wants something, Milt."

"Callie wants —" Philip's brother and the manager of Las Palmas ranch turned his nervous attention to me. "Well, what is it?"

"Things for some sick children up at camp." Still flustered, he unlocked and threw open the door. "Have you got arrowroot and magnesia?"

"Nuh."

"Let me use the telephone, then. I'll see if I could get them in Corinth."

The grinning, observant crowd in the store porch listened while he quibbled.

"It's Sunday. Groceries wouldn't be ——"

"The store I'd want would be open on Sunday," I said impatiently. "I'll just see if I can get these things."

"What good'll that do?" Plainly the crowd worried him. "Say, come in — just you and Phil," he suggested.

I drew back; Milt stood uncertain in the middle of the doorway; Philip passed over an awkward moment by saying easily:

"Can I do the telephoning for you, Callie? Give me your list; I'll attend to it."

Here was the test. The crowd stopped grinning as Milt made his declaration.

"Not over the store telephone. I told her it wouldn't do any good. Even if it wasn't Sunday — we don't allow the Corinth storekeepers to deliver on the ranch."

"You don't what!" Philip ejaculated.

"Don't let any grocer's wagon from Corinth — or anywhere else — on this ranch," repeated Milt doggedly. "Those are the orders," he added, trying to speak with dignity, but breaking down into a hurried, "I'll get the stuff for them someway, Phil. Give me that list."

"A doctor, too," I put in, and they cheered me. It made Milt mad. He forgot Philip for the moment and began:

"Now see here, Callie Baird, you're taking too much on yourself. There's no sickness in the camp. I can't call a doctor for folks that'll never pay him. Ten chances to one, if I did call him he wouldn't come."

I was a little surprised that Philip answered that; his tone was low, but those on the porch kept very still to hear him.

"Your position's not legal, Milt," he said. "You can't do that. You'd better let her order what they need over your telephone — or you order it for her, here and now."

"I — I'd better?" Milt spluttered. "I've got no authority. Talk to your father about it." He came out, pulled the door shut, locked it and dropped the key in his pocket.

"Where'll I find him at this time of the morning?" asked Philip. "Have they gone to church yet?"

"No. That da — the pickers' committee is to meet him at the office at ten."

"STANLEY'S meetin' the committee!" Instantly the whole crowd surged up the line toward the office in a solid mass. Somewhere along the way I lost sight of Milt; when we got to the foot of the steps the Pochin girls were not near me. Our numbers, added to those already in front of the little frame building, made a jam. Philip got halfway up the steps, and turned back for me. I could see through the open door and windows Father Abraham, Paul Cluett, Barney Monroe and the others.

"No — no," I called to Philip, "I'll not come. I'd only be in the way."

He held out his hand toward me, and was speaking. I couldn't hear what he said, for the talking and moving all about. But those back of me pushed me on. I was inside the office when Mr. Stanley's car finally came down the drive, stopped at the steps, and he and his constable got out. Brockaw, ahead, was between Philip and his father. The elder Stanley, as fine looking as ever, and as carefully dressed, his hair a little grayer than when I had last seen him, was almost at the doorway when, looking across Brockaw's shoulder, he saw his son.

"Well, Philip," he said, "this is a surprise. Have you been up to see your mother yet?"

"Good morning, sir." There was no offense in Philip's tone, but I could see Mr. Stanley stiffen as that uncompromising "sir" came out. Then his eye reached me and flamed. He hardly seemed to hear as his son went on: "I didn't come to see mother, or yourself, this time. I'm not on your ranch as a visitor. I came ——"

"I can see what you came for," the older voice cut him off; "I don't need to be told," pushing past him toward Barney and the others. "These gentlemen friends of yours, too?" over his shoulder, sarcastically. "You mixed up in this business?"

Waiting for no answer, still with his back to Philip, confronting the committee with angry contempt, Mr. Stanley jerked a long envelope out of his side pocket, and tossed it over on the desk by the window.

"There's your paper," he said. "I've read it."

Dead silence. Then, "What are you going to do for us?" Paul Cluett asked.

"Do?" Mr. Stanley had plainly studied that despised list of demands for he named and answered them in order. "Free drinking water!" he snorted. "The wells *are* free. A clean camp. How's any employer to get it or keep it for a herd of tramps? I'll do my part toward cleaning up the camp. We'll see what you'll do. More pay?" His voice sharpened. "Las Palmas is giving the right rate for picking."

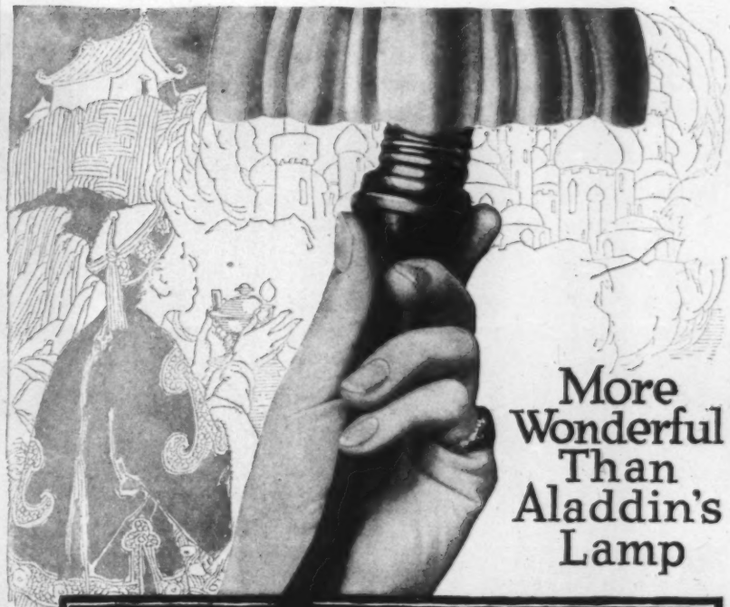
It seemed to me I couldn't bear to stand there and look on at the defeat and humiliation I saw coming to the committee that poor, bent old Father Abraham had left a helpless, scared wife and sick children to serve on. I turned and tried quietly to get out. By the time I brought up a little nearer the door, but wedged in tighter than ever, black little Barney Monroe was demanding:

"That's the word we get, is it? We've asked three things: two of them you turn down cold, do you? We can tell our people that, huh?"

"If you was to clean up, when would you do it, anyhow?" Cluett asked. "When would we get the common human decencies for that camp and for the fields?"

"When I can get the lumber and the workmen," snapped Mr. Stanley.

"That's no more than you promised three days ago — that's nothing," said Monroe.

More Wonderful Than Aladdin's Lamp

The magic power ever present in the lamp-sockets of your home needs only a connection with the many available electrical devices to do almost any task you wish done. Your ironing, housecleaning, dish-washing, cooking, sewing and clothes-washing can be finished quickly, thoroughly and economically with the aid of electricity and

*Western Electric*
**Household Helps**

These efficient savers of time and effort are simple in construction and are always reliable. They can be connected to the electric light sockets now in your home, and they operate at the turn of a switch. The cost for electricity is very small.

To purchase these household helps is easy. If you will write us, we will tell you where they may be seen and demonstrated. And we will send you a copy of our booklet, "The Electrical Way," which is full of valuable information for efficient housewives. Please ask for Booklet No. 69-M.

**WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY**
INCORPORATED

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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

*"All our old records that we had tired of because they always played the same have become virtually new records."*

# "I Have Exchanged My Phonograph"

"A WEEK ago I would have laughed at such a thought! Exchange the instrument that had meant so much to wife and me during the past year; relinquish that which had taken so much time and careful pains to select; of which we were so proud; and which we knew was the best instrument of all at which we had looked? The very idea would have seemed ridiculous.

"But we have found a better phonograph — a wonderful new instrument that is a phonograph, finer than all the rest, and then something greater, far greater.

▼

"A WEEK ago a friend asked me if I had gone yet to see the Aeolian-Vocalion.

"No! Why should I? Did I not have the best-known and best phonograph upon the market? Why should I look at any other?

"'Don't be too sure,' said my friend. Had I not thought that these instruments were sometime going to develop beyond their present stage? And what more likely than that this development should come from The Aeolian Company — the largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world — the leading house in the production of pipe-organs, pianos and other more modern instruments like the magnificent Steinway Duo-Art Pianola.

▼

"I WENT to see the new phonograph that day. In twenty minutes I had bought one, arranging to turn in my old one in exchange.

"The new instrument was *better looking* than any I had seen. Its case designs were better art. Its case woods were finer.

"I asked to have a familiar record played — a favorite of wife's and mine. When I heard that record I awoke to the shortcomings of my phonograph as well as all others I had heard. We rarely realize the inadequacy of anything we are accustomed to until we meet something better.

"Here was a genuinely better tone. It was rich and deep—very musical and *very natural*. I realized then that other phonographs, wonderful as they were, were all too thin, too high and strident, too '*phonography*' in their reproductions.

▼

"AND then I was shown the great, new phonograph feature that The Aeolian Company has given to the world.

"The same record was played again, but first a slender tube ending in a little metal device, was drawn out from the instrument and placed in my hands.

"'Make any changes in tone volume that you would like to hear,' said the salesman.

"At first I was a little timid. I pressed the device. The music swelled a little in volume. I pressed it all the way. A great, glorious burst of sound came from the instrument such as I had never heard before from a phonograph.

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"Before the record ended *I was playing that piece.* All the music-instinct in my soul was awake, and for the first time in my life, finding expression.

"Never before had I had such an experience. I played other records. I sang—now with a wonderful tenor voice, now with the world's greatest baritone; I played the violin and cello; I led orchestras and bands, and thrilled to the music I was helping to create as no mere *listening* to records had ever thrilled me.

▼

"CAN you wonder that I exchanged my phonograph? Would you not do the same? Wife and I thought the old one was giving us all we wanted. It was the bliss of ignorance, however. I don't want to seem to exaggerate, but the new one is giving us so much more genuine pleasure that it would be hard to overstate it. Just one thing, however, gives a little idea.

"All our old records that we had tired of because they always played the same, have become virtually *new* records. And we know we'll never tire of them now, because we can always play them differently and have the new enjoyment of putting something of our own feeling into the music."

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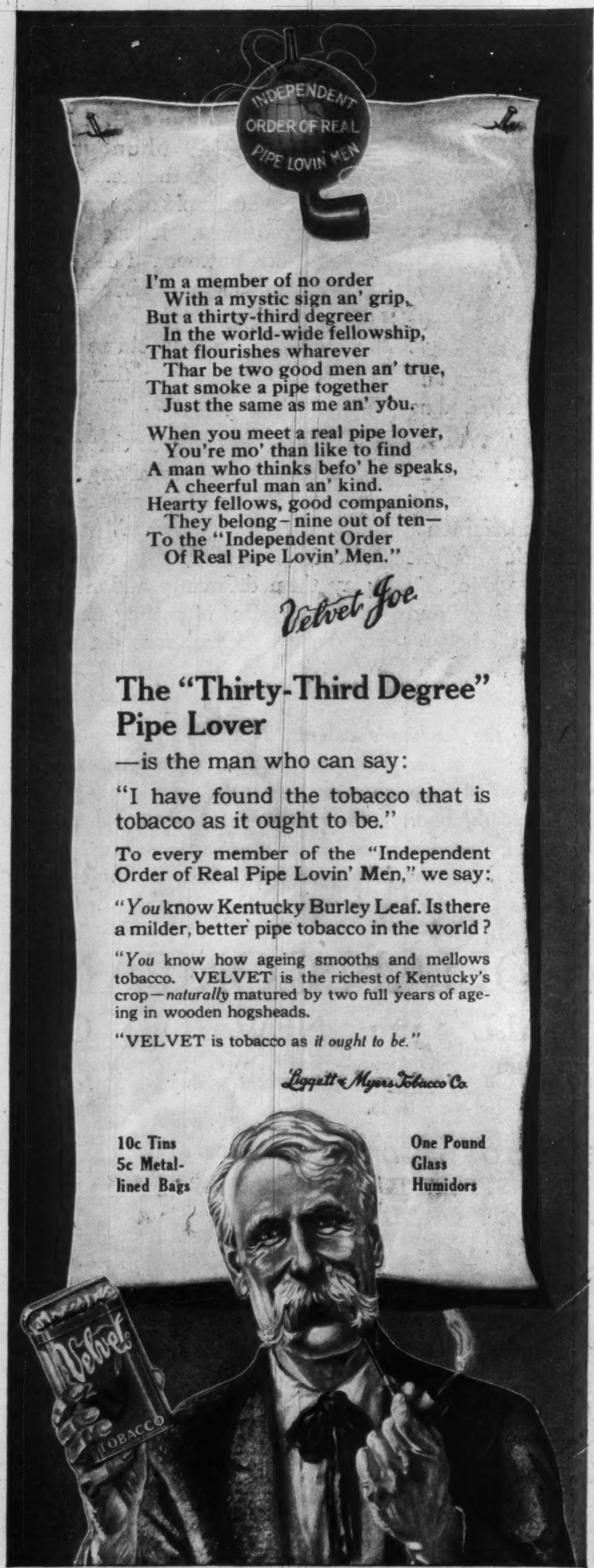
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"Your camp's in a fix for garbage service," Cluett went steadily on as though no one else had spoken. "You could give us that tomorrow — today — if you wanted to. The sump holes around the wells are swarming with blue flies ——"

"Blue flies?" Mr. Stanley checked himself in the motion of putting on one of his motor gloves.

"Yes, sir," Cluett answered. "Some of 'em butchered a sheep up there day before yesterday; the offal's lying yet in the sun."

"Butchering! — in camp! Making a slaughter-house of the place!" broke in Mr. Stanley. "I'll not have that."

"They've been pickin' your hops at ninety cents a hundred," Cluett said heavily. "They had to keep at it from dark to dark to earn a livin' wage. 'N' yet we like to eat meat once in a while, same as you do. They butchered. Now you seem to think it's funny we'd strike."

"Strike!" Mr. Stanley jumped at the word as though it were what he had been watching for. "Do you fellows think you can stay on this place and stir up a strike before my eyes?"

"Sir, already we have ——"

It was as far as Father Abraham got.

"You're discharged," Mr. Stanley bellowed at him — at the entire committee. "Get off my ranch!"

"You can't make that stick," said Cluett. "We've all paid our rent. We can live here as long as we ——"

"We can die here!" cut in Monroe fiercely. "The camp's a hell. We'll have a run of typhoid inside a week. We've got half a dozen sick children up there now."

"That's a lie, Barney, and you know it," Milt Stanley whooped in from the roadway. Through the window I could see his thin, red, anxious face raised subserviently toward his older brother in the office. "It's a lie," he repeated, but there was no confidence in his tone. "There's nobody sick in the camp."

"Oh, Mrs. Baird!" Sonya Pochin's clawing fingers were at my shoulder. "Tell 'em — tell 'em quick — you were down at the store for medicine and the doctor. Get him to speak for us." Her big black eyes flashed to Philip, who was just out of her reach. "You can. He's an old friend." So far she had whispered; now in despair her voice soared out: "Mr. Stanley, your son knows there's sickness in camp."

The owner of Las Palmas wheeled to the new issue. The furrows of his face began to purple. Once more he seemed to forget everything else in rage at his son. Philip stood with an expressionless countenance, braving him as I knew he had always braved him in the past while his father raged.

"Don't you attempt to tell me what you saw! On my ranch with no permission — been through my camps without a word to me!"

"See here, sir," Philip spoke with a detached air, but his voice had deepened a bit, "you know and every hop-grower in your district knows, that I couldn't accomplish what I came for by giving notice and asking permission. It's my business to see these camps as they are, and make my report ——"

"Your business!" Mr. Stanley fumed. "Your only business on Las Palmas ranch is to meddle and make me trouble. You've been nothing but trouble to me since the day you were born. I never want to see your face again. If you've any self-respect you'll leave."

Philip looked straight back at him.

"That might suit you," he said, "but I can't leave the biggest labor camp in the district out of my report because it's on your place. I can't report on it without going through it. I did about half my work this morning; I expect to finish this afternoon."

"You expect —" Mr. Stanley choked on his own rage. "Brockaw ——"

"Look out, Lucius Stanley," came Cluett's taunt. "You ain't talkin' to a committee of poor devils of strikers now. You're buckin' Washington!"

"Brockaw," Stanley wheeled on him, "these men here, that are making trouble; if they don't leave the ranch, any or all of them, arrest them as — as trespassers."

It sounded as though he included his son with the others. Brockaw, uncertain, pushed forward, bringing up shoulder to shoulder with Philip.

"Uh — uh — arrest now?" he blundered.

Philip's attitude was still one of entire unconcern. He looked his father in the face half pityingly, suggesting:

"Well — not without a warrant. You don't run things quite that way on Las Palmas ranch, do you?"

At the check the old jeer broke out between the constable and the pickers he was hired to intimidate. Brockaw's dull face reddened to cries of: "Watch him crawfish, now!"

With an awkward flourish of the arm the constable jerked out his pistol. It caught in my sleeve.

"Stop him!" screamed Father Abraham. "He'll shoot the girl!"

"Look what you're about, you fool — be careful with that gun!" Philip said to him contemptuously. My heart leaped when he put himself between me and the constable.

Brockaw, cowed, confused, went straight on past, a way opening for the weapon in his hand, and letting him through the door. This left Philip and his father confronted. We all watched fascinated while Mr. Stanley tried to speak, and couldn't for fury. Then suddenly a kind of convulsion went over his features; his arm shot up, and the heavy motor glove he held slapped Philip across the face.

"Get out of my way!" It was hardly more than a strangled whisper. They couldn't hear it from the roadway; they couldn't see what had happened; but they yelled, as he came out to them on the heels of his constable, and got into the car. They were yelling still as the car made speed down the road, both occupants turning once and again to look back.

Philip put his hand to the red mark on his cheek. He glanced about sharply, saying: "I'll ask those who saw that kindly not to mention it outside this room."

Monroe had sprung on a chair and was craning his neck to watch the automobile.

"All right, sir. You heard that, boys. Keep your mouths shut! Gawd, we'll have our hands full, anyhow — *they've gone down the Corinth road!*"

"Have they?"

"Look, that's their dust — at the turn."

"Gone for reinforcements! They'll have the sheriff and his deputies on us before the day's over!"

"We're in for it. Get busy, boys. We've got a right to strike."

### *Chapter XIX — The Riot*

WELL — it was fight now. The strikers didn't know what to expect; as Cluett had said, they could only "get busy." They poured out of the little office like wasps from a nest that's been shaken, Sonya Pochin right up at the front, talking furiously. In the road they scattered, going from group to group, gesticulating, shouting out just what had happened to the committee, begging, beseeching the pickers to stick together.

"Be men! Stand up for your women and your sick children!" Sonya's voice rose shrill above them.

"But no violence — no violence, daughter," Father Abraham came in timorously. "They have gone for the constabulary."

"Sure, no violence!" they jeered all around him. "But not another pound of hops picked till Stanley does the decent thing."

This suddenly left Philip and me practically alone in the office. Certainly nothing could have been further from my intention than to speak as though Philip had just done something to save my life. But in the agonizing embarrassment that descended on me, I found myself doing just that; and in my frantic efforts to flounder out, I wound up: "I'm afraid my being here made your father angrier" — and then just choked down to silence in a blind passion of chagrin.

"Oh, no," he said, "you're not to blame, Callie. That's nothing new in the Stanley family. Nice bunch of wild animals — I should think you'd admire them. Well; forget it — I do."

We moved down the office steps together, Philip starting back for his work as though nothing had happened. We walked side by side as far as his machine — he was off for the fields and the outlying portions of the ranch.

I went on up to Boyce and the camp, trying feverishly to forget my own inward disturbance in the immediate crash of the affairs of those about me. I couldn't get away from the place till night; and might as well make myself of use and do what I could for those who were worse off than I.

I had to take Boy with me on some of my errands; about two o'clock he went to sleep, which was a relief, though he woke up cross and feverish. There was nothing to be got for the sick children; we had to do the best we could with thickened milk and browned flour. Joe Ed, who said he was "no sea-lawyer," did not take part in the arguing and agitating, but worked like a nailer helping us women.

As we worked, I began to realize that Joe Ed had something on his mind, and at last it came out.

"I'm glad I got my tip from Louisiana Lou about the man in the case It's duly filed for reference." He set down the bucket of

water I had asked for, glanced at me, swiftly, then looked away. "I don't suppose you've been losing any sleep considering that dazzling offer of mine, made in good faith and in the public square at San Vicente some months ago, but I've been kind of hanging on to that idea — at times. I'll drop it now."

"Oh, Joe Ed, don't be ridiculous," I remonstrated, my face stinging with the humiliation I had been trying to forget. "There's no man in the case. Of course I knew you weren't in earnest that evening. You were just excited ——"

ALL day, off and on, there had been singing and speaking at the dance platform. Now, about five o'clock, the biggest crowd they'd had was gathering. Everybody who wasn't over there seemed to be on the way.

"Let us go — bring the kid and come on," said Joe.

"I want to go," Boyce put in fretfully, and we started. Half-way there we overtook Bice. I stopped to speak to him. The strike had tied up his wagon, as well as everything else.

"I can carry the things over for you," he offered.

"Yes," Joe Ed settled it. "We can pack your stuff to Corinth — it'll be cool after dark — if we're not all in jail before that time."

Bice went on with his great swinging stride; Joe and I followed more slowly. Boy caught sight of a child up on the platform that he knew, let go my hand, and before I could stop him had dodged under elbows and worked his way till he stood just in front of the speaker.

When we got into that crowd of two thousand hop-pickers, nearly half of them women and children, I felt the queer thrill that made it different from any other gathering.

"If we're men," Barney Monroe yelled huskily, "we'll strike; we'll refuse to pick these hops till Stanley's met our conditions; we'll take care of our women and children. If we're mice, we'll give up to let them work in this kind of a hell. See here," he reached down suddenly, swung Boy up and held him high. "It's for the kids we're striking."

"Joe," I whispered, catching his arm and shaking it, "if they bring in officers on these people, there'll be bloodshed."

"Sure not," he cried, "not in a hundred years. Don't you go getting scared again. Nobody here's armed."

"I'm not scared," I said, still speaking low. "I wasn't scared last night."

"Then what was the matter?"

"Oh — I'd just found that Lucius Stanley owns this ranch. That was the first time I'd seen him — and his wife. Long ago — when I was living in Stanleyton — we had — there was something unpleasant ——"

"I understand," said Joe Ed. "By the way, where is he? Gone?"

We both looked around, and Joe answered his own question, with: "There he is."

Coming along the well-path, some papers and books in his hand, moving with the air of a man whose work is completed, I saw Philip. Again I experienced that curious stoppage of the faculties. The big crowd seemed unreal. The noises dwindled. Vaguely I knew that there was a call for singers, and that Joe Ed had left me to respond to it. A voice up there cried out: "Sing — sing 'Mr. Block.'"

I saw Joe Ed spring high on the musicians' bench. For the first time I had an overwhelming impulse to run away. I looked around for someone to bring Boyce down. On the instant Philip came through the fringes of the crowd and spoke to me.

"I'm glad I found you, Callie. I didn't want to go without saying good-by."

"Good-by," I said, mechanically.

"Where's the boy?" he asked.

"Up there," I indicated the platform. "I was looking for someone to get him down."

"I'll go," and he was pushing his way up the steps.

When he was gone I became aware of a curious stir and grumbling among the people back of me. I twisted around to look. At first I couldn't see anything for the crowd. Then I caught a glimpse of an automobile coming across the field. There were men in it. The sawed-off barrels of repeating shotguns showed above their shoulders.

"For God's sake, look at the pump guns!" yelled a voice. The crush about me swayed; I saw a second car, also full of men. It seemed ridiculous, impossible, but one of the figures beside Mr. Stanley on the back seat was Harvey Watkins. Milt and Brockaw were in front. I turned toward the stand. When I finally could see anything of Boy, Philip had him, and waved reassuringly. I looked back in the direction of the motors. They had stopped at the edge of the crowd; the men in the first one jumped down and tried to make their way in to the platform. Two of them drew clubs and began striking right and left into the press as they came.

"Look at that damned sheriff and his deputy," groaned a voice beside me, as the man ahead shouted:

"I call upon this meeting to disperse!" The crack of his club on someone's head emphasized the words.

The full terror of the situation came to me where I stood wedged in, unable to get either forward or back. Then a shot roared out — fired, they said afterward, by an officer on the outskirts, over the heads of the crowd, to intimidate them.

Intimidate? It maddened them. It was the opening crash of a horrible bedlam. I was shoved along in the yelling rush toward the platform steps, up which the officers were fighting their way. Back in Mr. Stanley's automobile somebody was standing up, shouting: "Keep the peace, boys — keep the peace!" I got sight of Philip bringing Boy, arms clutched tight around the neck of his rescuer, face burrowed in against him. They were getting across toward me when, with a splintering crash, the singers' bench broke down, and those who had jumped on it to see better were thrown to their knees in the midst of a howling, fighting mob. My struggle in the direction of the steps had brought me right to the elbow of one of the officers. At the instant I got a second glimpse of Philip's bare head and Boy's little towsled poll, this fellow shouted to Brockaw:

"There's your man! You've got the papers now. Arrest him!" and he lifted his gun and pointed it straight at those two heads!

I threw myself toward the man as well as I could for the hampering bodies of those about me, clutched at the pointing weapon, came short, clawed for his arm. He cursed me, and turned the gun on me. But I was past terror. Let it be that then — let it be that. My eyes were closing, when a great black arm reached down from the platform across me, caught the gun-barrel, wrenched it away, and, as I crouched there staring, there came a roar in my ears like the dissolution of earth, and the man who had threatened me crumpled down the steps among the trampling feet.

Bice dropped the gun, and reached for me to lift me up to safety. There was another roar back of me, and a charge of buckshot, fired close at hand, tore open his great brown breast so horribly that, for a moment, the quivering, beating heart was seen. Then he rolled over and over, down and out of sight.

Where was Philip — where was Boy?

With a rush the officers had finally gained the platform. There they fought and stamped, jerking Father Abraham from the box he had been standing on, hustling him forward to the steps. They got handcuffs on him and on Monroe. Again and again shots sounded. At one of them, the man who had been standing up in the Stanley motor, with his futile: "Keep the peace, boys — keep the peace," fell headlong.

Then suddenly the whole crowd on the platform seemed to surge forward and down the steps, stumbling on the dead men that lay there. Somebody caught me round the waist and hauled me to one side. It was Sonya; Philip was behind her with Boy. The three of us went with the running mass till the press thinned a bit and we could halt.

The officers, with their prisoners, were fighting a way back to the empty motor. Paul Cluett came running from down the road somewhere — he had not been at the meeting at all. They met him, handcuffed him, and took him along.

The Stanley car with Mr. Stanley and Harvey Watkins in it, and Milt driving, had instantly picked up their man who had been shot, and, backing swiftly out of the crowd, sped away up toward the palm avenue. Half a dozen were down, on the steps of the platform and near there.

"Oh, look!" wailed Sonya. There in front of us on the well-path an English boy lay, his pail of water overturned beside him. She stooped to see. "They've killed him," she cried. "He's dead."

The camp was a wretched place, but it was the only refuge those who had been at the meeting had. Some terrified souls were running toward the fields, a few distracted figures flying right down the open road; but most of them turned instinctively to their shacks and tents. We moved in that direction, Philip still carrying Boyce. The tents were emptying out every living thing in them except those too sick to move. They came screeching, mad with terror. Little old Mrs. Pochin, her gray hair flying, ran up to us:

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"Where is your father — and Bernie — and Ambrose? Have they killed your father? Have they taken him?"

"Yes — they took father." Sonya caught hold of the little shaking creature and steadied her. "But our men are not done fighting yet — see there."

Down the road toward the store at the plunging run of a very scared man went Brockaw, a half-dozen strikers after him.

"Oh, they've got nothing but sticks and stones. What can they do against guns?"

Brockaw reached the store, scuttled around to its back, ran in and barricaded himself. The strikers battered at the doors and windows.

Among those that came with us or streamed past us toward the camp were a great many — men, women and children — with gunshot wounds. They dragged themselves along, were helped, or carried. Philip passed Boy to me and stopped to help them.

Meek, quiet, efficient little Mrs. Pochin was like a crazed thing. Those of us who kept some remnant of our wits about us had our hands full. Nobody that I asked knew anything of Joe Ed; the last seen of him was just before the singers' bench went down. When we looked back toward the scene of the riot, there was the second automobile getting away, with its one dead man, and the remaining officers. Our dead — Bice and the English boy — were being carried past the Pochin shack and to the stockade.

The sun went down on that bare, desolate, low hilltop; the shadows gathered over the blood and tears and dismay of a beaten, leaderless horde. Mountains rolled off my heart when Philip, who had stayed so far to help these poor creatures, came in where Mrs. Monroe and I were bandaging the bullet-shattered hand of that ten-year-old boy who used to put records on the phonograph of an evening, and told us that he would send medical help from Corinth.

"Will they come — to us — from Corinth?" Mrs. Monroe asked.

"I'll find someone who will," he answered as briefly, "whether it's from Corinth, or farther on."

HE went out, and the sounds of his motor slowly died away. The dark hours that followed didn't seem like a night at all. They were full of activity — strange, furtive activity — scared creatures stumbling about the camp, afraid to have you offer them a lantern, skulking like guilty things to hunt up their belongings and their people. They didn't know who they'd run against a — friend or an officer of the law.

Mrs. Monroe was keeping Boy with her children. Sonya Pochin and I were down at the further end of the camp, trying to see if we could do anything for the injured.

"Would you go look again, Mrs. Baird?" Sonya whispered. "I thought I heard a motor down there, quite a while ago."

I went and stood at the tent door. There was no wind, but a queer little whispering, moving sound kept up through all the camp. Here and there the dimly luminous walls of a tent showed where the sick were. In one of the stockades a match would flash up behind the burlap walls, and be put out quickly; but there was never a gleam in the big black shadow over by the tule shelters beside the dry slough where the Orientals hid themselves from this war of an alien race.

I saw a light moving along from the direction of the dance platform. As it came nearer I could make out Dolph Flegel, carrying a lantern in front of three men; Philip and a stranger, with Joe Ed, white and sick looking, his left arm in a sling, walking between them.

"Is that the doctor?" I called softly. "Here's where he's wanted." And Sonya cried from inside the tent: "Send him here."

As they came up, I stepped aside to let the stranger pass in and Philip went with him. Joe Ed dropped down on a soap box at the tent door and sat there a moment, panting.

"Wounded on the field of battle," he said, looking down at his bandaged arm with a ghost of his old jauntiness.

"How was it — where have you been, Joe?" I asked.

"Got pitched off the platform when the bench broke down. Five or six fell on top of me; busted this wing, and kicked me plumb back out of sight in the scramble. I didn't know anything for quite some time. Stanley and the doctor found me sitting up trying to remember who I was."

"A broken arm — that's pretty bad — but I'm glad it's no worse. Does it hurt very much?"

"Not very — feels sort of funny. My head's a little queer yet. I'll be all right — in the morning."

"Sonya!" somebody hissed from the dark, and Mrs. Pochin's haggard little face showed up suddenly in the shine of Dolph's lantern. "Ah-h!" she shrank a little; then, seeing who we were, "Is Sonya here?"

For answer I pointed inside.

"Tell her, please, we go now. I get at last Ambrose and Bernie, and all the children. Vera and we pack up. We go — just walking away on our feet — down the road — in the dark. Tell Sonya she shall come."

I stepped inside, beckoned Sonya, and Philip came out with us. Mrs. Pochin was speaking to Joe Ed.

"Best is you stay in our house tonight. That boy can bring your blankets over. It is anyhow better than the stockade — with no roof — the dew falls heavy tonight — the dead are laid out there."

Joe Ed got heavily to his feet. "Thank you, ma'am. I reckon I had better get down," and the four of them started. Philip walked quietly beside me.

"Callie," he spoke in a lowered tone, "I suppose you realize that we'll all be detained here as witnesses?"

"You're sure — " I began haltingly.

"Oh, yes," said Philip. "The man that was killed in father's motor was the district attorney — and popular — had been father's lawyer. Chavez County's wild. I talked to Watkins over at Corinth. His firm's acting for Las Palmas now."

"Yes, I saw Harvey in the car," I said.

"Well, the inquest's set for ten o'clock tomorrow morning. I hope you folks can give your testimony and get off on the noon train. Watkins was inclined to be accommodating. I think he'd even take depositions, if the inquest was delayed."

"I do hope we can get off at noon," I said. "It would be miserable to be kept here."

"Miserable," he repeated. "And of course you'll be brought back for the trial. So shall I. Well — it can't be helped."

I was silent a long time, and finally just said: "It's too bad."

"Oh, I don't know. It's better for me that I couldn't get on with father. Look what he's made of Milt. His idea of discipline was always a club."

"Don't you think he — he saw — today?" I suggested hesitantly.

"No. They haven't learned anything. They were taken by surprise — they didn't think that seasonal workers could get up a genuine strike. Watkins was there at Corinth, telephoning to the governor to have the militia called out."

"Soldiers!" I cried.

"Yes, soldiers," he repeated. "When they get the militia here they'll run things about as they have been running them. Mother has more brains, but she trusts father's plans because he's got rich by them; she's seen them succeed — so far. After all, she belongs to the old generation."

I said nothing; after a moment he went on.

"Chavez County will support the Stanleys and their methods. But this is the point that may weigh with mother: Chavez County isn't the whole world, or even the state of California, to her. I can't believe but that she'll writhe under the criticism they've certainly brought on themselves when all the facts are known. I'm not enjoying it myself. It's my name, too, you see."

There was silence till we came up with the others. Mrs. Pochin and Sonya hardly stopped for whispered good-bys, and went straight on. Joe Ed, without a word, walked into their house and lay down; Dolph Flegel started over to the stockade for Joe's blankets.

"Well, Callie," said Philip, when it came to good night, "I'll do anything I can to help out tomorrow. I hate to see you let in for all this, just because you chose the Stanley ranch to pick hops on."

"I didn't!" I cried. "I never knew till last night who owned Las Palmas — and I was trying to get away this morning."

There was a brief silence; then, "I see," he said slowly.

"I didn't pay enough attention to where I was going when I left San Vicente," I said. "I was just sort of running away, I guess, from something. The Poinsettia — you know — she was there."

"Oh!" His tone was startled. "*That* poor thing. She did make it, then. Well — I'm glad she's safe."

He went on down toward where the round eyes of two machines — his and the doctor's — stared through the dark in the vicinity of the dance platform. I was to remember afterward that word of his — "safe."

*[To be concluded]*

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## It Can't Be Done

[*Continued from page 34*]

convert brass into gold by a new chemical process. So he laughed heartily and slapped his thigh when the telephone proposition was laid before him.

"I would much rather," declared he, "put my money in something more conservative. I think I'll go out in the country and buy up a few bee lines."

A few days later Cannon had occasion to call at the office of a young chap named Vail who was at the head of the railway mail service in the postoffice department.

"Mr. Vail is not in. He has resigned his place," Cannon was informed.

"Resigned his place!" exclaimed Cannon, in amazement, for resignations from government jobs were almost unheard of.

"Yes, he's gone with this thing invented by a man named Bell. You know — they claim they can talk between different towns over a wire. Vail invested some money in it and is going to make that his business."

"Well, it's just too bad," said Cannon; "I always liked Vail. They tried to get me for their sucker. I'm sorry it should have been a nice chap like Vail."

He never saw Vail again until last winter when he attended a big dinner at the National Geographic Society in Washington. The guests all around the tables placed receivers to their ears and heard the roar of the Pacific ocean at San Francisco. Right near Cannon sat Theodore Vail, the multi-millionaire head of the American Telegraph & Telephone Company.

"Blamed if it ain't a funny little old world!" remarked Cannon.

It is, at that.

## Casey—Reformer

[*Continued from page 34*]

As Miriam did not answer, but sat silent in deep thought, with fingers laced about her knees, Casey continued:

"Of course, it's hard that we should have the kind of opposition there is. But that's not my fault. If people would keep out of evil they wouldn't some day have to face evil consequences. I know how you feel even about your father. But if he wants to escape the evil results he too must get rid of the property he owns an' care for the people he's helped to destroy."

Miriam sprang to her feet with entreaty in her eyes and laid a hand on one of Casey's shoulders.

"Father didn't realize," she pleaded, "an' he's still angry. When he has time to think better of it he'll do as you say. You mustn't remember the things he said to you today. I——"

"You don't have to make excuses for the Gov-nor, Old Girl," responded Casey gently. "He an' you have made me what I am. But neither he nor you can control my conscience any more than the weather signal can control the weather."

"But you'll be as careful tomorrow night as you can, won't you, dear?" she again pleaded. "I'm somehow desperately afraid for you. I've heard all sorts of vague hints of threats. And I know that you've been pushing some of the men so far that they'll stop at nothing to get even with you."

"Do you have to feel yourself to feel how you feel?" laughed Casey in a sudden change of mood. "Of course I'll take care of myself. There's no joy in bein' a martyr these days. An' now, O Beauteous Lady, let's hike along our conversational path to the real issue. What else is curdling your peace of mind?"

Miriam hesitated and moved away from him before she counter-questioned with eyes grown suddenly cold.

"What makes you think there's something else?"

"You're teaching me to know women," he chuckled. "They sort of reverse the diet an' give you the meringue before the beefsteak when it comes to questions. I could tell by your eyes, while we've been talking, that your mind was maneuvering with something else. Come," as Miriam averted her gaze in plain embarrassment, "your little Julius won't bite you. What is it?"

"It's about that woman," she at length admitted in a low tone.

Casey's face gloomed suddenly.

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"I thought we'd settled about her," he demurred. "You were set against her by her hair. How is it that all you women with other colored top-knots are always hocus-pocussed against these sure-'nough blondes?"

"I'm not bothering about her hair, alone," snapped Miriam, "but her face carries the same sort of introduction her hair does. She's false ——"

"Miss Wheeler's all right," interrupted Casey with an impatient wave of a pudgy hand and a shrug of his thin shoulders. "An' she's not goin' to be here much longer anyway ——"

"She doesn't need to be with you so much," whispered Miriam in a tone that trembled.

Casey went over and, kneeling down by her side, took her face between his two hands.

"Sweetheart," he chided gently, "you don't mean that. We've had our misunderstandin's in the past, but, thank God, they're all over. You know how it is with me about you ——"

"I know, I know," crooned Miriam with eyes luminous with unshed tears. "I guess perhaps I'm upset because I've been worried about you. But I've had such a presentiment about this woman ever since I first saw her that she's got on my nerves ——"

They sprang suddenly apart at the sound of seemingly unnecessarily heavy footsteps. Governor Tuggs stood rubbing blinking eyes in the doorway.

"Why, look who's here, the Governor of the great an' sovereign New State!" exclaimed Casey. "I'd oughta been on the look-out for you an' warned of your approach. You've been snoring like a thunder-storm in the next room. If Miriam," he flashed a smile from one to the other, "hadn't been talking so interestingly I'd have heard you stop."

While he talked Miriam moved to her father's side and snuggled closely to him. She had read in his face that his mind was troubled. The big man put an arm around her waist and stood looking down at Casey with much of the air of a Newfoundland dog confronted by a pertinacious poodle.

"I didn't want to butt in," at length rumbled the Governor, "but I wanted to say, Boy, before you went, that I'm sorry I handed it to you so raw today. I'm a big slob, I guess, but it always makes me feel sore to find myself in the wrong. Since I've been away I've not been watchin' my property real close"

The moisture sprang to Casey's eyes as he rushed an interruption:

"Gov-nor, if you say another blame word I'll hand you one in the nose — that is, if you'll oblige me by gettin' down on your knees to let me do it."

A grin enveloped the big pink and white face of the Governor as he answered:

"Doggone it, I feel like takin' you on my knees an' spankin' you sometimes."

"Well," chortled Casey, "I'd recommend you to do it by proxy. If you got *me* across your knees you couldn't see me. You're gettin' almost as fat as that big stranger stiff I hear you've been chummin' with up at the Pilkington House. An' he's so big he's in his own way. He's no fit company, though, for an innocent old party like you. This lady cop I've got workin' for me's warned me that he's not on the level."

"Hmm," growled Tuggs with a bewildered look in his big, blue, doll-like eyes, "that's a queer one. He warned me agin' her. An' he told me to put you wise that if you didn't let up on this reform business of yours the crowd'll get you." He unconsciously lowered his voice as he continued: "An' I've heard the same thing other places. What's the use, Boy? You an' Miriam's soon goin' to get tied up. The blamed old *Star's* makin' money, thanks to you. Let it go at that."

"Gov-nor," exclaimed Casey lightly and striking a mock heroic attitude, "it's do or die now. The spirit of me long-dead ancestor Kings of the Ould Sod are yeastin' in me. An' now —" he paused to kiss his sweetheart —"so long, au reverdicey, auf wiederstuffin'— Good *night!*"

But as he went out into the night Casey's heart was not nearly so light as his tone had been. He knew, better than any other, that the animosity of the men he had thwarted and laughed at during his several years in Cascade City was approaching a point where they would use any possible means, fair or foul, to circumvent him.

AS someone afterwards expressed it, St. Marks's Church was "crowded to the eyebrows" to hear Casey on the following evening. Miriam was seated with pale and anxious face in the front row when he appeared on the platform.

A majority of people were now familiar with the measures to which Casey was giving his support. During the first half-hour he explained that the Iowa Abatement Act permitted any citizen to proceed directly against the *owner* of property used for disorderly purposes, and that this did away with the long delays and injustice of the old conditions, under which it was necessary to collect evidence against the tenants or inmates.

"And this," he declared, "is as it should be, because the men who have owned buildings of this kind in the past, and who have derived large profits from them, have often been highly esteemed, while, in reality, they have been just as culpable as the vicious whom society in general has despised."

The Tin Tag Law, he explained, provided for the placing of such a sign, bearing the name of the real owner, on all buildings used for saloons or disorderly purposes.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," Casey halted in his speech for a moment, advanced to the edge of the platform, and stood looking out over the people with calm, set face, "who do you suppose are the most bitter opponents of these measures?— the ragtail and bobtail of society?— the saloon and dive-keepers?— Not on your immaculate shirt fronts! The people who're really fighting these measures in Cascade, in every city and state of the Union, are to be found among the pillars of church an' society. Right here in New State they are the men who have opposed me in every measure I have advocated in the *Star* for the public good. With me out of the way they could defeat these social reforms in the legislature an' our own city council. But I have the dope on enough of them to force passage of these bills.

"I can read on many of your faces that you don't believe what I say about the men who oppose these movements. Listen," he stood silent for an instant with body leaning forward from the hips and an outstretched hand stabbing the attention of his audience. "I've had a detective working for me for several weeks, collecting the names of men who own such property in Cascade, and also details of its operation —" From somewhere in the gathering came the sound of a smothered laugh.

Casey threw back his head and laughed also. "I understand," he continued. "But, listen, friends, who don't know what that laugh means. I've had *two* detectives workin' for me. Oh, yes, I was to have been the victim of a neat little frame-up, all right. And just before I came on the platform I was handed a note makin' an urgent appointment for me with a certain fair-haired lady in which a flashlight was to have played a part. In this way my reputation was to have been shot as full of holes as the colander my old mother used to strain her cabbage in."

He looked down at his sweetheart with the flashing together of white teeth and gray eyes which had helped to make her love him. There was a happy light now in her eyes.

"Listen," again the pointing hand was stretched forth, "before me tonight I see many of the men whose names I carry on my list and who should be exposed in all their iniquity. Let's count them. Some of them are leaders in this very church."

The finger began to move from point to point in the auditorium as Casey counted, "One-two-three —" and then on to twenty-seven. When he ceased, the place seemed a vacuum sucked of all sound or motion. He stood looking out upon the people for a moment or two in a silence that seemed to some of them to endure for hours. Then he turned and walked slowly back toward a blackboard that stood on the rear of the platform. He picked up a piece of chalk that lay ready in a groove on the stand and again faced his audience.

"I think," he said slowly, "I'll write the names of these men so that they'll endure in infamy."

Then his glance fell again to that of Miriam. While hers locked with his in entreaty he stood with hand upraised to a corner of the board. Almost it seemed, while the people waited, a groan hung suspended in the air. At length his hand dropped again to his side, and he walked back to the front of the platform.

"No," he said quietly, "these men have women and children. Let's give them one more chance to do the right without disgracing them. Both the Legislature an' the Common Council must decide yea or nay on these measures within a week. If it's the latter we'll have another meeting one week from tonight and then I'll give the names."

When his voice trailed into silence a great sigh, sounding like the passage of a strong wind among trees, broke from the audience. And then, a moment later, the people dis-

persed hurriedly and without speech one with another.

When Casey, with Miriam holding him tightly by the arm, passed out of the doorway, Deacon Wells and Gardner stood in the vestibule.

The Deacon's face was pale and his lips shaking with fury as he muttered to his companion:

"He laughs best who laughs last. We've got to do the thing tonight — there's no time to be lost."

"JULIUS," demanded Miriam on their homeward way, "why didn't you tell me that you knew about that woman? And how did you know, anyway? And ——"

"Easy, easy," he laughed, "not more than two at a time tonight. My poor little thinker feels as if it'd been frapped. You'll remember that I used to be a reporter back in little old Chi. When this Wheeler woman came I recollected she'd figured in several stories I covered. I've been looking for some kind of a plant on this business so I got another detective to shadow her. And I didn't tell you because I didn't want to worry you."

"Old Boy," she answered pressing his arm more closely to her, "you bragged yesterday that I was teaching you to know women. When you really do know them you'll understand that they worry more about the things they're not told than about the troubles they know."

Casey left his sweetheart at her door. The Governor who was waiting for them had expressed his intention of returning to his official duties in Capitol City on the following morning. And Casey was making his way back to his rooms behind the *Star* office humming a merry little lilt and thinking happily of his wedding day, now only a couple of months ahead, when both his arms were seized suddenly and a cold ring was pressed into the back of his neck.

For an astonished moment Casey remained silent and then he ejaculated:

"So — so — what a peach of a story this'll make."

Gardner laughed sarcastically.

"Yes, but one that you'll never write, I'm afraid. We mean business, Casey. You've got just one chance for your life. Are you going to come quietly and talk this over with us, or not?"

"Will the chicken permit itself to be born?" he answered lightly but with brain seething with thought. "Lead on, noble citizens, an' let's get it over."

The men pushed him into the waiting machine and in a few moments they disembarked at the door of the building housing the Deacon's office. In the group were all five of the men who had consulted with the fat detective, but he was absent.

When they had led him into an inner room and pushed him into a chair his companions seated themselves around a large center table beside which Casey also sat with chin barely reaching the level of its top. His size and the fact that he was known never to go armed had made them careless of securing him.

Without loss of time Gardner began to speak. "We're not going to monkey with you, any longer, Casey," he said in a cold, level tone. "You've forced our backs up against the wall. You will either leave the state after signing a paper we've prepared for you or—well, we'll leave the alternative to your imagination."

For a moment Casey's knees trembled under cover of the table even though he kept his face expressionless as a tin can without its label.

He rose to his feet with hands thrust deep into his coat pockets. As if they were marionettes pulled by one string, the men leaned forward a little in their chairs and peered at him through the thick blue haze they had already created with their furiously puffed cigars.

"This paper is — what?" he demanded.

"A confession of fraud in connection with the election of your friend Simmonds to Congress," replied Bacon.

"I wish to heaven old Simmey were here tonight," muttered Casey to himself before he answered aloud:

"I see, any old peg to hang the runt on; but isn't there any other way? I can't sign anything like that, of course, for it isn't true. But —" he paused and ran his fingers through his tousled hair and sought desperately for some plan to gain time, "why don't you fellows get together with me? You can make money on the square an' then I won't bother you." He halted for an instant and raised a hand in answer to their threatening growl. "You're goin' to listen to me, aren't you?"

"Well, get busy then," ordered Gardner. "Yes, or no!"

"I can't understand it," Casey went on. "You must have put your nerves in mothballs. It's astonishing. I was just figuring that in comparison with you I was about as much use to the world as a candle without a wick."

"Do you, or don't you?" demanded Gardner, rising to his feet.

"Gentlemen," replied Casey in an almost plaintive tone, "you've put a match to a powder I'm charitable enough to hope is goin' to blow you to Beulah Land. When you say to me, 'You can't,' you sick me on, but when you say, 'You won't,' it's as good as done. My answer," he drew his words out to their utmost capacity of sound, "is decidedly, derisively, determinedly —" he broke off suddenly and with a very sober face asked: "Senator Bacon, may I bother you with a question?"

"You may," came the answer irritably.

"Have you ever by any chance been able to purchase tea without leaves?"

After a moment of cold, heavy silence exclamations of an inflammatory nature came forth like the popping of a motor-cycle.

"Damn you," at length almost shrieked Harding, "what's your answer?"

"A triple, reinforced, concreted, copper-riveted NO — No — N-O — No. Get me?"

They did.

At a snap of Harding's fingers each man produced a revolver and laid it on the table.

Casey surveyed their preparation for action with a forehead like a washboard. Without analyzing his thought processes he acknowledged that they undoubtedly meant business. But their grim determination served as an antidote to any fear he might have felt as he exclaimed: "Why, men, you're contemplating cold-blooded murder. You ——"

Harding laid his watch on the table.

"We'll give you five minutes," he husked.

For one — two minutes, Casey stood rigid and silent.

"Oh, I know you'll manage to fix it up," he said at length in a low voice. "There's been lots of murders like that in New State. But—" his voice seemed to break suddenly, "I'm wasting time. I — I can't give up, men. Principle's dearer to me than life. I can see you're in earnest, so I reckon I'd better pray. I —" he seemed to choke into silence.

The men who had been eying him intently suddenly shifted their gaze. Several of them stirred uneasily in their chairs.

And then came the cataclysm. The plaster sky fell down on them in clouds of dust and big and little chunks. In the instant their attention had been averted Casey leaped on the table, a Colts .45 in each hand, and blazed away at the ceiling above their heads.

The Deacon, looking up in alarm, his mouth slackened open in his astonishment, received in his throat a lump that nearly choked him. Bacon's head was struck by a piece that raised a swelling which endured for a week. The others were cut and bruised and half-blinded with the dust. None dared to use their weapons for fear they might injure their companions.

It took but a moment or two to demoralize them. And not until the dust had settled were they conscious that even as Casey had begun to shoot, Governor Tuggs had blown the lock off the door by firing into the keyhole. When they recovered from their panic sufficiently to observe their surroundings the Governor, with hat-brim pulled down in true brigandish fashion over his forehead, stood side by side with Cyrus Brown, the detective. Both big men held guns in their hands and between, and in front of them, stood Miriam with a toy pistol in her dainty fingers, and a smile of triumph in her eyes.

When the fat detective caught Simpson's glance he chuckled derisively and then proffered: "I s'pose murder ain't a rotten business, eh? Just to keep my memory green in your mind let me tell you that it was me put the Governor here wise to your final little plans. An' it was him heeled Casey with the irons after the meeting tonight. An' to finally let you know how you've been trimmed there's been a dictagraph workin' in the next room!"

Casey grinned as he seized the detective's hand and cut short his speech with:

"Don't rub it in, Old Sport — you're all to the merry as it is. But what in the name of tar made you switch?"

"Well," the big fellow hesitated for a moment, "I've been watchin' you for several weeks an' it hurt like the dickens when I got to thinkin' that if them kids of mine back in old little N'Yawk knew the real truth about you an' me they'd sooner have a little runt like you for a Daddy than man-sized me!"


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# HIS WIFE WAS SICK

so the furnace man slammed the iron door and was off for home without noticing that the door had bounced open. The babies were asleep upstairs. Soon all the lights were out. A hot coal dropped. Then a little spurt of grey smoke spiraled from some papers on the floor. Later came a tiny tongue of flame which crawled away doubtfully—and went out. Then another—stronger. Suddenly there was a mass of flames—then the near-by barrels burst into a blaze. Like lightning the fire spread. It reached the walls—flared fiercely for a while—licked up greedily—faltered—died down—*went out.* The walls and floors were of

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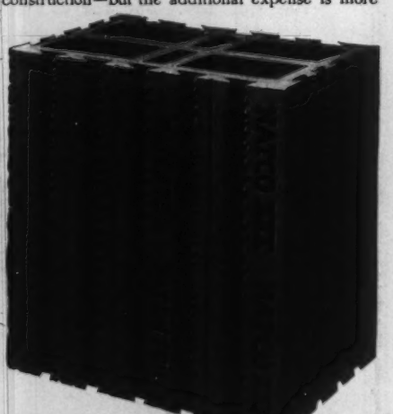

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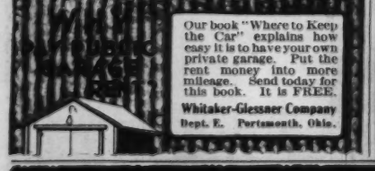

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# The Lifted Veil

[*Continued from page 15*]

"Arthur, what nonsense!"

"It's true, Maggie. You've spoken of my house, and my motor, and my guests, at times when most people would say *our.*"

"But Leslie's always known that he was free to consider everything——"

"As his own. Yes; while you considered that it was not his own—not quite his own—and Leslie is as sensitive to that sort of slight as mercury to cold. You've ruled him, Maggie——"

A sound at the outside door impelled her to whisper: "Hush! He's coming in."

"Then I shall leave you together. Remember, Maggie, that you're now at a turning-point in your life. It may depend on what you say within the next few minutes whether you win Leslie back——"

Snatching up the paper and slipping it under her coat, she muttered words to the effect that it was easy for people to talk when they hadn't known the suffering, while Bainbridge threw open the door. Palliser was in the hall where the footman was helping him out of his fur coat.

"Hello, Arthur!"

"Hello, Leslie!"

"Stay to dinner, won't you?"

"Thanks, no. Have a meeting this evening. Came home with Maggie to—to talk over something." He nodded toward the reception room. "She's in there."

To Bainbridge Palliser's expression was not the less pitiable for being ridiculous. The guilty man coming face to face with a wrathful wife was a subject that had lent itself to comic treatment ever since men had been writing plays. Viewed objectively there *was* something comic in the situation. It was impossible to speak of it since Maggie was within earshot, and almost within sight; but in their silent rolling of the eyes toward each other, as they clasped hands and Bainbridge betook himself from the house, there was gravity and sympathy and mutual comprehension not unmingled with an element of acrid masculine amusement.

"WHO is the interesting girl at the end of the second row on the left?"

It was the first time Clorinda had spoken since entering the big room, in which the institutional smell of disinfectant mingled with the odor of Christmas boughs.

In spite of all efforts to the contrary the eight or ten visitors wore an air of compassionate condescension as they sat facing the three rows of so-called incorrigible girls, who had been driven in dumbly to their annual treat. The treat was at the end of the room, behind the visitors—a pyramidal Christmas tree hung with festoons of tinsel and popped corn, illuminated by electric candles, growing sweets and fruits in exotic abundance, and springing from a soil of parcels. Twenty-seven pairs of girlish eyes observed it with cold, detached attention. It was part of the official routine, one of the pleasanter phases of a discipline intended for their good. It would yield them some candies to eat and a few useful things to wear. To this degree it was acceptable; but otherwise it was not a Christmas tree. Nothing could make it a Christmas tree. A Christmas tree was fun and freedom and spontaneity; it was giving as well as getting; it was saving and planning and contriving and surprising and taking an active part. Here nothing was asked but a well-behaved acquiescence, a stolid thankfulness, both of which could be given without a blink of the eye. "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed," the beneficiaries seemed to say to their rescuers and patrons, "and nothing you can do will bridge it over."

It was the interval between two carols. Bainbridge, who was seated next to Clorinda, answered her question. The girl was Pansy Wilde, who had been handed over to the institution—now known as the House of Comfort, though the eighteenth century had called it the Asylum for Young Penitent Females—by the juvenile court. He recounted her experiences, more or less characteristic of those of her sister-inmates. The child, for she was little more, had been in domestic service. From this she had been dismissed owing to a wilfulness of conduct incompatible with household propriety. When about to become a mother she had fled from home, taking refuge with a woman in Brooklyn, in whose house the child was born. To earn a living for herself and her baby Pansy had been put to shifts which Bainbridge's narrative passed over lightly to go straight to the tragic point. On returning one evening to the house where she roomed Pansy had found the child dead. She had then been arrested for killing it. Of this crime she was acquitted. The charge proved against her was that, having been turned out of more than one house when it was found she had a child, she had concealed the fact by leaving the baby half smothered in her bed. Since, however, she was considered to have done what she could according to her opportunities and her lights, the judge had delivered her to Miss Merry, the deaconess of St. Mary Magdalen's, to be lodged in the House of Comfort.

"You're speaking of Pansy Wilde," said Miss Downie, the head matron, who sat on Clorinda's other side. "Ever since she came to us she's been just like that."

Just like that meant staring with wide, vacant, violet eyes that seemed to see nothing, or to see what others couldn't. She was a tall slim girl, whose beauty and refinement made Bainbridge think—though he shrank from the comparison—of what Clorinda herself might have been at seventeen.

Miss Downie, a neat little woman about whom there was nothing of the jailer but two burning vigilant eyes and a bunch of keys that jingled when she moved, continued to explain. She had had girls like Pansy Wilde before, though none that had remained in this dazed and docile state so long. "She's a biddable little thing, and clever; but you've got to tell her what to do every time it's to be done."

The girls sang another Christmas carol. It was hammered out with the hearty, shadeless, mechanical effect of a pianola, after which Bainbridge stood up and gave the girls a little Christmas "talk." It was a simple and affectionate talk, but it appeared to penetrate no deeper than the glory of the Christmas tree. The same unrelenting faces were turned toward the speaker, who, as far as could be judged from anything that met the eye, poured out his heart to a patient listlessness that had no capacity to receive his words. When they were ended Colfax Pole, a young-old man with exceedingly long beardless features and blond hair parted in the middle, handed the gifts to Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott, the wife of the institution's treasurer, who presented them to each of the girls in turn, with smiles and nods and pats on the cheek to which there was in no case a response. All the hilarity was on one side, all the demonstration. Even with their parcels in their laps the young penitent females sat apathetic, timorous, with no sign of curiosity or pleasure beyond a furtive sidelong look or a shy, half frightened smile. When the wrapped up present Clorinda had selected for Pansy Wilde slipped from the girl's knees to the floor she didn't so much as stoop to pick it up. That was done by Miss Downie, who bustled forward with a jocose word of reprimand that left Pansy as dazed and remote as ever.

"I want to speak to that child," Clorinda whispered to Bainbridge, when the ceremonies were ended and the girls rose to troop out.

Bainbridge hurried away. In a minute he was back, leading Pansy lightly by the hand. "Pansy," he said, gently, "Mrs. Gildersleeve wants to speak to you."

It would have been difficult to say which of the two was the more terrified. Clorinda was unused to philanthropy. She had had no experience of the cheery, capable ways of those who set out to do good to others.

"Do—do you like it here?"

"Yes'm—yes, miss."

Question and answer were stammered, futile. Because of a need of which she hardly knew the force to break the ice, Clorinda persisted. "Are you—are you happy here?"

"Yes'm—yes, miss."

"No, you're not happy."

Something welled up in Pansy like a big tearless sob. "N-n-no; no'm."

"You want to get out, don't you?"

"Oh, yes—I mean," she caught herself up—"I mean—I mean—oh, no—oh, yes—oh——"

"You'll be late now, Pansy, if you don't run away," Bainbridge intervened, fearing the effect of Clorinda's words. "Good-by.

Mrs. Gildersleeve has been very glad to see you."

The last of the girls were filing out and Miss Scattergood, a scraggy, long-necked lady, with a face like a benevolent giraffe, turned to include Pansy in the tail of the procession. Miss Scattergood's keys also jingled as she moved. Clorinda stood as one transfixed till from somewhere in the direction in which the girls had retreated came a sound like the slipping of a bolt.

"Oh, they've locked them up!"

To reassure her Bainbridge smiled. "No; they haven't exactly locked them up. They've only locked the door leading from the open to the closed part of the institution. They have to do that to keep the mischievous girls from stealing out and running away."

She looked at him with an oblique pleading lifting of the eyes. "Come home with me. I want to talk to you — to have you talk to me — and I can't bear it here any longer."

AS he took his seat beside her in the limousine it was hard for him not to seize her hand.

She began at once, excitedly. "There's something about that child — about them all, but about her especially — that almost breaks my heart. I seem to see myself as I might have been if — if circumstances hadn't been different."

"Wasn't it John Howard, the Quaker philanthropist, who said, when he saw a man taken out to be hanged, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes myself?' You feel the same thing."

"No, I don't feel the same thing. That couldn't have happened; whereas this could. It's what *would* have happened, if I'd been in the place of any one of them." As the chauffeur turned the machine she confronted Bainbridge with a gesture toward the big brick building behind high walls from the lighted doorway of which they were moving away. "Isn't there any better method of helping them than *that*?"

"Of course there's a better way than that, if you could get anyone to take it. But you couldn't. An institution is only second best, or third best, when you've said all you can for it. But we have to use the means which the limitations of nature and society put into our hands. If Pansy Wilde weren't here, fed and clothed and taught and kept warm ——"

She broke in fiercely. "She doesn't want to be fed and clothed and taught and kept warm. She wants love."

He was still not thinking of his words; he was thinking of her. Never before had he seen her wake like this to indignation, and emotion. Through the crush of traffic on this Christmas Eve the car moved but a few yards at a time, to be subjected to long waits, of which neither took any notice. All the New York of old Greenwich Village seemed to be astir. The shops were doing an active trade; the footways were thronged; in the windows of faded dwellings there was here and there the lighting up of a Christmas tree. Bainbridge felt himself imprisoned with her on some secure, secluded isle, with an ocean to protect the refuge. "That's very true," he said, absently, as he watched the quiver of her mouth; "but we mustn't undervalue what other people have tried to do. We can't despise the methods of our fathers and grandfathers which we inherit, even though we feel that, to some extent, we've outlived them. A man who is halfway up a ladder mustn't scorn the rungs by which he's climbed; because without them he wouldn't be where he is."

"You said just now," she observed, after a minute's thinking, "that there's a better way, only that people wouldn't take it." She fixed him with the gaze of her deep, liquid eyes. "Why couldn't I?"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't — apart from the conventions of the world in which we live." He asked, before she could respond: "Do you know what I meant when I said that?"

"I suppose you meant what I mean. If we — if we need love more than we need anything else — anything else in the *world!* — then it — it must come directly out of someone's heart — and not from a corporation which is organized and supported by dollars and cents."

"That's *it*."

"But someone must make a beginning, mustn't they?" She seemed to draw herself up in her corner of the motor. "Very well, then. I will."

"You will — what?"

"I'll give love. I can," she went on, rapidly. "It's what I was made for. I've given you to understand that already, haven't I? — that time! — you remember! ——"

"No, I don't remember."

"That's because you're so kind — you've put it out of your memory. But it's not what I want to talk about now. I only want you to see — what, I suppose, you do see already — but I want to be sure that you see — I hardly know how to put it! — that essentially I'm only that — that feminine compound which has been described as — as a great *lover*. There! I've shocked you now, haven't I? — and yet I don't mean to. There's a strong side to it, as well as a weak one ——"

He said, with gentle significance: "You haven't shocked me — Clorinda."

She seemed not to notice the use of her own name, as she hurried on. "The strong side is that it's out of women like me that Nature makes not only great wives and great mistresses, but great mothers. I should have been a mother . . . I'm so much a mother that I could love almost any child as if it was my own . . . I begin to think that perhaps I'm not a mother for the very reason that I might take some motherless creature. . . ."

"If you mean Pansy Wilde ——"

"If I mean Pansy Wilde it's only because the little creature wrings my heart. She's so like — like myself, as I might have been at her age — as I *was*, in some ways — only that conditions hedged me in. But I remember — I remember very clearly. It was only fourteen years ago that I was seventeen, as she is today. And I wanted just what she's been looking for — I wanted love. I didn't talk about it; but I dreamt of it; I dreamt of nothing else. When it didn't come I married — but I kept the dream. It never came true — or not in the way in which I dreamed it. It was always — always frustrated — as I told you — and you know." He was about to say that she hadn't told him and he didn't know, but she silenced him. "No; let me go on. I want you to understand that I feel a kinship with these poor girls. We're of the same clay. I could have been like them; they could have been like me. It's for me to do what may be done, for one of them at least. If they'd let me take her ——"

"Take her in what way?"

"To live with me — so that I could comfort her — heal her — be a friend to her."

"And have you thought of the capacity in which she'd be an inmate of your house?"

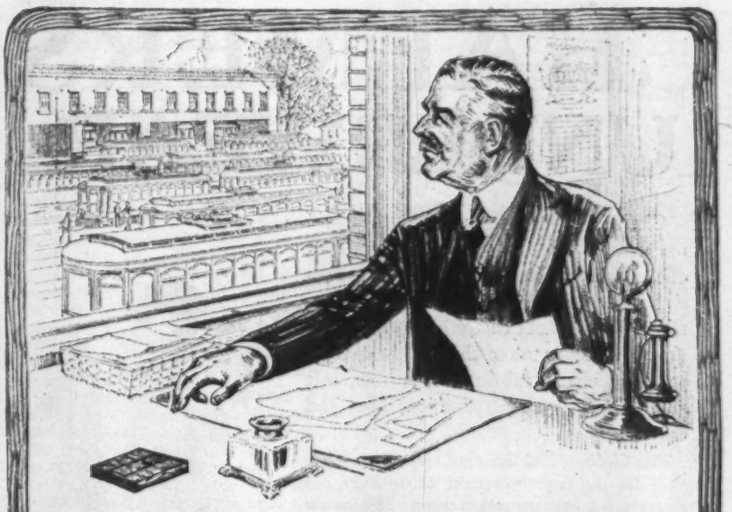
"I've thought of it vaguely. I shouldn't try to do anything absurd. I'd train her to be a kind of superior maid, or possibly — if she had the intelligence — I should have her taught to be a secretary. I should want her to earn her own living. But —" a gesture expressed her impatience with this part of the subject — "all that is mere detail. The main thing is that my heart bleeds for her; and if I've got the means and the power to take her out of that place, and give her the chance she's never had —" She broke off again, to begin on another phase of the theme. "Then I shouldn't feel so useless in the world. I shouldn't be so repressed. I *am* repressed. Don't you see I am? I always have been. I've always been like this — outwardly — stately and calm and a lady — Oh, yes, I've had to be a lady, no matter what else I was! — but inwardly — don't think I'm wild or excited — I'm just telling you the truth — I've told you the truth before, haven't I? — inwardly I'm raging fire."

"I've guessed as much as that — I've known it."

"Yes, of course you have. You've been the only one who could. That's why I feel so free to talk to you. No one would believe it; and yet raging fire is what expresses me. Only it's been fire like that of the volcano that burst open a few years ago — Martinique, wasn't it? — a volcano that seemed so tame that no one thought it *was* a volcano. Grass grew over it, and trees; it was just a splendid, peaceful hill. Men climbed it, and children played on it; and then, one fine morning — That's what I'm afraid of — But this — don't you *see*? — this would open up a way for me. . . . No, I couldn't do it like Claribel Jarrott and Colfax Pole — with grimaces and pretty speeches. I could only do it in my own way — by loving — by being loved ——"

He was at the limit of his strength. Seizing the two hands with which she had been making little gestures he held them tightly. "*I* love you, Clorinda; *I* love you. Let me bring what you're craving for."

She didn't withdraw her hands; she allowed him to hold them. She even leaned toward him, to observe him more closely. But he watched the blaze in her eyes die

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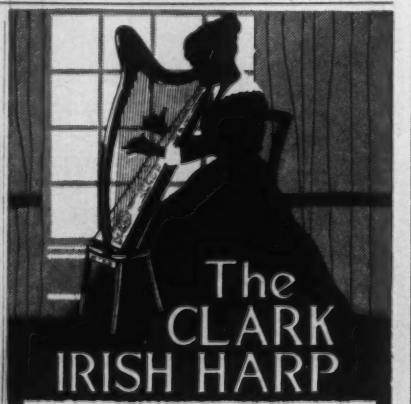

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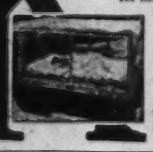

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down as though something had suddenly put it out. It seemed an immeasurable time before she spoke. "*You!* — a clergyman! — a — a priest!"

"I'm a man, Clorinda," he whispered, hoarsely.

She still allowed him to hold her hands, though the clasp grew limp. "Yes," she responded, dully. "You're a man; but I hadn't thought of you as a man in — just this way."

"In what way did you think of me?"

Her response came slowly. "I don't know. In as far as I've thought of you at all — personally — it's been very much as one might think of — of an angel."

She withdrew her hands quietly and slipped them into her muff. After sitting upright and eager she fell back into her corner of the motor with a silence that seemed to imply that the last word had been said. In the few inches by which he strained toward her Bainbridge felt that he was pursuing her through some long inward flight.

"Do you want me to understand that there's no hope for me?"

In the flood of street electricity he caught a gleam in her eyes like that of light moving under water. "I don't know what you mean by hope."

"I mean hope that you could love me in return."

"Oh, that!"

"Yes, that."

HE waited for her to speak again, but she said nothing. Instead, she leaned back in her corner with eyes closed. Having jerked their way up Seventh Avenue to Fourteenth Street, they were turning into it. The thunder of traffic seemed to roll away from the windows and doors of the car, leaving the two who sat within isolated in a kind of peace.

As the minutes were going by and she gave him no answer Bainbridge too fell back into the depths of the car. "Then there's *no* hope," he said, quietly.

"You must let me think," she murmured, as if to herself. Suddenly she added: "What would you expect me to do if there was?"

He leaned forward again. "Marry me."

"Marry a clergyman? — I?"

"Marry the man you — you loved. Wouldn't that be the way to put it?"

"It might be if — if we could get things into such simple terms. But we can't."

"Why can't we?"

"I should think you'd see." A few seconds went by before she added: "For me to marry a clergyman is surely inconceivable."

"It isn't inconceivable that you should marry the man you love — if you do love him."

"And that raises another question — if I do."

"Do you know that you don't?"

"I don't know anything — of the conditions into which you've thrown me. It's all new to me, new and strange and — and wonderful."

"Wonderful?"

"Yes, wonderful in that you could think of it — with regard to *me*."

"Oh, but it's just the other way. That you should think of it — if you do think of it — with regard to me ——"

"How should I not think of it? When a man like you asks a woman like me to be his wife the honor in itself is so great ——"

He leaned further forward, looking into her eyes. "Honor? I don't understand."

"Oh, well; you would if you were in my place." She raised herself, and drawing her hand from her muff laid it lightly on his. "I wish I could tell you, dear friend, what it means to me. It means so much that it makes me afraid. It's like offering knighthood or a medal for distinguished conduct to a man who's been a coward in the battle. He might take it just because he's been a coward — and feel remorse for it afterwards. That's one thing I must try not to do."

"Why try to do anything but what you spoke of a few minutes ago — just to love and be loved?"

Her smile, which merely dawned and faded, made him feel young and inexperienced. It was the kind of smile he had seen only in great portraits, and once or twice on the stage, the smile behind which lie memories beyond putting into words. "It's not so simple as that. It *might* be as simple as that with someone else — but not between you and me."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of myself. I'm afraid I may —" she held the word in suspense, letting it flutter out softly — "love you."

He seemed to cry aloud, not from strength of voice but from the force of his emotion. "But if you do ——"

"I can't tell. I hope I don't; but — but I may."

"Why do you hope you don't?"

"For every reason; for every *sort* of reason. I feel as if my love would — would scorch you — would burn you up."

"Couldn't you let me take care of that?"

"And then," she went on, ignoring this question, "there's something about you that puzzles me — that puts me out of all my reckonings."

"What is it? Whatever it is, I'll give it up."

She smiled, not as before, but sweetly and rather fondly. "No; you couldn't give it up. It's — it's your goodness."

"Oh, don't say that," he pleaded, quickly.

"I must say it. If I don't you won't see how confused I am, nor what it is that confuses me. It's like looking at an object that stands too directly in the sun. You can't see its color; you can hardly see its shape. We human beings need shadow to show us the true values."

"But, Clorinda," he protested, "I'm just like any other man."

"Oh, no, you're not." She smiled once more, the fine luminous smile that lit up the delicate beauty of her face with tenderness and intelligence. "You're far from being like other men. You've a whole range of thought which most other men don't possess; you speak a different language." She surprised him by going on to say, almost without change of tone: "Would you mind getting out when there's a convenient opportunity? With all you've been saying — and what we went through with the children — I'm rather — rather overwhelmed."

"I'll do anything you wish. But you'll let me come tomorrow?"

She reflected. "No; not tomorrow. It's Christmas Day, and you'll have your services. Then you'll be dining with the Galloways. I shall be dining with the Colfax Poles. I was to have dined with Leslie and Maggie; but when they went away Colfax and Julia were good enough to ask me. Not tomorrow then — but soon."

"And I may call you Clorinda, mayn't I?"

"I'd rather you'd call me what you like — without asking my permission. I don't seem to have any permission to give. With regard to you —" again the sweet smile seemed to him what dawn is to summer — "with regard to you I'm only like a beggar at the gates. Do just as you please."

"Then I shall call you Clorinda — but only when we're alone — as yet."

"Yes; perhaps that will be better." She began taking off the glove of her left hand, speaking while she did so. "Tomorrow is Christmas Day, and I've sent you some of the new books. No, don't thank me. I wanted you to see that I thought of you — and that I was grateful. But it isn't enough — now." She drew off a ring. "Here; take this." She slipped it into his hand. "It's only a ring — any ring. No one gave it to me; there's no sentiment attached to it; I bought it myself. But I want you to have it." As he bent over it and pressed the half-hoop of diamonds to his lips she went on with feverish rapidity: "It doesn't mean anything — that is, no more than just to mark your extraordinary goodness. Do you remember my saying that I wanted to be put back where I was before? No, perhaps not," she continued, as he looked up and shook his head. "But I did say it; and I feel now as if — as if it had been done. Whatever happens after this — whatever decision I come to — the ring will tell you that — that something seems to have rolled away from me — that at last I've been set free." With a sudden pressure of the brake the car stopped near the curb. "Don't you think you could get out now?"

It was only after kissing her bared hand rapturously that Bainbridge found himself on the pavement, borne along in the Christmas crowd. He was dazed and ecstatic. He would have felt himself waking from a dream had it not been for the ring, with its diamond edges, cutting into his clenched hand.

[*To be continued*]

***In the chapters to come, the real story of Pansy Wilde is revealed — a story of poignant human interest. Bainbridge visits the office of the blackmailing publication that has reviled the Pallisers, and has a curious interview with a subordinate.***

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## Marvelous Cassie Chadwick

[*Continued from page 11*]

It disappeared under the Madame's covetous pillow.

Madame De Vere had been living in Toledo for two or three years when she was arrested on the charge of obtaining sums of money by devious methods. With her was arrested Joseph L——, clerk in an express office. At the time Cassie Chadwick was exposed before the world as the adventuress and swindler that she was, L—— was still spoken of in Toledo as "honest Joe L——." He had a wife and five children, to whom he appeared to be devoted.

In his confession, L—— said that he had met Lydia De Vere several times on the street as he was going home in the evening. Then she came to the express office and sent a package of money to Cleveland. On this occasion she invited him to call on her. He did so, and found her, he said, to be a model, well-behaved woman. The fascination of Betsey's eyes was upon him, and he continued to call. On his second call, she asked him to lend her money to go to Cleveland to see her sister "Mrs. Brown," who was ill. L—— gave her the money, though he told her he could not spare it. She persuaded him that she was the widow of a wealthy man who had lived near Manchester, England, and that she had an income of a thousand dollars a year.

As their friendship ripened, Madame De Vere told L—— that she needed fifteen hundred dollars for a surgical operation, and asked him to raise it for her. He raised a thousand, in addition to one hundred dollars in cash that he had on hand, and gave her his personal note for two hundred and seventy-five dollars which she had cashed and out of the proceeds of which she bought a sealskin sack. Then L—— succeeded in raising nine hundred dollars more, and the woman went to "Philadelphia" for six weeks for the "operation." On her return L—— gave her three hundred dollars which he was holding as stake-holder of an election bet.

L——'s affairs were now so tangled that Madame De Vere advised his giving her his notes for five hundred dollars and seven hundred dollars respectively, on which she said she would raise the money to settle his debts. The first L—— knew of their having been negotiated was when they were presented for payment, and then Madame confessed to him that she had used part of the money to buy jewelry.

Madame De Vere finally divulged to L—— in a moment of astral confidence that she was Florida G. Blythe, member of a prominent Cleveland family and heiress to a large estate. There was such a person living in Cleveland at the time. L—— believed her — strange as it may seem, there were few who didn't believe anything she said, no matter how improbable.

After this blurt of confidence, Madame turned over to L—— certain notes to cash for her. These notes to the order of Florida G. Blythe aggregated forty thousand dollars and purported to be signed by Richard Brown, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Youngstown, Ohio. L—— cashed a large number of these notes in Cleveland and Toledo. It transpired afterwards that Madame De Vere did not know Brown except by reputation.

Madame De Vere was found guilty and sentenced to nine years' imprisonment. L—— was found not guilty, his plea being that he had committed the acts charged under the hypnotic influence of the woman — a plea as ancient as Adam's. The speech of L——'s lawyer melted the jury to tears, and the sobs of his wife and children filled the court-room. L—— died shortly afterwards.

During the trial it developed that Madame De Vere had been a criminal from girlhood and had secured large sums by swindling in different parts of the country. She had been known variously as Mary D. Laylis, Mazie De Laylis, Lydia Brown, Lydia Clingan, Florida Blythe, Lydia D. Scott, D. C. Belford, Mrs. Bagley and Mrs. Wallace.

In 1893 Madame De Vere was paroled from the Ohio penitentiary by Governor William McKinley, afterwards President. She had been a tractable prisoner. The matron of the prison said she had been a model seamstress and had been employed in making and mending clothing for the male prisoners. She posed as a clairvoyant and prophetess


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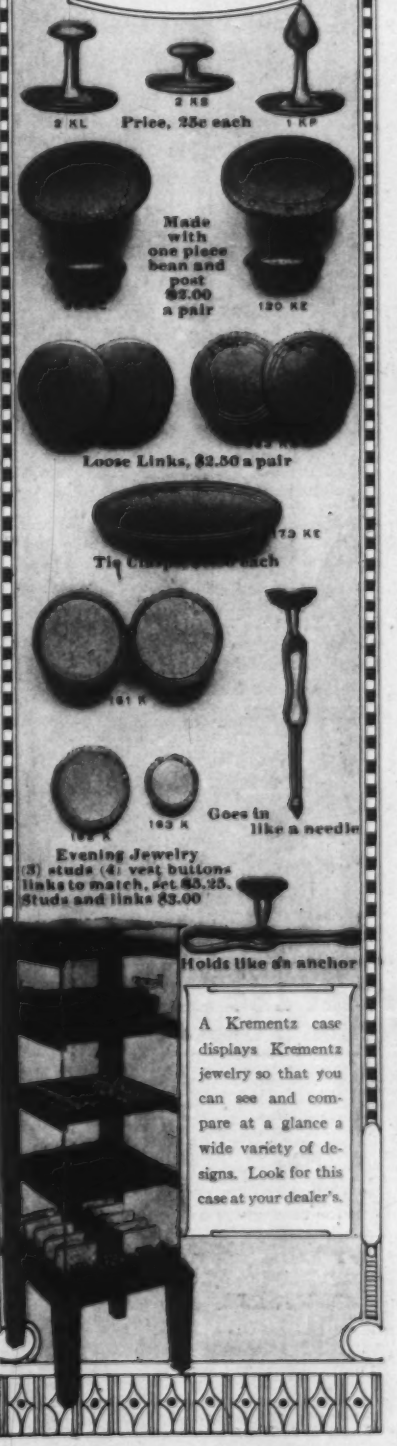


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even in prison. She told the warden that he would lose five thousand dollars in a Cincinnati business deal — and he did. She also told him he would die of cancer — and he did.

The year after her release from the Ohio State penitentiary, Betsey Bigley reappeared in Woodstock, Ontario, giving her name as Mrs. C. L. Hoover and her residence as Cleveland. She appears to have married such a man, probably before she went to prison, but about him little was known in the flesh. She looked at some building-sites with the expressed purpose of building a home and settling down in the old town, but before building operations began she again disappeared.

Not long after this she was recognized in Cleveland by a detective who had arrested her in Toledo. She was at the time driving up to the Hollenden Hotel in a magnificent equipage. The recognition was mutual, the dashing adventuress thanking the detective for the courteous manner in which he had treated her while she was his prisoner.

Two years after this last incident, or in 1896, Betsey Bigley and her numerous aliases was married to Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, a Cleveland widower with a charming daughter. Dr. Chadwick lived in a palatial residence at the corner of Euclid Avenue and Genesee street. The Chadwicks were an old and prominent Cleveland family. Where Dr. Chadwick met Madame De Vere is a mystery. None of his friends knew the woman until he introduced her as his wife. The only explanation that has ever come out of the blinding mass of entanglement and confusion incident to her final exposure was that Dr. Chadwick met her by chance. He had at the time believed that a malady affecting his leg was incurable. Mrs. Hoover was sympathetic and suggested massage. This gave the doctor relief, gratitude ripened into admiration, and admiration into love. It is a fishy story, but it is as safe to believe the doctor as it was to believe his wife.

Betsey Bigley's life from now on until the day of her arrest in New York in the early days of December, 1904, was a carnival of pleasure and excitement. She sailed the billows of fortune with swelling canvas. She played the rôle of society queen and played it with the grace and port of a Modjeska. The truth is, this remarkable woman could don or doff the purple with the ease of a lightning-change artist.

Her home was a plain structure, viewed from the outside, but within the most gorgeous luxury reigned. She ordered everything that struck her fancy, and never asked the price. She bought jewels as she bought market-truck. If a tray of pearls or diamonds pleased her, she was as little likely to haggle over the price as if she were buying a mess of herring. She had a chest containing eight trays of diamonds and pearls. They were pledged with a New York banker at one time, and were inventoried at ninety-eight thousand dollars. She played with diamonds as a child would with beach-sand, letting them trickle through her fingers. She had a rope of pearls containing two hundred and forty pieces of exceeding brilliancy, which was valued at forty thousand dollars. Cleveland merchants welcomed her presence in their stores as the silver lining to the cloud of dull times. One of the sights of Cleveland was Mrs. Chadwick shopping, tricked out in gorgeous raiment, with her liveried servants and her semi-equipage.

One of her orders at a Cleveland piano store was for eight grand pianos, to be sent to as many different friends as tokens of her regard.

Her first act on engaging a maid was to take her to a tailor and outfit her with suits and wraps. She made her cook a present of a sealskin coat reaching far below the knees.

She invited her husband to go with her to the theatre one Christmas Eve and to a supper afterwards, and on their return home Dr. Chadwick was dumbfounded on entering what appeared to be an entirely different house from the one they had left a few hours before. While the Chadwicks were at the theatre furniture men, decorators and artisans had been engaged in refitting and refurnishing the house from top to bottom. Turning to her husband, Mrs. Chadwick said: "This is your Christmas gift." Then she topped her generosity by giving the doctor a fur-lined overcoat that cost her eleven hundred dollars.

She surrounded herself with gold; it was the dominant color in her home. Gold clocks ticked everywhere, and golden figurantes peeped out from golden cabinets. A massive piece of ivory carving represented a Spanish

bull-fight. Carved in the white of this solid block of pure ivory by a master-hand could be seen the bull in full charge, a matador, a toreador, and the great amphitheatre filled with thousands of spectators. Scattered on the floor were rich rugs from Persia and India, and overlapping them were gaudy imitation Smyrnas. On the walls were exquisite works of art, and side by side were daubs.

The music-room was not large, and the great pipe organ with its three hundred and sixty-five stops — one for every day in the year, as someone said — took up all one side. Its cost was eight thousand dollars. Cut glass was piled high as in a store-room. In a golden cage was a golden bird that sang golden notes when a golden spring was touched.

One set of tableware was of imported silver studded with rubies. Another contained over nine hundred pieces. The cups alone cost sixty-five dollars each. The soup-plates concealed music-boxes that played when the plates were lifted and stopped when they were put down. Gilded chairs had the same mechanical oddity. When one sat on them they played sweet music. There were cloisonne and Genori vases that cost small fortunes.

She presented to friends as wedding-presents imported French automobiles and touring-cars. She once had the automobile fad herself and toured the country, selling or giving away her machine at every stop of importance and buying a new one.

On one occasion Mrs. Chadwick induced the parents of twelve young girls in Cleveland's smart set to permit their daughters to accompany her to Europe. What extravagances were indulged in on that trip were known only to those who accompanied her; but upon her return home, the chaperon called upon Cleveland's most fashionable jeweler and had framed in solid gold twelve exquisite miniatures painted on porcelain by a great Parisian artist. One of these miniatures went to each of the guests of her transatlantic party.

Not only did she buy many and costly gifts for friends, but her charity to the poor was boundless. She was known to purchase enough toys to give one or more to every inmate of a Cleveland orphan asylum. She picked out worthy families among the needy and sent them presents and edibles. No beggar was ever turned away from her door.

She took a fancy to her butcher's boy. Driving around to his home one morning, she had him climb into her carriage. She took him to a tailor, ordered more than a dozen suits made for him; took him to a haberdashery and had him fitted out with the most expensive furnishings; went to a jewelry store and bought him rings, a watch and chain, and other jewels. She thought nothing of spending ten thousand dollars in a day's shopping.

Whenever she started from Cleveland for New York, she telegraphed ahead for a suite at a prominent hotel. She did not always use the suite she had ordered; she was just as likely to go to some other hotel; but she never canceled the first order, and invariably paid the bill for the rooms she had not occupied as well as for the others. One winter she took a party of friends from Cleveland to New York in a private car to hear "Parsifal."

When they searched the premises after her arrest they found in the loft of the barn, covered with dust, with the Custom House seals unbroken, an exquisite "Old Master" packed in a case and stored away like junk. Crates of other pictures, tumbled into the basement, testified to her reckless mode of buying. There was a Steinway piano that was never unpacked; there were vases that were never disturbed; pictures that were never hung; carpets that were never laid; and a hundred boxes of hats, many of them of costly furs to match suits, and all of them bearing the label of a fashionable New York milliner.

This eccentricity of splendor and generosity she carried out in all her relations in life. Her servants were numerous and loyal. There were French maids and Swedish maids, and when the night gathered around her, they were faithful to the end.

If one had any curiosity in watching the entourage of Fifth Avenue, New York, on a certain day in the Spring of 1902, he might have seen a carriage drive up to the residence of Andrew Carnegie. Looking closer, one might have noticed that the occupants were a rather large, handsomely gowned woman of distinguished, if showy, appearance, and a well-nourished, florid-faced man of prosperous and professional air.

Shortly before this in Cleveland Mrs. Chadwick had called on her companion, a Cleveland lawyer of prominence, and told him that she was a niece of Frederick Mason, a life-long associate of Andrew Carnegie, who at his death had bequeathed her upward of seven millions of dollars in securities. Mason had asked Andrew Carnegie to act as her trustee. Under the latter's skilful manipulation, the fortune had increased to eleven millions. And now that Mr. Carnegie had given up all his own business cares, he wished to be rid of this trust.

Mrs. Chadwick said that Mr. Carnegie had suggested that perhaps a great banking and trust company might be established in Cleveland with her fortune to back it, and it was for this purpose that she came to consult him.

A few weeks later this lawyer was summoned to New York for the purpose of arranging a settlement with Mr. Carnegie, whom Mrs. Chadwick, meanwhile, in a moment of unguarded confidence, had hinted was her father. This to the lawyer's mind accounted for the strange story of the trusteeship.

As they approached the Carnegie mansion, Mrs. Chadwick turned to her Cleveland lawyer and said:

"It might be well for you to remain in the carriage while I sound the coast. Mr. Carnegie may resent your presence."

Mrs. Chadwick entered the mansion. She reappeared in the course of twenty minutes or half an hour and exhibited to the lawyer a package which she said contained Caledonia Railway bonds of Scotland and two notes aggregating ten millions of dollars, signed by Mr. Carnegie, whose signature thereto she exhibited with feverish elation.

The purpose of the trip being achieved, the two returned to Cleveland.

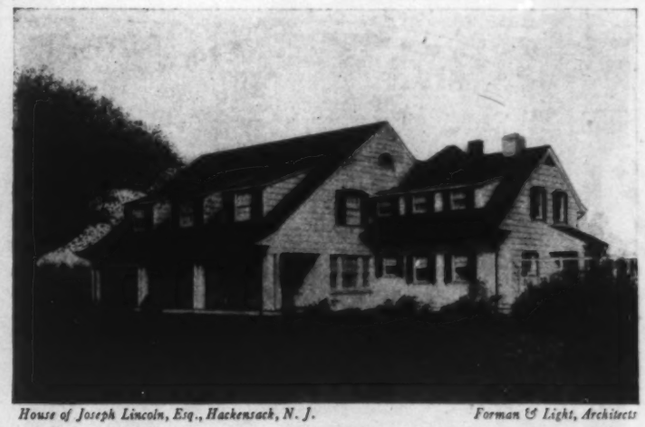
Though Mrs. Chadwick took pains to impress upon her lawyer the necessity of secrecy as to her birth and wealth, it was impossible, as she knew, for this to remain *inter nos* in a city of the size of Cleveland. It would find its way, as she knew, through the very innermost recesses of the highest social and financial circles, and it would not be likely to become vulgarly public. The standing of her lawyer in Cleveland was such as to assure verisimilitude for the story. Had he not driven up to the Carnegie mansion on Fifth Avenue with Mrs. Chadwick, and had he not seen the notes with Mr. Carnegie's signature?

What had happened was that Mrs. Chadwick had the forged notes in her possession when she drove up Fifth Avenue to the Carnegie mansion. It is certain that she did not see Mr. Carnegie.

IRI REYNOLDS was the secretary of the Wade Park Banking Company of Cleveland, of which Frank Rockefeller, a brother of John D. Rockefeller, was president. He was an old and intimate friend of Dr. Chadwick. One day Mrs. Chadwick called him on the telephone to her house.

When Mr. Reynolds repaired to the Chadwick mansion, he found Dr. and Mrs. Chadwick engaged in preparing a package of papers for deposit in the safe-deposit vault. In the presence of her husband and of a gold-framed life-like portrait of her "dear dead Uncle Mason" which hung in the parlor, Mrs. Chadwick said she wished to entrust to Mr. Reynolds some valuable securities which she had been advised should be placed in the possession of some third party. She showed Mr. Reynolds what was to be enclosed in the package, the principal items being a trust deed for ten millions, two hundred and forty-six thousand dollars, a note for five million dollars and another one for one million, two hundred and fifty thousand, all in favor of Cassie L. Chadwick and signed "Andrew Carnegie." These documents were enclosed in a large envelope, carefully fastened with sealing-wax, and endorsed, "Papers of Cassie L. Chadwick—for safe-keeping only."

The party now proceeded to the bank. A drawer was selected, and the package locked up. Before leaving the bank, Mrs. Chadwick gave to Mr. Reynolds a memorandum of the contents of the package containing the items that he had seen put into the package. On returning home, she telephoned to Mr. Reynolds, apparently in some alarm, saying that she had forgotten to keep a copy of the memorandum she had given him, and asking him if he would not kindly send her a copy of it, so that she also might have a memorandum of what was contained in the drawer of the safety-deposit vault to place among her papers

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against the possibility of her death. Of course, Mr. Reynolds would be glad to do this personally — he would not even trust it to the menial hand of a clerk. He took a sheet of the bank paper with its lithographed heading, copied the memorandum on the sheet, and signed his name to it. She had not asked him to sign it; that may have been mere force of habit, unless the reader is prepared to believe that Mr. Reynolds was a confederate, a supposition that all Cleveland rejected. Had he not signed it, Cassie Chadwick's path of glory might not have led to so many graves; or it may be that if Reynolds had not so accommodatingly furnished a copy of the memorandum with his signature attached, which was virtually a receipt, she would have resorted to the same trick of telephoning to some other safe-deposit vault until a signed receipt had been given.

It will be noticed by the reader who has half as much sense as any of Cassie Chadwick's victims, that she was not apparently intending to negotiate these notes. She was not putting them out of her possession in any such way that Mr. Carnegie could be asked to pay them. For that reason it was not of prime importance to Mr. Reynolds whether the signatures were genuine or not, although being now in whispered possession of the same mystery concerning Mrs. Chadwick's birth that had come to the knowledge of the Cleveland lawyer, Mr. Reynolds was convinced that he was not only the custodian of securities worth over sixteen millions of dollars, but of an astounding secret which if known would stir a continent.

OBERLIN, Ohio, is about forty miles from Cleveland. It is the home of Oberlin College, the famous northern Ohio seat of learning. Charles T. Beckwith, the president of the Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, was sixty-two years old. He had been manager of the bank for eighteen years, and for five years had been its president.

One day two men named Fay and Wuerst who resided at Elyria, Ohio, came to the Oberlin bank for a loan of fifteen thousand dollars. They were known as shrewd business men. They told Beckwith that they were in on an eighty-thousand-dollar deal with some other parties and had gilt-edged securities to protect it. Beckwith could not get much else out of them, but he made them the loan. It was repaid.

Beckwith later learned that Oberlin College had loaned a large sum of money to a bank in Elyria—ninety thousand dollars he understood the amount to be. Learning through other sources that there was unusual activity in banking circles in Elyria, and being anxious to turn an honest dollar, he made inquiries and for the first time heard of Mrs. Chadwick. He was told that she had applied to the Elyria bank for a loan of a quarter of a million dollars, and the amount being too large for its own resources, the Elyria bank had divided the loan with Oberlin College, and that institution had advanced the money direct to the bank. This loan was promptly repaid by Mrs. Chadwick.

A few months later, Mrs. Chadwick appeared in person at the Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin. She had apparently heard of Beckwith and of his anxiety for business, and she was looking for fish that would fry. Beckwith did not happen to be in at the time. He learned later that Mrs. Chadwick wished to borrow some money, and he telephoned to the treasurer of Oberlin College and asked if he knew the woman and if he had ever had any business dealings with her. He was told that she was reputed to be worth a lot of money, though a little reckless in the use of it, and that her business dealings were satisfactory, very satisfactory.

In course of time, Mrs. Chadwick returned to the Oberlin bank and, among other things, showed Beckwith a receipt for thirty thousand dollars attorney's fees she had paid a celebrated Cleveland lawyer, representing to Beckwith that the magnitude of her transactions demanded large legal fees. This receipt was a forgery, but of course poor Beckwith wasn't supposed to know that. She also showed a statement signed by Iri Reynolds, secretary of the Wade Park Banking Company of Cleveland, certifying that he had in his possession belonging to Mrs. Chadwick securities to the amount of millions of dollars and that no one else had any claim upon them. She wished to borrow fifteen thousand dollars — really a very small sum for such security. The loan was made out of the private funds of Beckwith and his cashier, and was promptly repaid when it came due.

Mrs. Chadwick continued for several months to borrow of Beckwith small amounts of money and to pay them back as they became due. Then one day she dashed at him for a loan of eighty thousand dollars. She showed him papers and documents purporting to be articles of agreement and settlement between herself and Andrew Carnegie and Frederick Mason, her "uncle." These documents showed that she was the owner of certain trust securities consisting of five million dollars' worth of United States Steel bonds, a large amount of Caledonia Railway stock and other foreign securities, then in the hands of Iri Reynolds, amounting in all to ten million, two hundred and forty thousand dollars. These documents were nicely gotten up and bore every evidence of being genuine. They also bore the signatures of Andrew Carnegie, Frederick Mason and Cassie L. Chadwick, the last of which signatures was genuine. Mrs. Chadwick represented that she wanted this loan for the purpose of taking up certain papers in the hands of Mr. Carnegie in order to release her funds, and insisted that she could take up the loan on the following Thursday.

This time Mr. Beckwith loaned the bank's money without a scratch of security except Mrs. Chadwick's word and the secret of her alleged relationship to the great iron-master, hinted at in as delicate a way as the most virtuous of women knew how. He made her a solemn vow that he would never reveal this secret, and his vow was kept more faithfully than Mrs. Chadwick's promise to pay.

When Beckwith found that this loan of eighty thousand dollars was likely to run for some time, he began to seek better security for it than Mrs. Chadwick's word, and Mrs. Chadwick finally gave him an assignment with a power of attorney attached of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the bonds which Iri Reynolds of the Wade Park Banking Company had certified he held in trust for her. Then, as the National Bank Examiner was about due and Mr. Beckwith began to get more alarmed, Mrs. Chadwick suggested that as Mr. Reynolds's trusteeship had not been entirely satisfactory to her, she was going to shift it to Beckwith. She also showed him her will, describing all her securities at full length, and making Beckwith administrator of her estate. Still Beckwith was not getting his money. He was in now for over one hundred thousand dollars of his own and his cashier's private funds and two hundred and twenty thousand dollars of the bank's money.

The National Bank Examiner hadn't yet arrived, but he was certain to turn up almost any day — bad pennies and bank examiners always turn up — and Mr. Beckwith went to the Chadwick home in Cleveland and insisted that he be made whole in good hard coin of the realm without delay.

Mrs. Chadwick said she had a man who would take up the loan and let Beckwith out of it entirely. She didn't disclose his name, but she showed Beckwith the paper which this unknown person had demanded that she sign, which was virtually an absolute transfer of all her property to him, to be converted and used as the anonymous one saw fit. And badly as Beckwith wanted his money, he told Mrs. Chadwick that by signing this paper she would put all her property out of her possession and control, and generously advised her against such a course.

Beckwith now turned to other possible resources for ready cash. As he had known of Mrs. Chadwick's indirect dealings with Oberlin College, he went to the president of that institution and told him the whole story. The college loaned the Oberlin bank one hundred thousand dollars, which was later repaid by Beckwith without the help of Mrs. Chadwick.

Then followed a flood of transactions between Mrs. Chadwick and the Oberlin bank, ranging from loans of four thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars, which were borrowed, as Mrs. Chadwick said, to satisfy pressing creditors, she all the while holding out to Beckwith's perturbed but confiding soul hopes of speedy settlement of all of the bank's claims. At one time she gave him a check for eleven thousand dollars on the Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York and asked him to issue a New York draft for the amount, which he did. The check on the Knickerbocker Trust Company, like the proverbial cat, came back.

Time ran on until the middle of March, 1904, when Mrs. Chadwick sent for Beckwith and wanted to know if he would surrender the assignment of the five million dollars' worth of securities in exchange for a five-hundred-thousand-dollar note against Andrew Carnegie. The trusting Beckwith consented. In one of her conversations about herself at one of these times she confided in strictest secrecy that Frederick Mason was a "cover-

up" for Mr. Carnegie himself, that great man not being willing to have it known that she was his natural daughter. He had settled on her the securities mentioned, for the purpose of righting the wrong done her.

The bank examiner finally came. He was late, but he was in ample time to suit Beckwith. The five-hundred-thousand-dollar Carnegie note was shown to him and everything explained. He was also informed that the directors of the bank did not know of these transactions. The examiner hinted that it was a ghastly overloan for a bank with sixty thousand dollars capital, but he guessed it was well secured and wouldn't prove a dead monkey, and he would leave it to Beckwith's discretion whether he should notify his board of directors or not.

Beckwith, worried and pining for his own and the bank's money, finally took one of his directors, a lawyer, into his confidence. This lawyer several times visited Mrs. Chadwick's home in Cleveland. Her royal equipages met him at the depot and he was made welcome in the throne room of the "Duchess of Diamonds." He heard her story. He looked over the same papers that had hypnotized Beckwith. He thought everything was orthodox to the letter, chapter and verse, but advised Beckwith not to tell the other directors for fear of exciting them and of causing a run on the bank.

But as time again went on and week followed week without Mrs. Chadwick's magic coffers disgorging, the lawyer-director got sick and nervous, called in three other directors, unknown to Beckwith, and told them of the condition of affairs. Then he died.

The semi-annual interest on Mrs. Chadwick's ten million dollars of securities was now long past due, and the newly-apprized directors, anxious to be more clearly advised, sought the sumptuous mansion in Cleveland. Its mediumistic settings and its gorgeous ensemble did their work. Their eyes beheld the same Egyptian glory that the others had beheld. They came away anointed with the same mysterious hyssop, and with the devils of doubt duly exorcised out of their systems. The oracle told them that Mr. Carnegie's representative was coming from New York to arrange a settlement of her affairs; and he, or his double, actually did come later. Whatever light it may shed, it is interesting to note that about this time Mrs. Chadwick applied to a theatrical agent to furnish her with an actor who could for the space of a few minutes play, letter-perfect, the part of the son or other relative of a very wealthy man, but was unsuccessful in her quest.

Beckwith and two other Oberlin bank directors met Mr. Carnegie's "representative" at Mrs. Chadwick's house. The ambassador from the Laird of Skibo was shown two notes of "Mr. Carnegie" for five hundred thousand dollars each, and one for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The actor in this Arabian Nights Entertainment told the wise men from the seat of learning that there was no question — absolutely no possible question — that the notes were genuine; but — Mrs. Chadwick was an extravagant woman, and it was wicked, positively wicked, the way her estate was dwindling away. Mr. Carnegie's present purpose was to tie it up in such a way that no debts would be holden against it. Indeed, in future, Mrs. Chadwick would have to be content with a certain amount in the nature of an annuity, which would be liberal enough — Mr. Carnegie was no miser — but she must learn to be more prudent in her expenditures and less Fabian in meeting her liabilities. She would still have the power to dispose of her entire estate by will. Mr. Carnegie's representatives had about concluded that her annuity ought not to exceed forty thousand dollars. If Mrs. Chadwick would go back to New York with him and sign the necessary papers tying up the estate in this way, the whole situation would be clarified and her debts would all be paid.

This was all reassuring, but it was not meeting a very urgent need on the part of the bank. There was seven hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in cash now in the trust, or should be, and what was to hinder the directors having some of this immediately to help out their reserve, so that they could make their report to the National Bank Examiner and keep the whole matter from being exposed?

Well, of course, there was that seven hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, it was true, but — well — ahem! — it could not be used for the reason that Mrs. Chadwick had been *so* reckless with her money that she had already poached upon the sacred trust funds themselves, and Mr. Carnegie felt it was absolutely necessary to teach her a salutary lesson. Of course, Mr. Carnegie might recede from this obdurate decision, but he was a man whose mind once made up was rarely reopened by sentimental appeals or hard-luck stories, and not much was to be hoped for from that quarter. However, he would return to New York and consult with "Mr. Baldwin," Mr. Carnegie's head man, and with "Mr. Francis," his cashier, and see if they could not devise some plan whereby they could send the Citizens' Bank fifty thousand dollars the next week.

The directors rubbed their hands in famous glee. Their nerves were fresh-braced and their spirits raised. Thank God, the storm was passing.

Mr. Carnegie's "representative" was rather Fabian himself after his arrival in New York. Why should anybody be anxious about vulgar cash after the assurance of Mr. Carnegie's personal representative? There are, however, impossible people who are always horribly practical, and after waiting a reasonable time, Mr. Beckwith wrote Mr. Carnegie's "representative" that unless a settlement of Mrs. Chadwick's affairs was immediately consummated, he would place Mr. Carnegie's two hundred and fifty-thousand-dollar note on the market. Mr. Carnegie's "representative" replied that such a course would be disastrous, suicidal — a trifle more of patience and the whole matter would be satisfactorily worked out.

Beckwith and two of his fellow directors took train for New York. In his down-town office, Mr. Carnegie's "representative" told them that the reason a settlement had not been brought about was that Mr. Carnegie's agents, "Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Francis and the rest of them," didn't dare take the responsibility. He himself had recommended that fifty thousand dollars be immediately paid over to the Oberlin bank, but they had all sat down on him. Indeed, he had pressed the matter so hard that "Mr. Baldwin, the head man," had gotten angry and had told him his own head would come off and that after the first of December he would be out of the case and out of their employ, if he didn't look out. They had decided not to do anything until Mr. Carnegie's return from abroad, which they were advised would be in about a week. "Mr. Baldwin" had gone over to Europe in the latter part of June to see Mr. Carnegie about Mrs. Chadwick's affairs. All the details had been arranged — the papers for Mrs. Chadwick to sign had been prepared, to be submitted to Mr. Carnegie immediately on his return.

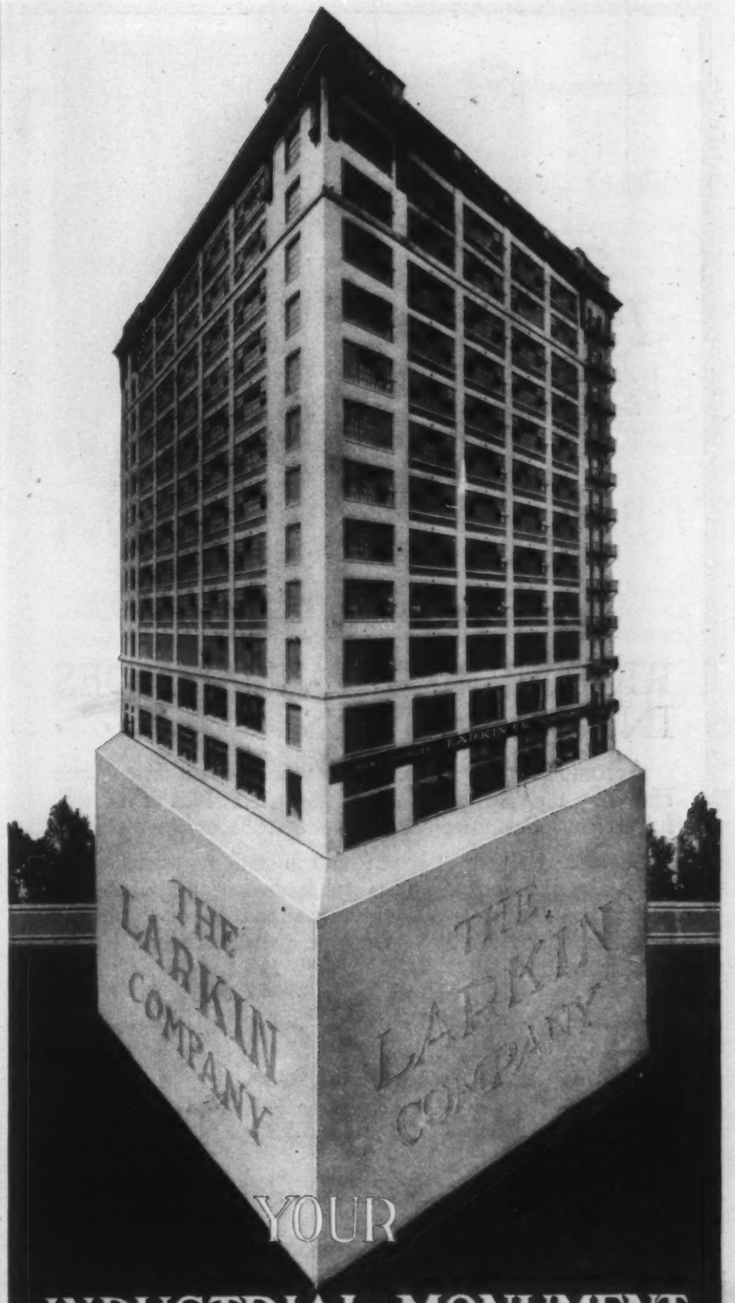
The directors returned home beset by many doubts. Beckwith, now beside himself, again repaired to the Chadwick mansion. To his desperate and urgent pleas, Mrs. Chadwick returned him the silent rhetoric of tender looks, and when he began to upbraid her and to express doubts of her good faith, her gentle, sensitive soul rebelled and she melted into tears. Not to be outdone, Beckwith fell fainting at her feet — no melodrama this time, but the real thing. When he recovered, he threatened to commit suicide, but she callously reminded him that that wouldn't mend matters, and persuaded him to live on and enjoy the great bonuses he would personally derive from the loans made to her out of the bank's funds.

Meanwhile Mrs. Chadwick had not been idle. In the six months that she tortured the soul of Beckwith she had other fish in the pan. Initiative and energy are the secrets of success, and she was not neglecting her opportunities. During this time she raised a million dollars in other quarters by the same spirit-rapping tokens.

Mr. Carnegie had a few enemies in Pittsburgh. No man ever rises to fame or fortune without them. He is a poor human specimen of whom all men think well. Wise in the ways of the world, Mrs. Chadwick now invaded the smoky shades of Pittsburgh and set up her Delphic shrine in one of the best hotels. She was soon in the communication with a well-known firm of lawyers — she never feared the breed. She made known to them her desire to borrow three hundred thousand dollars and her readiness to pay a heavy bonus for the accommodation. She hinted that she had something to offer in the way of securities that might prove interesting to certain Pittsburgh millionaires who had crossed the path of a certain "stiff-necked" Scot.

The lawyers were not slow to arrange a conference between the Wizard of Wheedledom and some of their millionaire clients. The conference was held in Mrs. Chadwick's apartments at the hotel.

When the millionaires entered the room they were amazed at the sight that met their eyes. The apartment was literally bowered with flowers. On tables, mantels and tabour-

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ettes, diamonds, pearls and rubies, in every conceivable style of setting, were strewn about in careless profusion. The financiers gasped for breath before the dazzling spectacle.

Mrs. Chadwick waved her wand and rubbed her ring. She sang her lullaby in her best voice. The financiers fell into a gentle slumber. From that moment the trick was easy. Mrs. Chadwick made known her needs and her desires. Andrew Carnegie had been a "very dear friend of her mother." The unnatural father of a natural daughter had tied up her fortune for the time being. A paltry three hundred thousand dollars was all she wanted, and she was willing to give her note for five hundred thousand dollars, the difference to represent a bonus to the lenders. Security? Certainly. There was Mr. Reynolds's certificate of trusteeship for all those wondrous millions.

The note for five hundred thousand dollars was taken, the three hundred thousand dollars handed over, the diamonds and rubies repacked, and Mrs. Chadwick gracefully retired from a one-night stand which for histrionic talent and box-office receipts made Patti and Bernhardt look like barn-stormers. She had stolen three hundred thousand dollars from a steel city.

She returned to Cleveland and looked around. Presently she thought of Reynolds. She had not seen him in some time. She presented herself at the Wade Park Bank and sought an interview with the old and trusted friend of her husband. This time she said she had twelve thousand dollars in paper payable at the Prudential Trust Company. If Mr. Reynolds would let her have the money, she would put up United States Steel bonds as collateral the next morning. Mr. Reynolds consulted his loan committee, and with their consent handed her over the money.

The next day she brought to the Wade Park Bank an armful package which she said contained two hundred thousand dollars in United States Steel bonds and a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar certificate, which she requested Mr. Reynolds to hold in trust for her under the same conditions as before. When this last package was opened after Mrs. Chadwick's arrest, it was found to contain bonds, but, alas! they were not steel bonds. There were five one thousand-dollar bonds of the "Home Telegraph Company" of Niagara, N. Y., and six certificates of the "Buckeye Fish Company."

Then she rang Mr. Reynolds up on the telephone one morning at one o'clock and told him she was deathly ill and must see him at once. Against his arrival, she prepared herself for a death-bed scene, and when he arrived told him she was *in extremis* — that the doctors had given her up. "I want to have my debts paid before I die," she said. "You have always been good to me. My maid has an important letter addressed to Mr. Carnegie. When I die, take that letter direct to Mr. Carnegie in New York, and he will pay all my debts." Mr. Reynolds really believed she was dying — "she looked terrible" — but she got better, and left Mr. Reynolds with a balance of eleven dollars to his personal account in bank before she got through.

Mrs. Chadwick now turned her attention to the cloth. The Rev. Charles A. Eaton was the pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland, which church John D. Rockefeller attended. Mrs. Chadwick was not a member of his church, but Mr. Eaton said he knew her — that, in fact, everybody in Cleveland knew Mrs. Chadwick. She went to see him. She gently hinted, etc. Her affairs, she said, were tied up owing to Mr. Carnegie's absence in Europe. Mr. Eaton enlisted in her behalf the services of an attorney and note-broker who was a member of his congregation and urged him to see if he could do anything for her. This note-broker interested the treasurer of a local banking concern, who eagerly agreed to take over the Oberlin bank loan, but there were *some* wise men in Cleveland, and his board of directors balked. Then Mr. Eaton gave Mrs. Chadwick a letter of introduction to a nephew of his who was a member of a prominent Boston law firm. Mr. Eaton urged him to give Mrs. Chadwick assistance if, after an examination of her securities, her statements could be verified. Mr. Eaton's relative was very much taken with Mrs. Chadwick. He thought her a most estimable woman, and deeply religious.

The Boston lawyer introduced her to Herbert D. Newton, a Brookline banker. She showed the banker the securities she held, among them a five-hundred-thousand-dollar note signed "Andrew Carnegie," and the certificate signed by Iri Reynolds, the Cleveland banker, which set forth that he had in his possession the same millions of dollars in securities belonging to Mrs. Chadwick. Mrs. Chadwick explained that on one of his numerous trips to Scotland, Mr. Carnegie had carried with him a block of her Caledonia Railway stock which she desired him to dispose of, and in lieu of a receipt for the stock, he had given her his note for five hundred thousand dollars.

Newton communicated with Mr. Eaton, who vouched for the Reynolds signature and spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Reynolds's character and business standing. Further inquiry in Cleveland confirmed this word. Newton took Mrs. Chadwick's sacred honor as to the genuineness of the Carnegie signature. On these representations he loaned her altogether about two hundred thousand dollars.

None of Mrs. Chadwick's notes being paid when due, Mr. Newton became suspicious that everything was not just as it should be. A conference was held in New York, and Dr. Chadwick gave the Brookline man two notes covering a loan of ninety thousand dollars that had been made to Mrs. Chadwick. These were not paid. Dr. Chadwick, to make them good, on the eve of his departure for Europe, gave Mr. Newton two checks for twenty-five thousand dollars each drawn on an Ohio bank. These also were dishonored. Then Mr. Newton got busy and sent his lawyer to Cleveland to look up Mrs. Chadwick's record.

Had she known of this last move and carried out her plans without delay, Mrs. Chadwick might now be residing in luxury in some foreign country, protected from extradition. But her last trump was to get another half million dollars out of Pittsburgh — then she would make her way across the ocean to Brussels. Her husband and his daughter were already in the Belgian capital. She had taken the precaution months before to be informed by the best legal talent in Brussels of the details of treaties between Belgium and the United States, and had discovered that she would be safe from extradition there.

She visited Pittsburgh several times. She invited certain capitalists of that city to Cleveland and entertained them lavishly at her house. On these occasions, her servants and other "dummies," dressed in elaborate toilettes which her own large and expensive wardrobe provided, posed as the wives of prominent Cleveland men. Perhaps she overplayed her hand — in any event, the money came hard. She now sent for Dr. Chadwick and his daughter, her husband bringing certain jewels and other articles of virtu which she thought necessary for her purpose. She redoubled her efforts with the Pittsburgh money-lenders, and appeared to be meeting with success, and Dr. Chadwick and his daughter again sailed for Europe.

Meanwhile Newton and his lawyers, in running down the career of Mrs. Chadwick, got through some Cleveland people a hint of her resemblance in face and history to the notorious Madame De Vere who had served time in the Ohio State penitentiary.

Mrs. Chadwick was now in New York, stopping at the Holland House. Newton and his lawyers lost no time in getting there, and still this marvelous woman convinced them that all would yet be well. They took from her an assignment of the "securities" in the possession of Reynolds, the secretary and treasurer of the Wade Park Bank, and returned to Cleveland. But they were refused the securities. Mr. Reynolds was "bound by a solemn oath" not to divulge the secrets of the papers. Then Mrs. Chadwick hurried to Cleveland and backed Reynolds up. She had been too hasty,— Mr. Carnegie would never stand for it; he would put his foot down on the whole arrangement, and would leave her penniless. His power was tremendous. There was no telling what he might do — and then Mr. Newton would have to whistle for his money. Could he not wait?

You can fool some Yankees some of the time, and you can fool some Yankees all of the time, but you cannot fool all Yankees all of the time — and Newton was no longer to be fooled. His Yankee shrewdness had resumed its seat of reason — had returned to its milk. He brought suit against Mrs. Chadwick.

Then Cleveland woke up. The whole city was in a pucker. Some of the things Mr. Newton had learned about Mrs. Chadwick began to seep through the pencil-points of the newspaper reporters. Two or three days later a run started on the Wade Park Bank, and it was compelled to post a caveat that its depositors must give sixty days' notice of the withdrawal of deposits. Four Cleveland men gathered up all the ready cash they could lay their hands on, and speeded in

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an automobile at the rate of a mile a minute to another near-by city to meet a sudden run that threatened the ruin of another bank which had suffered from a Chadwick spell of finance. Men all through the Chadwick gold-brick belt began to ask one another, "How much did she get of you?" Fourteen Cleveland bank presidents issued an anti-panic proclamation.

The Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin could not stand out. It closed its doors. Its honored president was a mental and physical wreck. His silver-haired wife hovered over his stricken pillow. He made a full statement to the United States District Attorney, and then went into a decline until he died two months later. Almost with his dying breath he declared his faith in the shadow of Cassie Chadwick's birth.

From the Holland House in New York, to the New Amsterdam Hotel, and then to the Hotel Breslin, Mrs. Chadwick moved under the surveillance of secret-service men. Her Swedish maid was with her. She was still radiating confidence in her ability to pay among the creditors who sought her. She had pulled out of many tight places — why not out of this? Her creditors, still under the spell, saw a striking resemblance in her features to the picture of the great iron-master, and fondly believed that he would yet come to her rescue.

She assured them that she would weather the storm, and she put over one more trick. She descended on Wall Street, and entered the office of a firm of lawyers who had the reputation of being Mr. Carnegie's attorneys. News of her presence in the building was soon bruited about. A crowd of people filled the street from curb to curb, and sought positions on the steps of near-by buildings to catch a glimpse of the woman whose doings were now the talk of a continent. The crowd increased so rapidly that the police reserves were called out. But Mrs. Chadwick did not reappear at the door she had entered. Her purpose had been served. She left the building through a window on the sixth floor, crossed the roof of an adjoining building, and made her exit on Pine Street, where a conveyance awaited her.

Mr. Carnegie sat in his mansion on Fifth Avenue answering questions and announcing with a suggestion of merriment in voice and eye that Mrs. Chadwick had demonstrated one thing. His own credit must be good when his name signed to paper, even by somebody else, could conjure a million and a half out of bank vaults.

When John J. Sullivan, the United States District Attorney at Cleveland, had secured the confession of Beckwith and the assurance of Mr. Carnegie that he neither knew Mrs. Chadwick nor had ever signed any of her magic paper, he ordered Mrs. Chadwick arrested on the technical charge of conspiring with the president and cashier of the Oberlin bank to certify a check on that bank when they knew there were no funds to meet it.

A small crowd saw her departure from the Hotel Breslin in the company of secret-service men. Her star was now fallen. Her dinner that night consisted of a ham sandwich, an orange and a piece of cake from a Broadway lunch-counter.

She was met by a great concourse of people at the railroad depot in Cleveland. There were cries here and there of "Where's the money?" and "How's father Andy?" but her deafness saved her from hearing them. The crowd was anything but hostile. They broke into cheers. So dense was the rout that at one point it took twenty minutes for the carriage to move forty feet.

She was placed on trial in the United States Court, and the presence of Andrew Carnegie was probably one of the reasons why she did not take the witness-stand. She was "game" until the verdict of guilty fell from the lips of the foreman of the jury, and then she collapsed. She was sentenced to ten years in prison, and was returned to the Ohio State penitentiary whence she had emerged twelve years before. Day after day she bent over the wash-tub in that institution until, from shamming illness, she really fell ill, and paid the last debt of nature three years after her incarceration. They took her home and buried her in the little Canadian town where she had first seen the light.

*COMING: More articles by Mr. Connolly; and next month, "Parasites Lost — and Parasites Regained," by Anna Steese Richardson, a further discussion of the type of woman we meet in the same author's "Easy Alimony."*

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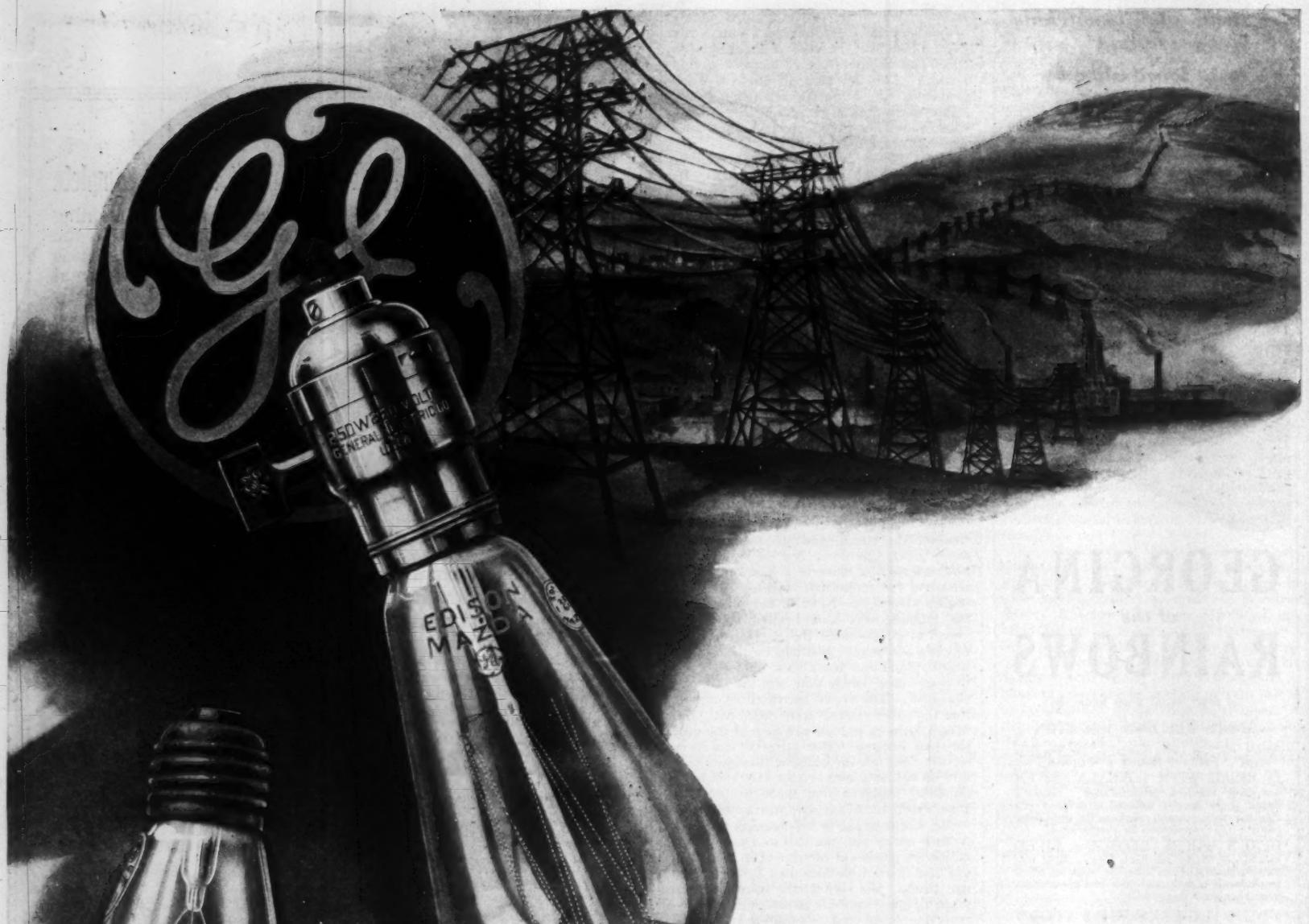

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# How to Live Long — and Love Long

[*Continued from page 22*]

exposures and to the greater temperance in the woman, but is partly a result of a stronger and more enduring vitality, is shown by the fact that, even in the first year of life, when the conditions and exposures of male and female infants are the same, the mortality of girls is less than that of boys."

"As the female is the mother of the new generation," says Dr. Lena V. Ingraham of Boston, "and has closer and more permanent connection with the care of the young, she is of greater importance than the male, from Nature's point of view."

On the other hand women are inferior to men in their susceptibility to certain diseases, notably cancer, which, in the United States between 1908 and 1912, caused over 122,000 deaths among women as against less than 81,000 deaths among men.

As to the probability of this or that disease, there are many bodily signs that have long been recognized. Persons with very dark hair and beard and pale complexion and light eyes that have a cheerful look, and pearly white teeth, especially if narrow-chested, will be easy victims of tuberculosis unless they learn how to guard against it. And short-necked, red-faced men and women, who are easily winded and inclined to be fat, especially if they complain of occasional vertigo or numbness in an arm or a leg, will probably die of apoplexy unless they change their way of living, which they can perfectly well do if they will.

LET us now consider the important place that play should occupy in any wise existence plan. We must make regular provision for play, daily provision, and must see to it, all of us, old and young, that play stands for something that we really want to do, just as children want to go to the movies.

As a matter of fact the need of play is so imperative in us that disaster usually follows its denial. What are the sprees that men and women go on but resistless impulses towards play? And half the misdemeanors, crimes, elopements, suicides, are only fierce strivings against joyless surroundings. No wonder French philosophers warn us to cherish some redeeming *folie* for our old age!

"There is no doubt," says William James in "The Energies of Men," "that to some men sprees and excesses of almost any kind are medicinal, temporarily at any rate, in spite of what the moralists and doctors say."

As a substitute for such dangerous emotional explosions let us form the habit of regular and wholesome play. If we have no fad or hobby like golf (I put that first of all) or like gardening or collecting, or bridge-whist, we must get one. If we have no outside enthusiasm like baseball, motoring or dancing, we must develop one.

Let us go in for amateur theatricals, for billiards, for photography, for fencing, for shooting clay pigeons. Let us buy a motor boat, or qualify as air-pilots. Let us do anything except waste the joy-and-health-giving possibilities of our precious spare hours.

Some years ago in the Casino of a French summer resort I remember watching a kindly-faced old man who spent his days and his nights at the gambling tables dealing maximum banks at baccarat and losing large sums of money.

Finally several of us, feeling sorry for him, ventured to remonstrate.

"You will ruin yourself, my dear sir," said we. "You've been losing a hundred thousand francs a day."

"More than that," smiled the old man benignantly, "I have lost a million francs in the last week."

Then as we stared at him he went on cheerfully: "Gentlemen, I am sixty-nine years old and this is the first time I have really enjoyed myself in my whole life. I have always worked hard and never played. I'm alone in the world with a fortune of sixty million francs, so you need not worry about me. I propose to enjoy myself here for a few weeks and," he beamed at us, "I hope you will all benefit."

The amusing part of it is that from this moment the tide turned and the old man proceeded to clean up everything in sight with the same friendly smile. *He was learning to play.*

The system that I suggest of daily pleasures can be made to help wonderfully in keeping us to our general plan of life, work, play, love, care of the body, since our daily joys and gaieties may come as rewards for personal efficiency and as stimulants towards further well doing.

Rewards for personal efficiency? Exactly. And penalties for personal inefficiency? Perhaps. It is an amusing little game that we can learn to play with ourselves, one that will give new interest and importance to humdrum tasks and duties. Let us in the daily round be our own watchful masters and judges, with our own high standards, higher than any that will be forced upon us, and let us work out for ourselves a reasonable system of pleasures and occasional penances, self-awarded according to our achievements. Thus, unless we have meritoriously performed our morning tasks we will *not* tango at the Biltmore in the afternoon. Nor will we appear at the Polo Grounds on Saturday to see the Giants strive for the pennant unless we have carried out our weekly plan of life to our own satisfaction. And so on.

I know a man who has devised a method by which the habit of excessive newspaper reading, to which he was a slave for years, becomes both an increased daily pleasure and, indirectly, a stimulation to work, instead of an interference, as it often is. Formerly, as happens with most Americans, his first thought at breakfast was the morning newspaper and he would linger over it for half an hour or more, reading many unimportant things and frequently reading the same things twice, often in two or three newspapers, simply to prolong this rather lazy mental indulgence. And the longer he dawdled over his papers the less ready he was to attack the serious business of the day.

Now he never looks at a newspaper until he has done a certain stipulated amount of writing, and it seems to me this plan is wise, because a man's first and best morning energies should go undisturbed to his work, regardless of the latest murder mystery or of what some editor thinks about the Maine elections. Why not take the news as one of the day's pleasures to be enjoyed *after* it has been earned and not before?

JUST as we are helped by play so we may at times gain extraordinary physical and spiritual benefit from change. A change of air and water, a change of scene, a change in the faces about us — doctors know how much good these may accomplish.

I myself, some years ago, cured a bad attack of rheumatism and gained various other benefits by taking a thousand-mile horseback journey through Asiatic Turkey. Day after day I had to be lifted into the saddle, for my joints were swollen and painful, but I stuck to it and at the end of three months this change and out-of-door life did what a year of doctoring with drugs, electricity and massage had failed to do, and when I came back to New York my rheumatism was gone.

Also we hear of a change of heart, a new view of life, a suddenly vivid understanding of responsibilities, opportunities. Overnight, as it were, a man or woman whom we think we know becomes a different man or woman, a stronger, more courageous, finer man or woman.

I have in mind a man of forty-two who, five years ago, was in shattered health, a slave to various vicious habits, so that, in spite of fine talents, he could hold no responsible position. He was a wreck, the doctors said, good for the scrap heap. And he told me that he had resolved to kill himself.

Then this wonderful thing happened that we have all witnessed, *the change within*, and today all is supremely well with this man, his health is sound, his face radiant, his work successful, his bad habits vanished like an evil dream.

In periods of depression, of failure, of ill health, let us seek one of these miracles that come through change. Let us have the courage to break away from conditions that harm us whether in body or mind. We can do this by using our imagination and our power of will, we can find the way to do it, we *must* find the way.

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and will die there needlessly, victims of surroundings, unless they change. And they *can* change, even the poorest of them if they will. The country is full of fresh-air jobs; the farms, the mountains, the rivers, the logging camps offer health and a livelihood to all who will come and take them. *But they will not come.* So it is with the rest of us. If we let our surroundings crush us, demoralize us, break our hearts, it is our own fault since we might change these surroundings for better ones, *if we would.*

In studying the question of longevity one wonders why it is that paupers in almshouses who have so little to live for, nevertheless greatly surpass the well-to-do and the rich in living to an advanced age.

One reason evidently is (along with simple food) that they have entirely eliminated vanity from their lives. They sit in the sun and gossip and smoke placid pipes, having given up all striving and all false pretense. They offer themselves to the world for exactly what they are, paupers; and having nothing to worry about and no claims of station to justify, they are perfectly happy and go on living forever.

But the rest of us, alas, are never rid of our masks. Our supposed importance! Our standards of respectability, self-imposed, that always race ahead of our incomes! Respectability! How strange that we should deliberately try to make life harder! As if it were not hard enough already!

In New York City where the avenues are laid out on a rigorous scale of vanity, it would be a social disaster for a family living on Madison Avenue to move one block into an equally comfortable house on Lexington Avenue. And a tragedy if they moved another block to the neighborhood of Third Avenue! And a descent into utter oblivion if they moved another block to Second Avenue!

At least this is what we are taught, this is what we imagine, and we cling to such foolish conventions and traditions at all costs, including health and peace of mind. What would people *say* if we suddenly took to living simply according to our tastes and our means? What would people *think* if we made ourselves out a little *less* important, a little *less* prosperous than we actually are?

As a matter of fact people would say and think very little; people *care* very little what other people do. We may live where we please, as we please, we may have ten automobiles or none, we may spend our summers in Newport or Asbury Park, we may send our children to private schools or public schools without causing more than the briefest ripple of interest among those whose supposed *opinion* holds us in such terrified bondage.

IN one thing the pessimists are right: no matter what we do, no matter how excellent our plan of life may be and how faithfully we follow it there will come periods of depression and discouragement, bad days, bad nights when fears and anxieties assail us and nothing seems worth while. Sometimes, for no understandable reason, our mental or moral machinery seems to strike a dead center and will scarcely go on.

Those are times to be lived through somehow. Sleep will help, work will help, long walks in the country will help. And, when everything else fails, we can often start the machinery by forgetting ourselves entirely in some little loving act.

I know a woman who never lets a day go by without deliberately doing some act of love, something that requires effort or self-denial on her part, something that will give pleasure to another person; best of all surprised pleasure, an unexpected flower, an unexpected service. The person who benefits may be almost a stranger, the loving act may be even done anonymously.

Of course this involves *noticing* what will probably give pleasure to others, studying their wishes, their needs, perhaps writing such things down in a book of loving purposes, large or small, to be carried out when opportunity offers or when one is able to carry them out. It is amazing how a poor or unimportant person, by such unselfish planning, can give the keenest joy to even a very rich and important person. There is no limit to the power of unselfish love, no barriers can resist it, but this power comes to us strongly only through its continual exercise.

And nothing is more certain than that those who learn to use this power and who *work regularly* at using it will benefit immensely in health and will find their days passing happily in the main. Whereas those who are powerless in love, those who have learned to achieve only for themselves will inevitably suffer in body through the poisons of selfish-


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ness (real poisons like those of anger and fear) and, although apparently living, they will be dead to life's most exquisite delights. Dead souls because love has gone out of them!

And now we come to another great truth in this inexhaustible subject. Not only does the power of love make for health of body and mind, but it makes for physical beauty. As our thoughts are, so are our faces, and it is possible for the plainest woman to make her eyes beautiful, her mouth beautiful, her whole countenance beautiful simply by making her soul beautiful. On the other hand we may see a woman dowered with every physical advantage become hard-faced and repellent after a few years of arrogance and vanity. This is true regardless of social milieu. We see the same frozen masks of women in exclusive opera-boxes and in cheap dance halls. It is the soul that matters.

Similarly men can, if they will, change their faces, their expressions, their physical attractiveness or unattractiveness.

If anyone doubts this let him look in the mirror at his own face and watch his own features as he makes them portray the emotions of hatred, cunning, anger, sensuality; then, in pleasant contrast, bends them to good humor, tenderness, spiritual exaltation, love. Is any further demonstration necessary?

And remember that the habitual expressions of our faces *fix themselves* in lines about our eyes, in lines about our mouths, so that all the world may read what we are. There is no possibility of hiding it. There is the record, the ugly or the beautiful record—how we have lived, how we have loved—written by ourselves.

Fortunately we can change a bad record. Our facial lines can be taught to curve differently, taught by love. We can make over our faces just as we can make over our lives, our health, our affections, *if we will.*

As a practical aid to anyone who greatly desires to accomplish this work of self-embellishment I would say: "Have a number of pictures taken of yourself showing your best expressions and select from these the one that gives you the truest and most inspiring glimpse of your own highest possibilities. Be sure it is not touched up and made pretty; let it show, along with the strong lines of life, something of the noblest manhood or womanhood that is in you. Then place this picture, worthily framed, on the wall or mantelpiece of your bedroom where you can look at it gaily or gravely before you sleep at night and as you waken in the morning, or can stand before it in sad moments when you need comfort, eye to eye, gathering strength and inspiration from this image of your best self, this nearest approximation to your own soul."

I must admit that there is some disagreement, especially among worldly persons, as to the accuracy of the above statements, in spite of the high authority that supports them, I know, for example, a woman of wide experience and unusual discernment, who denies that it is possible, except in extreme cases, to read in a person's face the character of the life, good or bad, that this person has lived. And she makes this challenge: "You select twenty respectable women, society women, business women, church-going women, home women between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five, and let me select twenty women of the same ages who are not respectable. Then dress them all alike and invite them to tea and see if a committee of prominent citizens, after talking to them and studying their faces, can pick out the respectable ones from the others. They could not do it nor come near to doing it."

In order to test the truth of this contention, which, of course, applies equally to men, we herewith present six composite photographs, some of these being likenesses of persons held in honor, the other half photographs of persons not held in honor.

Isn't it perfectly obvious which are which? And doesn't that prove that my friend's contention is wrong? Our faces reveal our souls. There is no doubt about that.

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# Investing in Motor Stocks

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

*Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"*

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ONE of the most fascinating and bewildering series of financial and investment problems now calling for answer has to do with the motor industry. In the space of a short article only certain outstanding elements of the problem can be stated, and a few pertinent implications drawn as to the investment or speculative merits of motor securities.

It must be said that the motor industry has been the subject of much croaking and mistaken criticism from the start. Almost every new industry is disparaged until it proves itself worthy. It is quite true that only a few years ago several of the largest motor companies were in a hard way. The great United States Motors flotation "went bad," the Pope company failed and the now opulent General Motors looked pretty shaky. But demand for cars increased so rapidly that United States Motors was soon put on its feet, the General Motors found itself almost embarrassingly rich, and other concerns which were supposed to be too freely watered were able to pay big dividends.

Now the critics have again become busy. This is what they say: "Prices are being cut right and left, new low-priced cars are springing up like mushrooms. We will soon reach a point where everyone will have a car except the poorest laborers, and in a few decades more at the present rate of production almost the entire net income of the American people will be spent for cars. Much of the present demand is due to temporary war prosperity. To meet rising labor and material costs cars are being manufactured of poorer material, and in time the public will discover this fact. Cutting prices can have only one result, the survival of the few fittest. People once thought the railroads could go on indefinitely cutting rates and yet make profits, but wholesale ruin in the panic of 1893 was the result. The automobile has almost reached the point of saturation."

What is the other side of this shield? Of course there is a limit to everything, including the automobile, and as in every other new industry there are some promoters who act as if they could have made the world in one day instead of six. But heretofore the automobile makers have had a much better idea as to the capacity of the country than bankers or other outsiders. They know, or think they know, their market better than outside critics, and thus far they have been right.

No person can justly measure the possibilities of this wonderful business. Most readers of this article know the figures, how in 1906 there were fewer than 50,000 cars in the country, while now there are close to three million, with an annual production of about a million. Most picturesque of all is the fact that license fees alone this year almost equal the total cost of cars ten years ago.

Even if we grant that the "saturation" point for pleasure cars is not many years away, everyone must admit that the demand for the commercial vehicle has hardly been scratched. The use of motor lorries in war illustrates their immeasurable possibilities. For short hauls they may ultimately take the place of railroads. No doubt there are numerous opportunities among motor truck stocks for speculative profit. And any sweeping conclusion as to the early cessation of demand for so-called pleasure cars needs modification. Many of these cars are not really used for pleasure at all, but to save the time of farmers, mechanics and laborers. Thus they are economical rather than extravagant. They actually produce rather than waste capital.

Sweeping conclusions or condemnations are wholly out of place in regard to motor securities. But as everywhere else in the realm of investment, discrimination and fine distinctions are needed. One cannot plunge heedlessly without grave likelihood of loss. Already despite the astounding prosperity of the industry the motor stocks, of which there are several on the Stock Exchange, a score on the curb and several scores on no market, are subject to extreme nervousness and dangerous sinking spells. The unvarnished truth is that the motor industry, while full of examples of already realized profits and potential with even more undreamed-of riches, is so new that the hazards are high. This is not the first time in the history of industry where big gains and big risks have gone hand in hand. The Russian proverb has it: "Loss is Gain's elder brother." Capital's return in the motor industry is almost unlimited, but it ought to be to compensate for the hazard.

THE difficulty is that nobody has enough information to be able to say what motor stocks are worth. This is because the industry is so new and has been growing so fast that the experiences of one year have very little relation to the problems of the next. No more acute observation has been made than that of Garet Garrett, the keen-minded financial editor of the *New York Tribune:* "It is an industry without that body of accumulated knowledge which is necessary to make a business feel sure of itself."

No one can accuse the present writer of an undue prejudice against motor stocks. More than a year ago, before the boom in these shares was under way, I included in a list of desirable stocks published in McClure's Financial Booklet the names of at least three automobile securities, Willys-Overland preferred, General Motors preferred and Studebaker preferred, and one preferred issue of a company catering to the trade, Goodrich. Several of these stocks were also suggested for investment at about the same time in an article contributed to *Collier's Weekly.* Of course these stocks have not enjoyed sensational advances such as Chevrolet or General Motors common, but without exception they have moved briskly upward and retained their gains.

This attitude taken by the writer more than a year ago is one which he sees no reason for departing from now. In such an industry as we are dealing with, the cautious investor who is looking for something besides a blind gamble will confine himself to the more *conservative* securities. I do not necessarily mean only those listed on the Stock Exchange. The conservative stocks are those which the dictates of business experience, good judgment and common sense indicate to be such.

INVESTORS should steer clear of every motor stock where the chief activity of the company appears to be stock selling rather than actual car production. Above all avoid as you would the plague any stock the selling campaign for which combines these two features: (1) projected rather than actual production of cars; (2) reference to the profits made by Henry Ford in the automobile business.

The success of Ford is beyond the scope of this article. But in one respect the case is as clear as crystal. Ford has never offered shares in his company to the public, any more than John D. Rockefeller carried on a broadcast campaign to sell his stock at low par values back in the 70's or 80's. And for that matter none of the other well-known motor manufacturers have offered stocks to the public until they had operated for several years, had attained a big production and knew what they were about. Indeed the business sense and restraint of the motor manufacturers in this respect has been most commendable. It is true that the General Motors and United States Motors were floated a number of years ago, but the constituent parts of both companies were by no means new even then; there was the most solid financial and banking connections in both flotations, and in both cases the companies went through a period of hard times before investors saw any profits ahead of them.

Name over the well-known cars, and you will find that practically without exception, and there are a score or more

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| Character of Securities | First mortgage bonds upon real estate, manufacturing plants, natural resources and other properties of ample value and earning power to protect the investor, also municipal bonds and farm mortgages. |
| Location | In established sections of United States and Canada. |
| Maturity | One to twenty-five years. |
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Over fifty years' continuous successful experience qualifies us to recommend these conservative investments.

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The safest possible investment. Illustrated booklet tells why. Write for it and for list and plats of correct loans. We know our field.

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of them, manufacturers have had sense and decency enough to realize that the business was a risky one and to take the early risk themselves. Now that these companies are becoming more solid enterprises, the makers are gradually selling stocks through reputable bankers to the public generally.

I do not go as far as to say that no merely projected motor company will succeed, but the promoters themselves rather than the general investing public should assume the inevitable risk of development. The woods are literally full of automobile "prospects," especially those proposing to sell low-priced cars, and they are covering the country with a stock selling campaign, salesmen, screaming page advertisements in newspapers, pictures of a model car, etc. It is the same old story of a greedy and gullible public.

Now even a man who has never owned or driven a car knows that there are literally dozens of good automobiles, of all prices, on the market today. Even the most extreme optimist will admit that considerable competition, to put the case mildly, exists in the industry. With a few notable exceptions most of these cars have been built for several years past and the most notable exceptions are those of cars backed by men who had already enjoyed an extensive automobile experience elsewhere.

Consequently what counts in the business is management, organization and reputation. It is the repeat orders that tell. In no other trade is there such close personal contact between buyer and user. The buyer of a car talks things over with every owner before he ventures. On almost every street corner, wherever two men or even women meet, there is discussion of the merits of various cars. Cars must be sold year after year for a company to prosper, and how can they be sold unless the car is known, unless people have actually ridden in them?

With scores of strong, well-managed, reliable, experienced companies making cars that everyone has ridden in or seen, I think it is only the commonplace of common sense to suspect that the stocks of companies which say they intend to make a new car will prove calamitous for those who foolishly buy them.

### Books About Stocks and Bonds

Due to the present rate of exchange for Russian rubles, it is possible for investors holding securities that have depreciated in value to exchange those securities for bonds of the Russian Government on a basis which should be remunerative. A. B. Leach & Co., 62 Cedar Street, New York, have prepared a letter on this subject that should interest every investor holding bonds whose market value has decreased. A copy of this letter will be sent on request.

Investors desiring to acquire $100 Bonds of the best known issues and of a class that are legal for investment by Trustees and Savings Banks, should send for the special list that has been prepared by Merrill, Lynch & Co., Members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada. They will be glad to send it to investors on request.

Greenshields & Company, 17 St. John St., Montreal, Canada, will send upon request special information dealing with a new Industrial Issue which they recently brought out.

Field, Richards & Company, Union Central Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send upon request a special circular dealing with new issues of high-grade Municipal Bonds.

An exceptionally complete illustrated booklet, containing 150 photographs of public utility properties in which the Standard Gas and Electric Company owns investments, is being prepared and will be mailed on publication by H. M. Byllesby & Company, engineers and managers, 202 La Salle Street, Chicago; Trinity Building, New York, and Gas Building, Tacoma.

"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet on Municipal Bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Company of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. A request to any of their offices will bring this booklet.

Sheldon, Morgan & Company, 42 Broadway, New York, publish an interesting book, D-2, explaining their plan for the purchase of standard securities in any amount.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New


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He started right—insisted upon a bond investment which offered absolute security, good yield and marketability. Today this man is *independent*, care and worry free, because he continued buying municipal bonds. The Moral is—Begin Now!

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Signed .....

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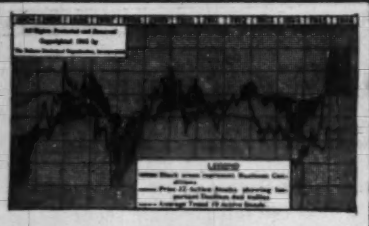

## Watch Your Profits

**On November 21 our bulletin,**

***"The Investment Situation"***

**will be issued. It will deal in a thoro manner with the conditions which exist at this time.**

**Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.**

**Copy of November 21 Bulletin sent free. Write Department M-31 of the**

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THE 6% Gold Notes of Standard Gas and Electric Company are an unusually attractive investment. We will mail you without charge our new 64-page book containing 150 photographs of the prosperous utility properties comprising the organization, serving a diversely located population in excess of 1,800,000. Graphic charts show stability and growth of earnings 1911-15, inclusive. All operating units are under our own experienced management.

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THE UNLISTED SECURITIES REVIEW

**5 TO 8% WITH SAFETY**

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will be sent monthly free of charge to anyone who is interested in high grade unlisted stocks and bonds. The Review contains suggestions for unusual investments, list of about 75 unlisted stocks, their quotations, dividend rates, etc. Other interesting features. We do not deal in mining stocks.

*Send for Copy and Circular 68.*

**DAWSON, LYON & CO.**
INVESTMENT STOCKS AND BONDS
42 WALL STREET NEW YORK


York City, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free upon request.

Dawson, Lyon & Co., 40 Wall Street, New York, will send monthly, free of charge, to those interested in high grade unlisted stocks and bonds, the Unlisted Securities Review and Circular 68.

Possible pitfalls of the small investor are brought to light in condensed form in a new leaflet, "Partial Payment Precautions," just issued by John Muir & Co., of 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y. It will be forwarded to those interested on application.

The Bankers Trust Company, 14 Wall Street, New York City, will be glad to send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with the many advantages of using "A. B. A." Cheques when traveling.

The Investors' Guide is the title of a booklet which gives definitions of technical terms; compares stocks, bonds and real estate mortgages, and in an interesting manner outlines the principles and methods of Investment. Free copies may be obtained from E. F. Coombs & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Company, 15 Wall Street, New York.

S. W. Straus & Company, Straus Building, Chicago, and 150 Broadway, New York City, will send to McCLURE readers who write for it Straus's Investors' Magazine, also booklet No. K-551.

In addition to their Odd Lot Booklet U-5, describing the partial payment method of buying stocks, Hartshorne & Picabia, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, are distributing copies of an interesting letter on the earnings and financial position of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway.

Williams, Troth & Coleman, 60 Wall Street, New York, will send on request an interesting booklet [Mc-41] describing a varied list of high-grade public utility securities.

A very interesting booklet has recently been issued by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

Anyone interested in the securities market should send to L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, for their statistical books on Copper Stocks, Motor Stocks, Standard Oil Stocks, Investor's Guide (270 pages) or Weekly Market Letter. Any one of these books free on request.

The National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York City, will send upon request an interesting pamphlet dealing with proposed changes in the Income Tax Law.

Slattery & Co., 40 Exchange Place, New York City, publish a hand-book containing all important statistics on motor securities. This will be sent to you free, including booklet explaining The Twenty Payment Plan. Ask for 25-A.

"14 Utility Companies" is a booklet describing the strong features of public utility bonds, which are rapidly increasing in popularity among conservative investors. Copies may be had from P. W. Brooks & Co., New York, on request for "Utility Review M."

To those interested, the Citizens' Savings & Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio, will gladly send Booklet D, which explains their system of Banking by Mail.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movements in security, commodity, and labor prices.

"Bonds of our Country" tells how bonds accepted by the United States Government may be purchased in $100 denominations and on partial payment plan. Write for booklet K, New First National Bank, Columbus, O.

The Continental Trust Company, 244 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., upon receipt of a request, will mail you a list of Municipal Bonds yielding from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent.; also a list of high-class street improvement bonds paying 7 per cent., and all free from the Government Income Tax.

Booklet T, issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about six per cent. farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

**No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.**

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ASSETS OVER 55 MILLION DOLLARS

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***Send today for Booklet "D"***

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Conservative men and women are placing their funds in sound public utility bonds.

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Their confidence is based on the excellent showing this class of securities has made for the past thirty-five years even during the stressful period of the past few years.

**Fundamentally Sound**

They are mortgages on the carefully appraised property of companies supplying gas and electricity—absolute necessities—to growing communities.

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The companies have a legal monopoly in their business field and show excellent earnings—good times and bad.

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**P. W. Brooks & Co**
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A small first payment enables you to purchase one share or bond, or as many as you care to, of Railroad, Industrial and Public Utility Companies. The balance may be paid in convenient monthly installments of $5, $10, $20, etc., depending upon number purchased.

You may divide your investment among several dividend paying securities under this plan.

***Write for "Booklet D. 2"***

It is interesting and fully explains "The Partial Payment Plan." Free upon request.

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## Public Utility Preferred Stocks yielding 5% to 8%

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**6%** For 46 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718 926 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.
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¶These two forces are becoming more closely interlocked from day to day, as the general public awakens to the money-making opportunity presented in the purchase of seasoned auto stocks.

¶Some of the motors which appear to possess the greatest investment and speculative attractiveness are:

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¶An inquiry for 25-A will bring our *free* statistical Motor Handbook, with booklet explaining

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These bonds guarantee the best income, security and service considered, without trouble and annoyance to you. The best investment in the long run. Why take chances? Life is too short. Write or call for list and booklet.

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The present-day popularity of Farm Mortgages as investments makes it all the more urgent that investors buy their securities from recognized sources only. Our experience covers 18 years, without the loss by an investor of a single dollar. Investigate—send for descriptive pamphlet "F" and current offerings.

We're Right on the Ground.

ESTABLISHED 1893

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We close all loans with our own funds. Our corps of examiners investigate every detail, and when our mortgages are placed on the market, they have measured up to our high standard.

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**THE F. B. COLLINS INVESTMENT COMPANY**
Oklahoma City Oklahoma

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Free from income tax. The same bonds the gov't accepts as security for Postal Savings Bank Deposits. You get 4 to 5½% instead of Postal Banks 2%. *Write for Booklet K —"Bonds of Our Country." FREE.*

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YOU can make the name of your house synonymous with investments, greatly extend your business and prestige by advertising in the Financial Department of McClure's.

*Address Dept. F for particulars.*

**McClure's Magazine, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York**

# Oat-Locomotives *vs.* Power-Wagons

## By Waldemar Kaempffert

*Editor of Popular Science Monthly*

EDISON says that the horse is the worst motor ever designed. As an oat-locomotive he is only two per cent. efficient. In other words, if you look at the twelve thousand to fourteen thousand pounds of fodder that a horse devours in a year as so much fuel, you receive a poor return. Engineers are rather ashamed of the steam-engine; it delivers at the best not more than thirteen per cent. of the energy in the coal burned under a boiler to raise steam. The internal-combustion engine, the engine which burns its fuel within itself (to which class the automobile motor belongs), is a more creditable contrivance; it places at your disposal as much as twenty-five and even thirty per cent. of the energy locked up in the fuel that it consumes. The worst engine of any kind is a model of efficiency compared with the horse as a fuel burner.

If you concede all this but persist in liking the horse because he is romantic and picturesque, because young Lochinvar rode out of the West on his back and King Richard was willing to give up a whole kingdom for him, let me commend to your attention a book entitled "Horse, Truck, and Tractor" by three students of motors — Casson, Ellis, and Hutchinson. After you have read it over you will curse the horse as a parasite.

The horse population of the United States is about twenty-four million, according to the Bureau. Every one of these horses eats the produce of five acres in a year — five acres which ought to be devoted to the growing of human food. Two billion dollars' worth of grain and hay are eaten up by our voracious horse population, and that is more than enough to buy the three million automobiles now in use, or to finance a war of defence, or to operate all the railways in the United States for a year. There are many reasons why it costs more to buy food and clothes than it did twenty years ago. One of them is the cost of the parasitical horse. A population of one hundred and twenty-five million — more than all the people now living in the United States — could live on the land now given over to the raising of horse feed.

But that is not all. About one hundred and thirty million dollars' worth of leather must be fashioned into harness every year. Charge it to the horse if you have to pay more than ever for your shoes. Abolish the horse and New York could clean its streets at an expense of only ten million dollars a year instead of fifty million dollars. If all the horse-shoers, stable builders, hostlers, street-sweepers, harness makers, hay-balers, and whip-makers, a vast army of thirteen million horse slaves, were released from horse bondage and engaged in ministering directly to human wants, who knows but we would hear less of strikes for higher wages to meet the increased cost of food?

Consider the horse in this light, and he seems anything but an economic asset to the nation. Why don't we use motor-trucks instead? Very slowly we are coming to that. Ten millions of our horse population are to be found in cities — wearing out in a year enough iron to make sixty thousand motor trucks or forty thousand farm tractors. Soon there will be nine million, then eight, six, four, two. Horses are disappearing from the streets of Chicago alone at the rate of three thousand five hundred a year. And yet the passing of the horse is slow, because of his numbers. New York has about one hundred and twenty-eight thousand horses. To supplant them with electric trucks would tax present manufacturing facilities for five years, and then five more years would be required to build enough vehicles to take the place of those worn out after ten years' service, according to a study made by Mr. A. J. Marshall, Secretary of the Electrical Vehicle Association of America. No wonder that there are twenty-four million horses and less than two hundred thousand mechanical wagons. This is still a horse age for all our automobiles. Sooner or later the horse will go, and he will go because the cost of him is rising. He is no stronger than he was a century ago; yet his purchase price has increased over one hundred and fifty per cent. in the last decade. His rival, the motor-truck, is stronger than ever; *and its cost is going down.*

A horse is good only for hauling. He cannot drop a load upon a wagon or lift it off. But an engine can do these things and more. Once you instal an engine on a wagon, and you can drive a dynamo to supply current to a searchlight; or to operate a machine-tool equipment, by means of which armies can repair automobiles and aeroplanes in the field; or to drive a winch, by means of which a hole for a telegraph pole can be dug in the ground or a safe hoisted to a fifteen-story window.

But before the power-wagon can rapidly displace the fly-breeding horse, the business man must be taught how to haul goods mechanically. Stage-coach methods are not applicable to passenger railways; horse ideas are not applicable to motor-trucks.

If a motor-truck costing five thousand dollars is to make or save money, it must be kept in constant motion; if a team of horses is not allowed to rest at frequent intervals, the S. P. C. A. should step in and arrest its cruel imbecile owner. An idle motor-truck loses money; a resting horse is a splendid example of business conservation. The two ideas are incompatible. Yet horse ideas are still applied to motor transportation.

BUT how can you keep a motor-truck moving ten, twelve, and fifteen hours a day? Study the mechanical transportation in your home town, or, better still, consult the efficiency engineers on the staff of a motor-truck manufacturer, men whose advice is to be had for the asking. You will be astonished to discover how ingeniously the problem has been solved. Time must be saved — the time lost in loading and unloading. And so the efficiency engineer hit on the paradoxical idea of loading a truck when it wasn't there to be loaded — when, in fact, it was actually miles away delivering boxes of soap. That feat he accomplished by means of "demountable" bodies, as they are infelicitously called, which are changed almost as easily as you change your hat. While the motor-truck is on its way delivering barrels of flour in one body, another is being filled at the shipping platform. When the truck returns, it wastes no more than ten minutes in ridding itself of its empty body and in receiving the full.

It is still supposed that the motor-truck saves money only when great distances are to be traveled and that it cannot compete in cheapness with the horse when the haul is less than a mile. The demountable body has enabled the motor-truck not only to out-distance the horse but to out-cheapen him even for very short journeys. As soon as he discovered that, a Philadelphia publisher bought a fleet of electric trucks and half a dozen demountable bodies. He sends a

## *Life Insurance Without Agents is a Distinct Public Service*

**Timely Talk on a Vital Subject**

*(Scene: Pullman smoking compartment. Judge Kirkland and Lawyer Roberts continuing a conversation begun at dinner.)*

*Judge:* "Well, this business of selling direct-by-mail throughout the country is surely very popular with the public."

*Lawyer:* "Yes, but some of my clients say that in the interests of local merchants, the States ought to find some way to check it."

*Judge:* "I don't see why they should check it or how they can do it. Selling merchandise is an interstate business. I can sell and you can buy in the best market wherever it is. What can any State do about it?"

*Lawyer:* "You're probably right, I'll admit. The States can't very well put the 'kibosh' on legitimate interstate business."

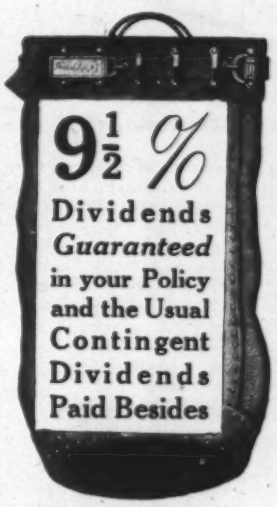
*Judge:* "Certainly not, and I doubt if the States can hold up arbitrarily a direct-by-mail transaction which does *not* come under the head of Interstate Commerce."

*Lawyer:* "How's that?"

*Judge:* "Well, take life insurance. The Supreme Court has decided that life insurance isn't interstate commerce, yet policies are written for people all over the country, and have been for years."

*Lawyer:* "Oh, you mean by the Postal Life?"

*Judge:* "Yes. The Company hasn't any agents and never has had. The applicant deals direct, personally or by letter. If he's a good risk, the Company issues the policy and sends it to him and after that he pays his premiums by mail, and there you are. Of course, the State may think it ought to have some tax or




license, but for what? Uncle Sam carries the letters. Where does the State come in?"

*Lawyer:* (laughing) "Guess you're right. I wrote the Postal once myself just to find out how the Company did business, but never followed it up."

*Judge:* (laughing) "I go you one better; I not only wrote them, but took a policy nine or ten years ago and have carried it ever since."

*Lawyer:* "How's the cost?"

*Judge:* "Lower than in other companies for the same kind of insurance—legal reserve—and besides that they give me a free medical examination each year just so I can keep in trim."

*Lawyer:* "That's pretty good. You live in Idaho and deal with a New York company by mail. Did you ever look the company up?"

*Judge:* "Only to know that it is chartered and licensed by New York State, whose laws are very strict, but I called on them when I was East last June. They're just going into their new building on Fifth Avenue."

*Lawyer:* "Are they? Believe I'll write and have 'em figure on a policy for me."

*Judge:* "Don't think you could do better. Life Insurance without agents is a distinct public service. The Postal saves you money, safeguards your health and will treat you right in every way. I'd take another policy myself if I hadn't passed the age-limit."

**That tells the story. Thoughtful insurers like Judge Kirkland take policies with the Postal and not only hold on to them but are disposed to take new insurance, while those like the lawyer Roberts, who at first write out of curiosity, at last find they can save money by taking a Postal policy and they do it.**

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*"Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in November McClure's."*

In your letter be sure to give:

1. **Your full name.**
2. **Your occupation.**
3. **The exact date of your birth.**

You will receive full information based on official reports regularly filed with the New York State Insurance Department. Writing places you under no obligation and no agent will be sent to visit you. The resultant commission-savings go to *you* because you deal *direct.*

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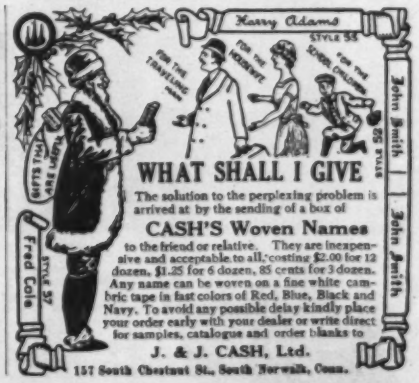


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**Note: McClure readers who own a car, or who expect to own a car, will be interested in the McClure Automobile Year Book published by McClure's Magazine and described on page 90 of this issue.**

# The Triple Cross

[*Continued from page 20*]

"I wouldn't dare to interfere with business," she said smilingly. "But I shall see you again, I hope."

"I hope so," said Blackman, sincerely. The General resumed his seat; the car was again in motion.

"This part of town," explained the lawyer, "has been a residential section for years and years, but it won't last a great while longer."

The broad avenue dwindled to a mere highway which ran through a district of scattered houses and occasional shops; the trolley tracks joined it unexpectedly.

"Stop at the corner," said Mr. Simmons to the chauffeur. "Here we are! You'd better get out, Mr. Blackman." The three stood overlooking an immense, treeless expanse of dirt and underbrush. "Seven acres net. The railroad's over behind that knoll — they could run a spur in here in no time. Trolley where you saw it — that simplifies the labor question. Cheap power, cheap transportation."

"Pardon me," interposed the General. "I don't want Mr. Blackman to misinterpret us. If he should decide to buy this property ——"

"He'd make money on it."

"Perhaps. But I want him to understand that the price we put on it is neither a bargain price nor an excessive valuation."

"Two thousand an acre was what I ——"

"No." The General was mildly annoyed. "The market price in this neighborhood is twelve hundred. That's what I insist upon, Mr. Simmons."

"I call that a bargain."

"But I don't — and I don't want Mr. Blackman to be ignorant of the facts."

"Frankly," said Blackman, "it wouldn't interest me until I've studied local conditions."

"Then there's no use in walking over it now. If you ——"

"Oh, we're here," said the lawyer. "Why not give it a chance?"

"Because Mr. Blackman has said that he prefers to make some investigations first. That's entirely logical."

"Well — just as you say. But ——"

The General addressed Blackman.

"Mr. Simmons," he said, "never remembers that I'm not what he calls a trader. I hate to dicker. I hate to argue. Would you care to inspect this tract further — or have you seen enough?"

"I've seen enough, I think."

"Very well," said the General. "Shall we drive back to the city?"

The tour which followed was eminently pleasurable to Blackman as he gradually sensed the spirit of his host. The one doubt which hammered at his consciousness concerned the relation of that host to a public service corporation, for never in his life had he met a man so little fitted for a traction presidency. When they arrived at last at 156 Main Street, and the lawyer climbed down from the front seat, Blackman was the more pleased by the General's invitation.

"I should be honored," he said, "to have you as our guest at luncheon. I appreciate your hesitancy, but Dr. Floherty is one of my friends, and if you should telephone him from my house ——"

Blackman was aware of violent gestures on the part of the lawyer.

"That's most kind of you," he acknowledged, "and I accept gratefully . . . subject to Dr. Floherty's permission."

As the General gave instructions to the chauffeur, Mr. Simmons hung over the tonneau to whisper to Blackman.

"Bully!" he said. "It's going great! Pump him! And come in to see me tomorrow! Will you?"

For Blackman it was a memorable luncheon. At one end of the table sat the General, dignified, courteous, the apotheosis of hospitality, and at the other seat his daughter, demure, friendly, the apotheosis of sweetness. He stayed until it was perfectly obvious that the General had business elsewhere and when he left, it was with the distinct understanding that he should absent himself for not more than a day or two at the outside. He sent word to the lawyer that their next interview must inevitably be postponed — by the doctor's orders — and yet before he went again to Mr. Simmons's office, he had called three times at General Ames's house, and found increasing welcome. On the third occasion the General himself was not at home. Blackman sat in the living-room with the pretty daughter, and made rapid progress.

"The more I see of your father," he said, "the more I'm affected by his absolute loyalty to Plainville. It's something incredible to me — I feel about as you do."

The girl smiled over her embroidery.

"How do you think I feel?"

"In the only sentence you spoke on the first day I met you, you said you were afraid you didn't love the place as much as he does. I took that to mean you loathe it."

"No-o," said Miss Ames, biting a thread. "I don't exactly loathe it. That is, I try not to."

"Have you traveled much?"

"Only in the middle West."

"Then perhaps you won't be offended if I say that Plainville is the least beautiful city I've ever visited anywhere — and that you've made it one of the most attractive."

She regarded him steadily.

"How should I be offended at that? Isn't that what women are for? It's for men to wring profit out of the world, isn't it? And for us to make it homelike while they're doing it?"

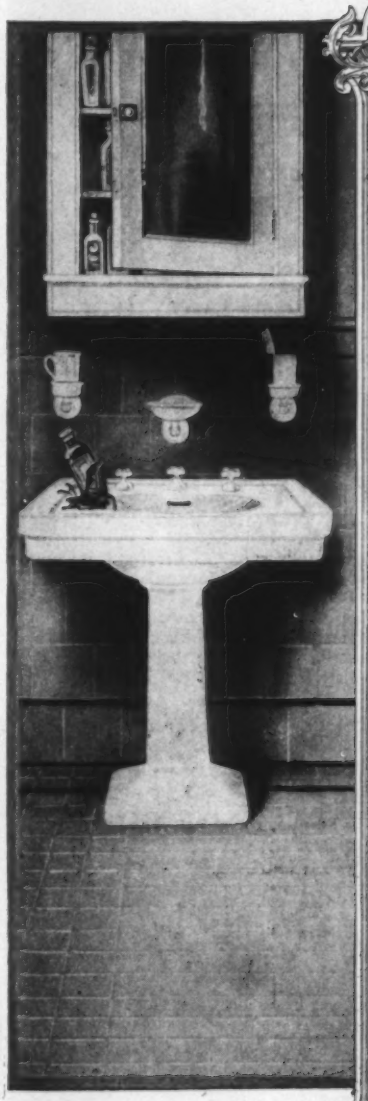
"Not impersonally, though."

"Why not?"

"In any event," said Blackman, "you ought to know that your famous sanitarium is a famous fraud. It's heralded from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific as the best of its kind in the country — and it hasn't done a tenth as much for me as you have."

"Mr. Blackman!"

"Quite truthfully! I came out here for

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"I'm not silly enough to misunderstand you," she said cheerfully. "But here's something *you* ought to know. I didn't ask you to come because I was sorry for you — I asked you to come because I liked you. And that was selfishness, in a way, wasn't it?"

"If it is," he parried, "I hope that it's superlative. I'd rather be here than anywhere else I know."

"Even New York?"

"New York! I should say so! And . . . I may not come again very soon."

"To Plainville?"

"No — to your house."

"But why not? You *said* ——"

"I'll tell you why." Blackman hesitated, and sat back in his chair. "That first day, when we rode up here from downtown, I said to myself that I'd never seen a girl who was more ingenuous, more natural, more desirable — than you. And at luncheon that same day I was sure of it. I've been surer ever since. And here I am — an utter stranger to you! You don't know who I am, or anything about me. I come all at once into your city; I may be gone tomorrow — I enjoy your hospitality; I'm admitted into your home, because of your father's wonderful sense of humanity. He didn't ask me here to discuss business — he asked me because he knew that I was a stranger, lonely; it was his conception of a kindly greeting, and a kindly reception. I came here — distrait, susceptible — and after I've seen you five times it's all I can do to keep from telling you what would justify your father in kicking me out of the house. *That's* why!"

"But — but nothing you would say to me — would be what I shouldn't hear. . . ."

"Judge for yourself! I've c-cared for you — I've loved you from that very first minute!"

After a pause, during which Blackman's blood froze, she said, uncertainly: "I'm glad you told me. I don't know why you *shouldn't* have told me. Things like that are the highest honor we can ever reach. If I pretended to be angry I should be a hypocrite — it's the most wonderful compliment a girl can ever have. . . ."

"Still —" said Blackman.

"Still I . . . I — like you very much," she breathed.

"But — not more than that?"

"Not — now."

"That was what I had a right to expect. And yet you're not angry?"

"*I?* I'm very proud — and very happy."

"Although you — don't care very much?"

"But you're not going to stay away, are you?" she entreated.

"What?"

"You're not going to tell me this — and then refuse to let me know you better?"

"Why," said Blackman, aghast, "I thought you wouldn't want to see me again!"

"But how ridiculous that would be! I've said I like you — ever so much! And you've said — more than that. Don't you like me well enough to let me see you — to know you? If you don't, it wouldn't be very — consistent."

Blackman rose incontinently.

"Do you want me to speak to your father?"

"Wouldn't that be the most straightforward thing to do?"

"Unquestionably. And in the meantime?"

"Yes?"

"Nothing," he stammered. "I — was a bit precipitate. We'd better wait." He took her hand, and carried it to his lips.

A moment later he went swiftly down the brick walk to the gate; the girl, one hand on her heart, listened to every footfall.

MR. STEPHEN SIMMONS, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, leaped to his feet, and reached his hand across the desk to the incoming visitor.

"Glad to see you, old man!" he said cordially. "That ride must have been too strenuous for you."

"It tired me a bit," conceded Blackman.

"Feel better now?"

"Infinitely better, thank you."

"How'd you make out at lunch?"

"Oh, we talked more or less at random."

"Good! You got a line on the General?"

"A very good one."

"Honest, what do you make of a man that'll knock his own property the way he did! Isn't it idiotic? Well — what's the matter?"


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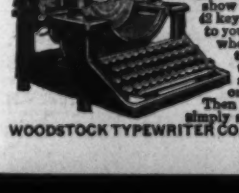

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"I hate to mention it," said Blackman, "but I have a bit of a headache. If you wouldn't object to lowering your voice ——"

"Certainly," agreed the lawyer. He reclined more comfortably, and moved the telephone instrument out of range. "Now — it's understood that anything we talk about here is strictly confidential, whether you invest or not?"

"That goes without saying."

"Fine! Now —you spoke the other day of the traction company. How'd you like to own it?"

"Why, it depends on what it costs."

"That's fair enough. Looked over the town, have you?"

"Yes."

"You and I," said the lawyer, tapping him genially on the knee, "can take over the Plainville Traction Company for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars — cash!"

"No!"

"As true as you're sitting here! Listen! That company was organized ten years ago by General Ames and a couple of other old fools. They capitalized at half a million. They sold stock to all the old families in Plainville. And what did they run? —a *trolley* line! Believe *me*, son, I've looked into it! Their franchise, their charter, would let 'em carry express, freight, mail, passengers — anything! And what do they carry? Eh? They carry *passengers!* Now the reason I stacked you up against the General was this: I wanted you to see how he manages his own affairs. Get it? Always thinking of the other side. Well, he runs the traction company like that. He'd rather die with his boots off than not pay dividends — he don't think of himself; he thinks of his stockholders. *And* — they've never carried freight, or express."

"That was an oversight."

"*Oversight!* Listen! On a half million capital they've paid eight per cent. every year. What's that mean?"

"Forty thousand profit — net."

"Yes! And — they haven't made one blamed nickel net profit since they started!"

"What!"

"It's a fact! The General thinks of the stockholders — so he makes the directors declare a dividend regularly. To do that, every year they have to boost up the statement — increase good-will and franchises — and what's the answer? Eh? Why, today, Mr. Blackman, when they're paying those eight per cent dividends, the Plainville Traction Company's insolvent — bankrupt!"

"Bankrupt! Why ——"

"Wait a second! General Ames has the stock control — all by himself. Four years ago they'd boosted good-will and franchises to such a figure that he didn't dare go higher. So he took his own stock certificates to Chicago, and *hocked* 'em! And he *presented* the proceeds to the road! Get that?"

"It's *criminal!*" said Blackman.

"Of course it is! And more than that — a few years ago there was a smash-up; two conductors and two motormen crippled. What does the General do? He gets the directors to vote him a slush fund, and he sets those four guys up in business — running a jitney bus service that takes money away from his own road! And furthermore, when there was a couple of women stockholders that needed the money, he made the company buy back their stock at 110 — it wasn't worth 40 — and it's a misdemeanor to buy back stock except out of surplus, and there wasn't any surplus, except the fake surplus they got by boosting good-will and franchises to make a statement! *Now* do you get it?"

"And so we ——"

"What we do," said Mr. Simmons, "is to go straight to General Ames. We talk turkey to him. We put up a hundred-odd thousand — that's all he got on his stock in Chicago — and he redeems it, and turns it over to us. And we rout out the fogy directors, and put in a live bunch. We develop the express and freight end of it, and inside of a couple of years we can sell out to Williams and Wiggins of New York for half a million net profit!"

"One moment! First, how do you know you can make General Ames disgorge; second, how do you know we can sell to anybody; third — what's your edge if I put up the money?"

"General Ames," said the lawyer conclusively, "is going to disgorge, because if he don't, we can put him in State's prison; we can sell to Williams and Wiggins because they're snooping around trying to work out a through line, five hundred miles long, to take passengers and express and freight over a long haul on a monopoly of this section of


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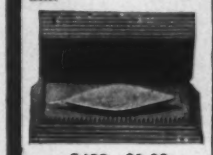

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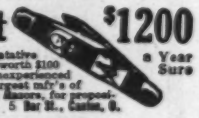

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the state; and I get fifty per cent. of the profits because it's my scheme."

"But the General ——"

"The General's liable for twenty years. If he don't know it, I'll tell him."

"Because he tried to protect his stockholders?"

"Oh, that's all right. Sure, he tried to protect 'em. He gave 'em dividends ——"

"Out of his own pocket?"

"Sure! But he's liable just the same."

"But — if he realized on his real-estate?"

"Listen!" said the lawyer scornfully. "You saw how much of a financier he is! Why, that property of his is *mortgaged* for seven thousand! And he's so careful of the other fellow's feelings that he'd let it go for eighty-four hundred! All he wants to do is to give a square deal—in which he gets stuck!"

Blackman pondered.

"If I could be sure that Williams and Wiggins were really concerned in this ——"

"Say! Listen here! I get my information from headquarters! If Williams and Wiggins don't offer us five hundred thousand for our interest inside of two years, I'll give you *my* interest for thirty cents! And I'll draw the contract myself!"

"That's sufficient. When do we start?"

"Why — any time."

"The sooner, the quicker," said Blackman.

"Tonight?"

"Why not?"

"Suits me. Suppose we meet at the General's house at half-past eight. Then I put the screws on. Right?"

"It seems so. I want to wire New York, though — I'd like to have a good bit of cash to bind any agreement we might make."

"That's a thought. And suppose we eat at the Majestic at six, and set the stage."

"Good!" said Blackman. "I'll be there."

PUNCTUALLY at half-past eight, the colored maid announced to General and Miss Ames that Mr. Simmons and Mr. Blackman craved admission; and presently the quartet were shaking hands in the living-room, and unanimously confirming the state of the weather.

"And if you don't object," said Mr. Simmons, bowing low to the daughter, "we'd like to have a little business talk with you, General."

The three men stood at attention while Miss Ames withdrew.

"When you say business, you refer to the Summit Avenue property?"

"No," said Mr. Simmons. "Not exactly. As a matter of fact, General, Mr. Blackman here thinks he'd like to own the traction company!"

The white-haired host started perceptibly.

"I — I don't grasp that idea, Mr. Simmons."

"It's quite simple. As Mr. Blackman's attorney, I'm here to offer you fifty thousand dollars cash for your holdings."

"But, gentlemen," said the General, turning from one to the other, "there must be an error here somewhere. My stock isn't for sale — and even if it were, fifty thousand dollars would be absurd!"

"Absurd? Well — even so, I'd advise you to sell, General."

"But your advice is preposterous!"

"Oh, not so fast! N-o-t so fast!" The lawyer drew from his pocket a sheaf of memoranda. "General, in 1912 the Plainville Traction Company declared a dividend of eight per cent., didn't it?"

"The company has always paid eight per cent., Mr. Simmons."

"Pre-cisely. And in 1911, the company *lost* money. To be explicit, it lost eleven thousand dollars. That dividend was made possible by a new statement of the company's assets and liabilities, in which good-will and franchises were arbitrarily raised several thousand dollars."

"For the protection of the stockholders. And as long as I am the president of the road, the stockholders will be similarly protected."

"I assume that. Well, in 1913 there was another dividend — and another raise on the books to take care of it. In the same year the company bought back, not out of surplus — because there wasn't any surplus — but out of working capital, stock to the value of twenty-two thousand dollars, didn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it did. There were some of our stockholders who were financially embarrassed ——"

"That's all very well. And the following year, when another dividend was paid, the books were juggled again, weren't they?"

"Juggled! Mr. Simmons, you ——"

"General, I don't doubt your motives for a single second! But to pay those dividends, you had to increase your intangible assets, didn't you? And the same year, you had your directors vote you five thousand dollars to be expended at your discretion for the ultimate benefit of the company, didn't you? And that money went to four men who'd been crippled in service ——"

"The company took care of those men——"

"True, it did. And last year, when you couldn't conceivably add another dollar to good-will, without getting in trouble, you went to Chicago, to the Tenth National Bank——"

"Mr. Simmons!"

The lawyer got to his feet, and shook the memoranda at him.

"And each and every one of those actions of yours," he thundered, "is an indictable offense under the laws of this state! And from the instant that I place *these* —" he slapped the papers vigorously — "in the hands of the public prosecutor . . ." He stopped, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, smiled encouragingly at Blackman, and sat down. "And so," he said, composedly, "in behalf of my client, Mr. Blackman, I offer you fifty thousand dollars for your stock."

The aged General sank into his chair.

"But — but Mr. Simmons, I — I've only — I've only acted to protect — our people."

"Fifty thousand — cash."

"And — I — I borrowed eighty thousand on my stock; you can see ——"

The lawyer glanced at Blackman.

"We'll make it eighty thousand, then."

"And even that would leave me ——"

"Leave you a free man, General — wouldn't it?"

"I — I'm not sure yet ——"

"If you wish, General, I'll quote the statutes from memory."

"But — you didn't advise me ——"

"I advised you personally, General."

"Eighty thousand . . . eighty thousand . . . and nothing left for me!"

The lawyer glanced at Blackman.

"General, we'll make our last bid, and this is final — absolutely final. Take it or leave it — and take the consequences if you do leave it. We offer you ——"

He halted, and gazed spellbound at the door. Miss Ames was there; she came running up to her father, and put her arms around his neck.

"We offer you," said Blackman, rising, "or, rather, *I* offer you — three *hundred* and eighty thousand for your stock, General Ames!"

In the dynamic silence, he heard first Simmons, and then the General catch his breath.

"Three hundred and eighty thousand!" said the lawyer slowly.

"Three *hundred* — and eighty thousand," whispered the General feebly.

"When I came out here," said Blackman with difficulty, "it was to investigate this road! I stayed up at the sanitarium for an excuse. I've seen all I need to. General, I wired New York late this afternoon. I offer you three hundred and eighty thousand for your interest, and there's an express order for ten per cent. to bind the bargain! I'll make the final payment in Chicago when we go there together to redeem your stock at the Tenth National ——"

"You —you stayed on the hill for an *excuse!*" gasped the lawyer.

"Surely! You don't imagine I wanted every Tom, Dick, and Harry to know what I was here for, do you? And you happened to fit right into my plans! You couldn't have managed it better! I came *intending* to offer two hundred and fifty ——"

"And the difference," said Mr. Simmons, paling, "is to cover your personal, private graft! It is, is it? Well, we'll see about that! I'll get *both* of you ——"

"You'll get out!" said Blackman, "and you'll stay out! Understand? I'm representing Williams and Wiggins myself, you idiot!"

"You *are!* Wait! Wait until I tell *my* story! Wait until I tell how you threw away your firm's money! Idiot, am I? Oh, I'll get *you* all right ——"

Blackman took him by the arm, and swung him around to the door.

"Go on!" he said. "Get out of here! Go ahead and tell Williams and Wiggins all you know. Write 'em tonight, will you? Wire 'em! *Cable* 'em! And when you do, don't forget to say that the man who threw you out of General Ames's house in Plainville was their own — junior — *partner!*"

When he returned from the hallway, pulling down his cuffs, and straightening the lapels of his coat, he perceived that the General was smiling weakly, and that his daughter, at his side, was radiant.

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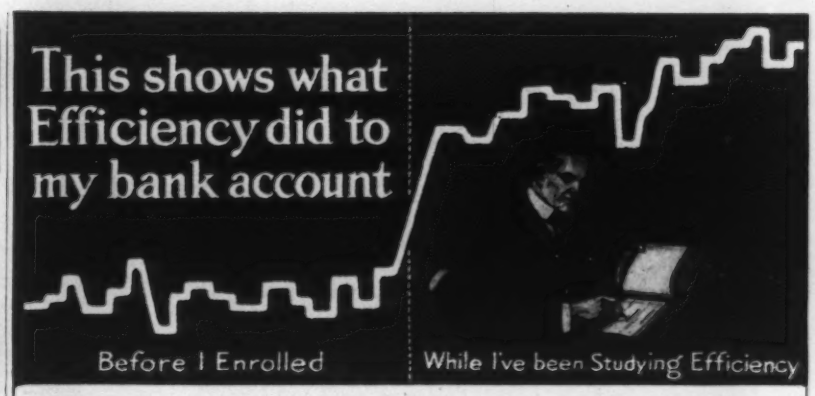


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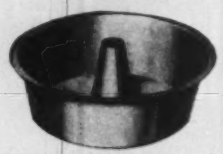

**Tubed Cake Pan**

By inserting the tubed inset in either the pudding pan or the colander, you obtain a fine tubed cake pan.

**Combination Cooker**

By placing the pudding pan in the large kettle and inverting the colander, you can obtain an excellent combination cooker. Meat can be cooked in the large kettle while vegetables are steaming in the inset.

**Steam Cooker**

By placing the colander inside the large kettle and inverting the pudding pan, using the inverted pudding pan as a cover, you have a very good steam cooker, which will cook two articles at the same time, saving space and fuel.

**Stew Pan or Steamer**

By inverting the colander and placing it on the top of the pudding pan you obtain an ideal stew pan, because the perforation of the colander allows the steam to pass off properly.

**Berlin Kettle**

The large five-quart kettle when used with the cover makes an excellent Berlin kettle. It is splendid for boiling vegetables or foods in large quantities because of its peculiar shape, which prevents "cooking over."

**Bake Dish or Casserole**

The pudding pan with cover makes an excellent bake dish, which can be used for the preparation of many different kinds of food, such as baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, apples, etc.

**Colander**

The perforated pudding pan will be found very handy as a colander for draining vegetables, macaroni, washing lettuce, etc.

**Preserving Kettle**

The large kettle without the cover will serve nicely as a preserving kettle. Preserves can be cooked in this kettle with no stirring, thus saving a great amount of labor and time.

**Double Roaster**

A splendid self-basting double roaster can be had by inverting the pudding pan and placing it on top of the large Berlin kettle. Roasts cooked in this double roaster are tender and have a most delicious flavor.

**Double Boiler**

The two quart pudding pan placed inside of the large kettle and used with the cover can be put to all of the uses of a double boiler, such as steaming rice, making oatmeal and other cereals.

**Cereal or Coffee Roaster**

By inverting the colander and placing it on the Berlin kettle you can easily roast coffee, toast corn flakes or make delicious popcorn, especially when the corn is prepared with melted butter.

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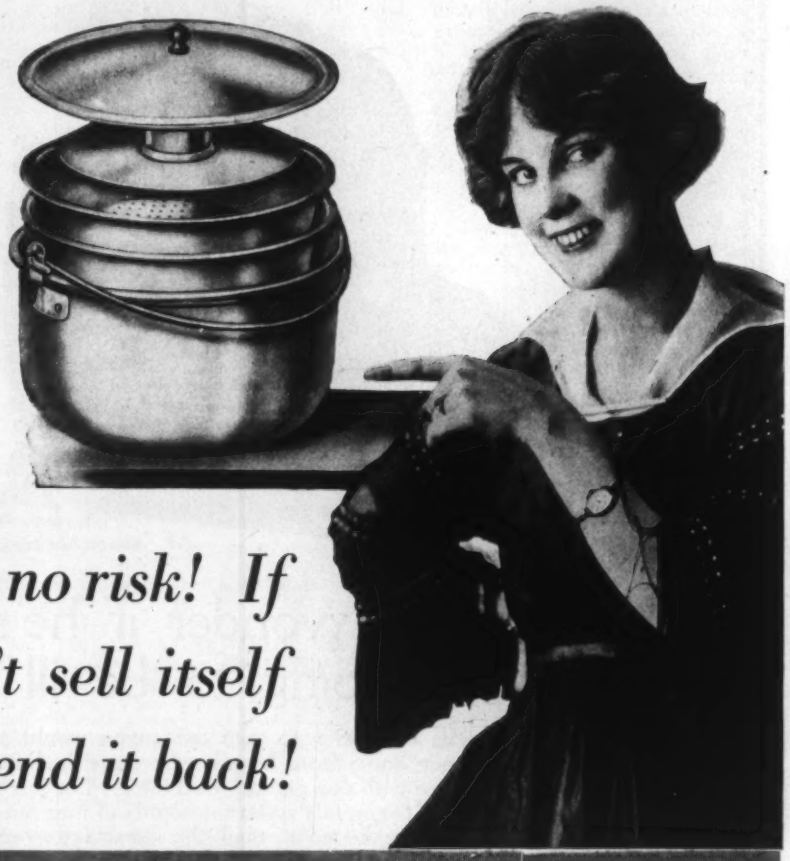

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"General," he said, "I'm sorry this was so uselessly melodramatic — but I couldn't help it. I wanted you to see both sides — what some of your townspeople would do for you, and what we'd do for you. As I understand the facts, our offer lets you out clear, and gives you enough to keep you comfortably for the rest of your life. We're going to run a line through the whole of this section — the Plainville road is merely one link. And instead of being the president of a small road, we want you to be one of the directors of a big one. Does it appeal to you at all?"

Miss Ames was facing him, her eyes shining.

"Mr. Blackman!" she said.

"Edith," said Blackman, "for a little while your father will want to talk things over in our main office. And — as long as you haven't seen anything of the country except the Middle West — don't you think it would be pleasant to see something of New York — together?"

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# Getting Allyn

[*Continued from page 28*]

testing; and today Allyn has a big safe where he keeps them so that they can't be doctored. But all the time, with the lectures and the magazine articles and the advertising, the women were getting more and more against anything that didn't measure up to the pure-food standard of this little town of Westfield. So it was clear enough, if they wanted to stop it, that the chemical-food people would have to go after the thing a little harder.

Up to that time, they hadn't been rough with Allyn at all. It wasn't only Armington who had felt him out. After that a man who introduced himself as E. H. Aborn came to Westfield and saw Allyn and told him that a number of other food chemical people had got together and sent him up as their representative, and this man offered Allyn a good salary as a consulting chemist. He wouldn't have anything much to do. About all there would be was to draw his salary, and make a few analyses and to change his views around and say he found coal-tar dyes and some of the food antiseptics were not so bad as he thought they were. And if he did that, he was to get not only a salary, but he was handed a blank check to fill in with whatever amount he thought reasonable. It would have been a clear thing, of course, if they had got Allyn's handwriting on a check of that kind. Naturally he wouldn't attack them much after that. But Allyn wouldn't sign it, and got mad again and sent Aborn off just the way he did Armington.

So then the next thing was for somebody to get his job away from him at the State Normal School. They had tried it with the weekly; but, of course, that was not much good. And then, too, Morrison had felt the thing out at the capitol at Boston for the alum people the year before, in a quiet way, with the Massachusetts State Board of Education. But he had not pressed it very hard. But now it was time to do something. So Morrison got after this for the alum-baking-powder concerns; and the Curtice people set their man, Orville D. LaDow, on this job. They were both experienced men at this sort of thing. Morrison is a clever one; and dapper old man LaDow has been around politics, in one way or another, since he was private secretary to the first Secretary of Agriculture. And then the coal-tar-dye people came in — The Schoellkopf, Hartford & Hanna Company, of Buffalo — who were excited about attacks made by Allyn or other people quoting him on the danger of dyeing candy with coal-tar dyes — especially this cheap candy that the children buy.

All these people wrote or talked with David Snedden, the Massachusetts Commissioner of Education, and the State Board of Education, but they didn't seem to get anywhere with them, and finally, just as the Massachusetts legislature adjourned in 1914 — the last day of June — Francis J. Horgan, a state senator from South Boston, a lawyer and a very lively and ingenious Democratic politician around Boston, came out with an order in the Senate, asking that Allyn's record be looked up, and the order went from the Senate's Committee of Rules to the State Board of Education; and Snedden told Horgan and the committee that the Board would be glad to hear what there was against Allyn, in the Fall.

The trouble was there wasn't anything very bad to say about him. They had had detectives on him, and couldn't find out anything against him personally. He was a quiet, middle-aged married man who went right home nights. And he wasn't taking a dollar from their competitors in business. And in the end all they could do was to try to discredit him as a chemist and charge that he was using his time when he ought to be at school, making his lectures and writing his articles, and that he was a teacher in the State's employ, and ought not to be attacking firms whose products were good enough for the United States Government.

Then finally in November and December, they had their hearing against Allyn, before the State Board of Education. Horgan conducted it. He had become interested in this Pure Food idea, as a private citizen, so he had sent out detectives looking up Allyn and his record, and it made him so mad when they came back and told him what Allyn was doing that he had to show it up. He owed it to himself, he said.

So Horgan was there for himself, he said. But, being a lawyer, he ran the case. And LaDow was there for the Curtice people, and Morrison for the alum-baking-powder people, and the coal-tar-dye people had a lawyer, William B. Arnold, who acted as a kind of half lawyer and half detective. And the Sea Gull Specialty Company, of Baltimore, had their lawyer there. And there were their detectives, and their chemists they brought in to ask Allyn technical questions on chemistry. So they had quite a crowd against Allyn. He had a right to hire a lawyer himself, of course, but he didn't; he came there alone. He did not make any great claim, or set himself up as any great expert. He merely told a plain story of what he had been doing in the Normal School and the town of Westfield.

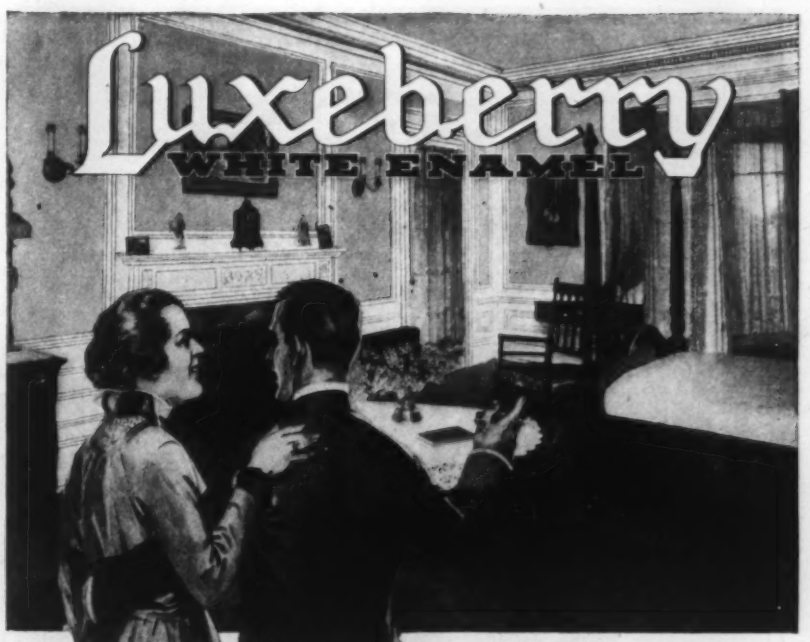
The only thing was that the Board of Education seemed rather to lean toward Allyn, being very particular to know just what the charges were against him. And, of course, that was the hardest thing to bring out.

It was pretty clear after the hearing what the State Board of Education would do. They weren't going to discharge him or censure him that was certain. But then Allyn came out himself, and resigned. He said he had only been waiting to get these men who were after him out in the open where they could be seen, and then he was going to get out anyway — because, although he had been keeping up his work of the school — as he showed at the hearing — the carrying on of his writing and lecturing together with it was wearing him out. He said that he had told C. A. Brodeur, principal of the Normal School, some months before, that he was going to leave. And no doubt he did, because Brodeur says so.

So Allyn resigned from the State Normal School, and the State Board of Education gave him a letter saying that he was a good teacher of chemistry and nothing had been shown to prove he wasn't doing his work unusually well; and they wished that they could keep him. But anyway he was out of the Normal School; that much was done.

But the trouble was that before that Allyn had been tied up during school hours, and now he could give all his time to lecturing and writing stuff against food chemicals, as he said he wanted to do when he resigned. And by this time, he was getting the women against chemically preserved food, all over the country.

Allyn had left the weekly now and gone over with another publishing house that got out a big women's magazine and a big general magazine and another national weekly;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and they were conducting this Pure Food Campaign harder than ever and refusing advertising that didn't come up to the Westfield standard. And these people were making arrangements with first-class newspapers all over the country to do this same kind of thing and getting well started with the plan they had later of interesting women and Women's Clubs, as far west as the Mississippi and as far south as Washington, in a Pure Food idea of keeping drugs and antiseptics out of foods according to this Westfield standard.

Now, about the time of this educational-board hearing and right after it, Allyn wrote up something about the danger of using saccharine in soda-water fountains — especially when children drink the stuff so much. He and Dr. Wiley, and other chemists, claim it hurts your digestion if you keep taking it — and of course they claim it is worse with children. This saccharine is another thing made in some way out of coal tar, which is a kind of concentrated sweetening, over five hundred times as sweet as sugar, and over ten times cheaper. They can't ship it in preserved foods across the state line now, as they could when the Westfield standard was made. But there is no law against sending it out by itself and letting druggists sweeten their own soda-water syrups with it.

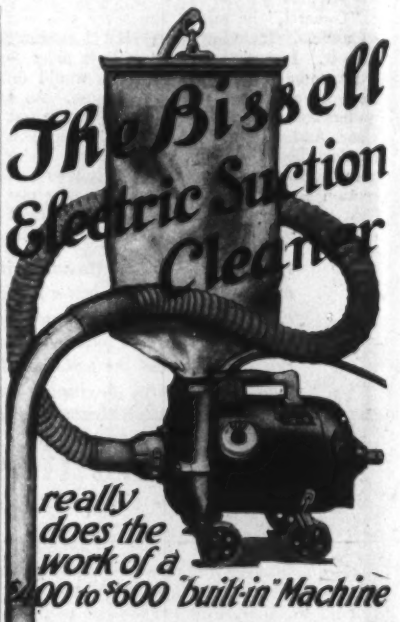
The United States Government had not ruled against putting this antiseptic in food, back when the town of Westfield had made its standard in 1909; but now it has. The government, as a matter of fact, was getting stiffer all the time; the whole trade in chemical foods and food chemicals was feeling it. The government had shut down on blue vitriol — and now saccharine — which they had allowed when the Westfield Board of Health made its own Pure Food Law. And all the agitation started up by such men as Wiley and Allyn, and all the women whom they were getting excited and talking about what was in their food, was not only bad for business, but you could see that, indirectly anyhow, it was influencing the United States Government to get stricter all the time.

So then in May of last year Allyn came out in this women's journal he writes for, attacking saccharine and some other chemicals in an article he called "Your Child and the Soda Fountain." And in June, 1915, the section of the American Chemical Society at St. Louis, where a good deal of this saccharine is made, came out with a resolution asking that the National Society expel Allyn for being concerned in a publishing and advertising campaign. The head of the committee on the St. Louis resolutions was C. E. Caspari, the expert chemist whom the saccharine people, and the Coco Cola concern which makes this drink with the caffein drug in it, and the patent medicine Wine of Cardui, have all employed to testify for them when matters come up in hearings or court proceedings. Another member of the committee was a chemist who does work for a concern that uses benzoate of soda and its products.

The St. Louis request dragged along before the American Chemical Society for a year, then. The first committee appointed to investigate the matter resigned, but finally they got a committee with some first-class and well-known chemists on it, and last May — in 1916 — this committee reported to the American Chemical Society at its meeting in Urbana, Illinois, saying that any action to expel Allyn from the Chemical Society be dropped; that it did not think that it was the place of private publishing concerns to establish food standards for the country, but that the United States and the state and city governments should take up the matter. And it recommended that the Chemical Association should take action to get various governments to take up the certification of food and toilet articles, themselves. And then the Society voted to accept the committee's recommendations, dismissing the action against Allyn, and urging government instead of private food standards.

Of course, they had them there — Allyn, and the rest of his people — in a way. If the United States Government had come out in the first place, and made the standards for bidding the chemicals that these people were talking about, all this campaign and lecturing, and publication, and advertising would never have happened. It would never have had a leg to stand upon. But for that matter, these people back of this Pure Food Campaign — Allyn and the publishers and the lecturers — were all saying about the same thing themselves, and urging all the time that governments make such Pure Food standards and telling the consumers to do what they could to get it, too.

So this thing was exactly like all the rest of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the things before it, from a business standpoint; like Allyn's resignation from the State Normal School — and the things before that. The more you attacked the man the stronger he seemed to get. The St. Louis chemists couldn't get him out of the American Chemical Society, and although the Society had passed resolutions, in a way, against the campaigning for Pure Food, yet at the same time this great association had voted right on top of that that the National and State and City governments ought to take up the matter themselves, more than they had been doing. And that meant, of course, more trouble somewhere for the antiseptics and food-chemical business — the way everything had been going against them lately.

Everybody in the trade could see what the general line of action had got to be to stop this thing. They would have to keep plugging away still trying to discredit Allyn — especially with the women. By this time — last year and this — there were millions of women interested in the plan, and behind it with their lectures and food exhibits and publication. And the chemical-food people could not seem to get at this campaign to stop it.

But in March of this year they had another chance at Allyn, which looked for a while like a good one. He was up for reëlection to the Westfield Board of Health; and, of course, if they could get him out there, it would show that he was discredited right in his own home town. There was a pretty good opportunity, too, because Allyn was a Republican, and the town had been growing Democratic lately in town affairs, and had elected Democratic Board of Health members for two years before.

The Westfield Democrats put up a candidate against Allyn — a young doctor named James J. Norton — a nice young fellow, very popular. They figured that Allyn, or any other man, would have a hard time defeating him. And then, out of a clear sky, they got this offer of help in the campaign, from outside.

There was a man named George Roe in Westfield, who runs a little weekly paper called the *Valley Echo*. Although he was a Republican, he hadn't been very friendly to Allyn, and for some time he had been running the benzoate of soda and the borax people's press stuff in his paper. And every now and then there was some slur at Allyn and the Pure Food Movement, in the *Echo*.

This man, Roe, came to F. W. Burke, the chairman of the Democratic Town Committee, and told him he could furnish him some circulars for Norton and against Allyn in the Board of Health fight, and it wouldn't cost the town committee a cent. So Burke said to go ahead, and let him see the thing. And Roe brought the copy back to him, and Burke ran over it, and cut out the roughest part of it, and let it go along.

So in a day or two, the Westfield Democratic Committee got a package of two or three thousand stamped and hand-addressed envelopes sent on to them from Boston, and the wrapper showed it had come from the hotel Bellevue. There was an addressed envelope for every man on the assessors' list of polls in Westfield; not just the voter's list, but everybody. And so Roe's circulars were placed in the envelopes and every man in town got his circular letter, including all the Italians and Poles who never had a letter before in their lives, and thought that the postman might be a police officer.

But when this circular was once out, the attack on Allyn was so bad that the whole town was mad about it. And Burke, the town committee chairman, and Norton, the candidate, apologized to Allyn, and said they were not responsible for the thing: and Allyn was reëlected by a big vote, and carried all but one on the Republican ticket, with him — when the town had been going Democratic for the last two years. And then Allyn filed a libel suit against Roe, which is still in the courts.

When Allyn's counsel took the thing up he traced the package of letters easily enough, back to the hotel Bellevue and they found there that it had been sent out by a Mr. LaDow.

Now Allyn had been refusing to run again for the Westfield Board of Health this year — so the Westfield Republican leaders say. They had about given up trying to get him, too, when this attack came along and got him into the fight again, and he is now on the Westfield Board for three years more. If they had let him alone he would have been off the Board entirely. The whole thing had been unfortunate for the food-chemical people. Everything they touched where this man Allyn was concerned seemed to go against them. They would think they had him down where he would stop hurting their business, and then all at once he would be in a position to hurt it worse.

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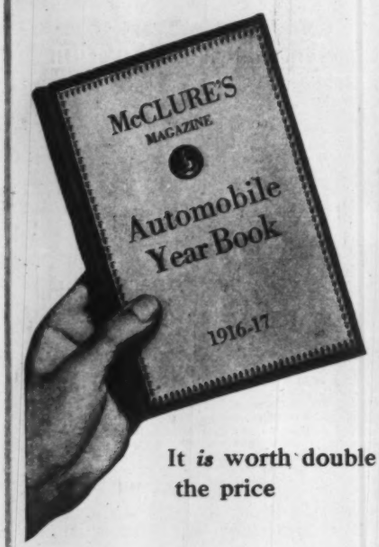


It *is* worth double the price

WE quite agree with Dr. Arnold, out in Billings, Montana, who said in ordering a copy of this book: "If it is as good as McClure's Magazine, it is surely worth double the price."

The price of the McClure Automobile Year Book is but fifty cents, and it may be obtained only through the McClure Automobile Department. It will be sent prepaid to any one sending that amount in stamps, post-office money order, or check to McClure Automobile Department, McClure Building, New York.

And all the time, with all this talk about Pure Food going on everywhere in the magazines and newspapers and women's clubs, the government was getting stricter against these manufacturers. The Remsen Board whose technical decisions had helped them out in the early days, all at once resigned, and the chief government chemist, Carl Alsberg, never very favorable to the food drug trade, was getting stricter and stricter against them. And now this year, he has come out and said that nobody can put on his labels or advertising that his goods were certified by the United States Government under its Pure Food Act — because, as a matter of fact, they aren't.

There were a good many of the best newspapers, too, that were in the Pure Food Movement, all through the most thickly settled part of the country, and these papers wouldn't take advertising of foods unless they came up to the Westfield standard. Then, besides the papers, the women were getting more and more decided about the thing. This man Allyn had started them talking in this little town of Westfield, and now he had them talking by the millions, out to the Pacific coast and out over the islands of the sea.

The thing was getting harder and harder to handle for the chemical-food people, with all these women and so many of the best advertising mediums against them. But, of course, you always have your business friends and you can always know where they are in the advertising business.

Out in Chicago an agency handled the advertising account for the Calumet Baking Powder Company, users of alum. In 1915 a circular letter came out from this advertising agency to the advertising trade, enclosing an attack made by Warren Wright, president of the Calumet concern, on Allyn and the Westfield standard. The head of the concern was away when this circular was sent out. He didn't know anything about it, although his name was signed to it. And when he went back to the office, he discovered that it was sent out by an employee named Harry Sehl. So he wrote to Allyn, stating the facts and apologizing. And then soon after that he gave up his agency, and Sehl started in for himself and handled the Calumet Baking Powder advertising account for Wright. After that Sehl kept sending out circulars to the trade as a kind of business mouthpiece of the campaign against Allyn.

On May 2nd, Sehl sent out a very mysterious letter to the advertising world saying to look out because something rather bad was going to happen to Allyn and the Westfield Pure Food Movement. No one knew just what his thing he prophesied would be.

But two days after that, on May 4, Dr. Allan J. McLaughlin, the State Commissioner of Health in Massachusetts, had a letter from John F. Sheehan, of Holyoke, who represented the State Senatorial District, where Westfield was located, in the State Senate. Sheehan was an old-fashioned experienced Democratic politician. He said in his letter that he had noticed that the State Board of Health had been criticising the handling of milk supplies by Town Boards of Health; and also he read in the newspapers that someone had said the Town Boards of Health in Massachusetts were not doing much of anything. So he was naturally interested to find out about them in his district. So he asked the Commissioner to have a special report made on his towns — how their Boards of Health were taking care of the milk supply, and whether any of them were so active that they were doing anything they ought not to do — in any way.

Dr. McLaughlin — as these heads of State departments always do when they get a demand of this kind from a legislator — sent out an agent, and the agent made a kind of formal report concerning all the boards in Sheehan's district, giving most attention naturally to their milk equipment. He made no criticism of Allyn or the Westfield standard, either one — but merely stated a few facts about them, that everybody knew.

So this report was written to Sheehan on May 23rd and must have reached him on May 24th. The report on the milk matter seemed to suit him, but, right away on the third day after that, May 27th, he wrote a long letter to the Federal Trade Commission at Washington telling them he had found out something which they ought to act on; that they ought to do something about the Westfield Board of Health, and Allyn, and the publications that were printing his stuff, and keeping out advertisers, who used the chemicals Allyn claimed ought not to be put in food. Of course, if there had been anything in this State Board of Health's report against Allyn or his campaign, Sheehan could have quoted that. But there was not, so Sheehan came out with a quotation furnished him, he said, in his "official capacity by an official of the Commonwealth." He did not give this man's name.

There was nothing done by the Federal Trade Commission about the thing; they get that kind of letters in carload lots. But then, after it had been sent about a month, Sheehan started out again on another line. He took his letter, and had it mimeographed, and he sent it out to the women's clubs in Massachusetts, enclosed in the State Senate's envelopes, with blue State seals on them.

Then, a few days after that, Sheehan got in touch with another man on the thing — an old-time newspaper man named William H. Sanger, who has a job as assistant clerk in the Senate, and plays cards and sits a good deal about the Boston Press Club. And Sanger cut down Sheehan's letter into a news story, and got an endorsement in a letter from Sheehan, and offered to sell the story to a lot of newspapers all over the country. Being a member of the Press Club, he used their stationery in the same way that Sheehan used the State's; and under his name he signed "Boston Press Club." And then in the letter he sent out, he quoted Herman C. Lythgoe, analyst for the State Board of Health, as a reference on him and his story.

On the face of it, it looked like a pretty bad thing against Allyn. Sanger's letter with apparently the State analyst back of the story as a reference; and a state senator; and the Boston Press Club; all this apparently back of Sanger, would naturally have some weight in selling stuff. But very few of the newspapers wanted to carry this story. It looked a little dangerous to them.

Then after that the Boston Press Club was asked if they were back of Sanger in any way, and the directors met and made a statement that they were not; and knew nothing about it and that Sanger had no business to give that impression by his letter or the use of their stationery. And Lythgoe, the State chemist, when the matter was called to his attention, said that Sanger had no right to give weight to his stuff by reference to him. It had not been with his consent. So the press campaign fell flat.

It was the same way, or worse, with the circulars to the women's clubs. They weren't like ordinary circulars, naturally. In the first place they were in these State Senate envelopes bearing the seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; with a letter from the State Senator representing the Westfield district, written on State stationery enclosing a letter he had written to the Federal Trade Commission, quoting a lot of stuff which a woman would think, on reading it over, came from an investigation of the State Board of Health. And what he did was all within the law, too; there is no State law, apparently, against Sheehan's using State stationery for sending out circulars like that if he wanted to.

But when you read the letter over carefully, you could see that there was nobody back of the thing in the Senate but John F. Sheehan — this old-time Democratic politician from Holyoke. And the State Board of Health, when they finally heard of it, said they had nothing whatever to do with it and didn't know anything about it except that one formal report which they had made to Sheehan, when he was interested in the milk supply. Both Dr. McLaughlin, the head of the department, and Lythgoe, the State analyst, who would be the members of the Board of Health concerned in the matter, say they have no idea of who the unknown official was that Sheehan quoted as giving him the stuff. It certainly was neither of them.

So, though you would think at first glance, from seeing and reading the stuff they sent out, that the United States Government, and the Massachusetts State Senate, and the Massachusetts Board of Health, and the Boston Press Club, were all after Allyn; when you came to sift it down, there was nobody after him but John F. Sheehan, the old-time Democratic politician of Holyoke, and William H. Sanger, the old-time clerk of the Massachusetts Senate, and whoever it was they represented.

It certainly is a curious thing when you think about it — a very serious one, in a business way. Here five or six years ago the food chemical and antiseptics people had everything going well. The Federal Government wasn't bothering them or likely to; then Armington runs down and meets this little local chemist, making his rules against food chemicals in this little country town, and setting his Board of Health up to be stricter than the United States Government, and getting his rules through and getting them enforced by talking to the women about it and getting the women talking.

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is largely in your own hands.

**Your Weight**

can be reduced or increased, as you wish.

**Your Poise**

can express uprightness, or downright negligence, which affects your health.

I have helped 79,000 of the most intelligent, forceful women of America to regain health and keep it. The best magazines would not have advertised my work for fifteen years if I had not "made good."

The most progressive physicians are my friends; their wives and daughters are my pupils; the medical magazines advertise my work.

I **build up the vitality** by diet, rest, exercise, and form correct habits of deep breathing and correct poise, which helps to keep the organs in place so that they function properly. I also **reduce** and **increase your flesh.**

I am teaching women not to be satisfied with anything short of **perfect health.**

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to **common sense.** Fully one-third of my pupils are sent to me by those who have finished my work.

Tell me your defects in health or figure. If my work is not suited to you, I will direct you to the help you need.

I will also send you a booklet **free** which tells you how to stand correctly, and gives many points of interest to women.

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**624 Michigan Blvd., Chicago**

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And then, one after another, all these various big people in the trade try to get this man — one way or another. They try to hire him, they go after him with the people he writes for, they try to get him out of his job with the State, they try to get him out of the American Chemical Society; they try to beat him politically in his own home town; they go after his reputation and standing generally in the State and the country at large, and every time they chase him and seem just about to get him, he gets stronger.

But the worst of the thing, from the business standpoint with the Chemical Food people, is that all the time, while this Westfield standard has kept always the same, the Federal Government laws keep changing and coming near to it — to the Pure Food Regulations that this man set up in this small town. The government has prohibited blue vitriol from package goods which it let through all right when Allyn ruled them out in the Westfield standard; and it is the same way with saccharine. Any time now they may come out against benzoate of soda and alum, and the coal-tar dyes that they still let them use. You can't tell anything about it. The whole trade in food chemicals and antiseptics is pretty well scared over it. It is a pretty serious thing for them, too. They've got a lot of money invested in that business.

*NEXT MONTH: A fiction story by Mr. Turner, called "The Smile Factory;" a business article by Waldemar Kaempffert, "Putting Uncle Sam to Work;" another well-being article by Cleveland Moffett; and a big Christmas package of fiction.*

## Bits of Lights on Broadway

A CURIOUS feature of the early fall, on Broadway — five shows selling out nightly were hold-overs from last season — "The Boomerang," "Sybil," "Very Good Eddie," "Fair and Warmer," and "The Great Lover."

A noticeable feature—the hideous interior settings used in successful plays. The influence of the Russian Ballet and Bakst, plus the managerial desire to attain novel effects, have resulted in interior decorating and furniture calculated to produce nightmare. The three settings of "His Bridal Night" are lamentable examples of the "new" art.

At the time this magazine goes to press, the biggest hit of the new season is "Turn to the Right," the Winchell Smith-Jack Hazzard comedy at the Gaiety.

The melodramatic success to date, "The Man Who Came Back, by Jules Eckert Goodman, lurid and theatrical, shows influence of the movies on public taste.

Two melodramas which suffered by comparison with "Madame X" and "Common Clay" were "The Silent Witness" and "The Guilty Man."

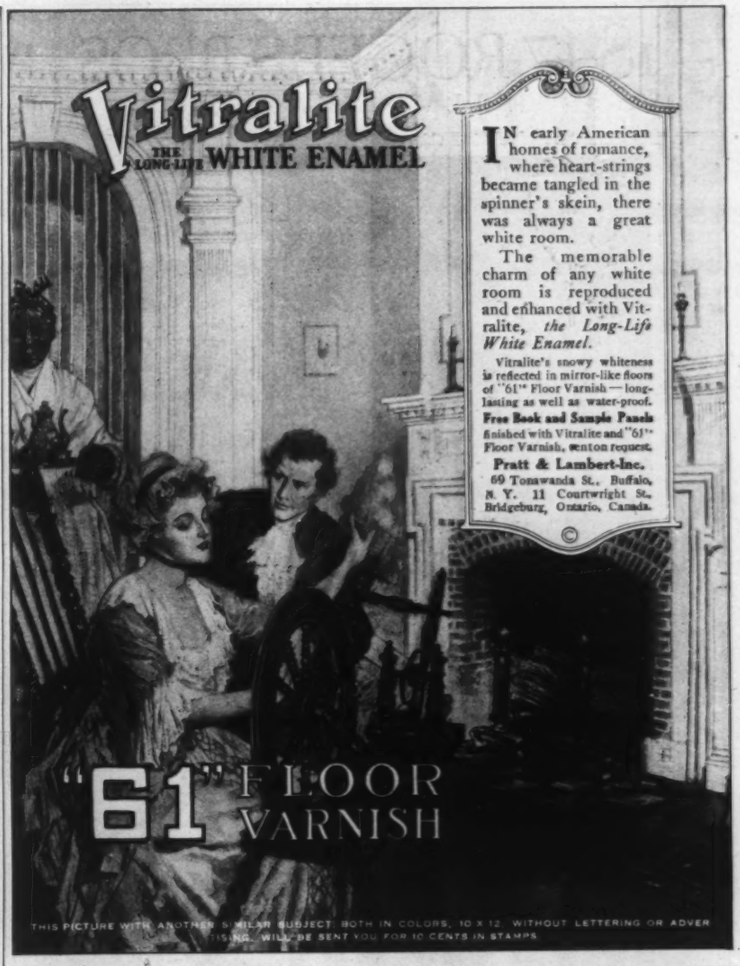
Two comedy successes presented by one manager, Mr. A. H. Woods, are "Cheating Cheaters," illuminated by the personality of Marjorie Rambeau; and "His Bridal Night," featuring the Dolly Sisters but made diverting by the clever acting of two men, John Westley and Pedro de Cordoba.

Two old school comedians who came back in great form were — James T. Powers in a weak farce, "Somebody's Luggage," and Henry E. Dixey in "Mr. Lazarus," the best comedy Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford have written.

Exceptional hits have been scored by young people, including Henry Hull in "The Man Who Came Back;" Gareth Hughes in "The Guilty Man;" Tom Powers and Eva Le Gallienne in "Mr. Lazarus;" and Donald Gallaher in "The Silent Witness."

The Hippodrome has the most brilliant production of its brilliant history, with Pavlowa as the star feature.

Interesting productions now under way or promised for the immediate future on Broadway include John Drew in "Pendennis," Margaret Anglin in "Caroline," Patricia Collinge in "Polyanna," Ruth Chatterton in "Come Out of the Kitchen," Cyril Maude in a dramatization of the popular Leacock — "Sunshine Sketches," Miss Frances Starr in "Little Lady in Blue" by the authors of "Grumpy," Miss Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella" by Barrie, and Otis Skinner in a new play by Booth Tarkington.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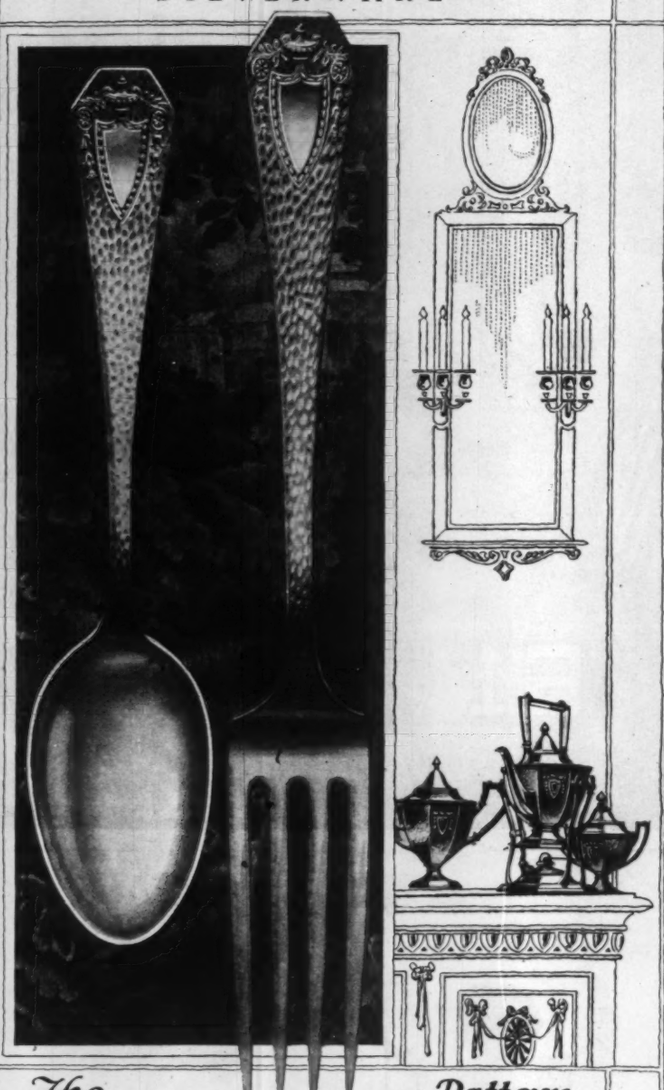

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# Million-Dollar Dinner-Pails

[*Continued from page 17*]

narrow hall in three studios, all in full blast. Director, in purple-and-white shirt, importuning actor who, after hanging around eight hours, has finally been summoned before camera.

Leader: "Good Lord, man, I know you're tired, but put some pep into this scene. Have a heart! We all want to go home. I'm hungry!"

Director in Palm Beach trousers and pale pink shirt haranguing group of girls in cabaret scene, adjoining studio.

Leader: "Come, come, girls! Give it to me, and give it right. This isn't Sunday morning back on the old farm. It's Broadway—bright lights — everybody feeling good. Wine in those buckets — See! Imported — five a quart now. There — that's something like — CAMERA!"

Hero emerges from narrow defile leading to dressing-rooms.

Register courtesy, tempered by preoccupation.

Leader: "You won't mind waiting in my dressing-room, will you? My director is trying to find out whether we go to Philadelphia in the morning. If it's clear, we are to take some scenes in the Cramp ship-yards. He's talking to the weather man now!"

Ten minutes pass: fifteen — twenty. Half an hour! Arrival of call-"boy," aged thirty. He addresses hero.

"We're going over in the morning on the eight-o'clock. Here's a couple of bags I dug up for you. Best I could do."

Hero studies wardrobe hanging on wall.

Leader: "You won't mind waiting while I pack? My luggage must go out before I eat. . . . Yes — working in the movies *is* strenuous. . . . Which cravat did I wear with that suit? You see, scenes that follow closely in the picture are often taken days or even weeks apart. I have to remember what I wear in each scene."

Hero flings coarse flannel shirt into suitcase and slams down lid.

"Just a minute while I look up trains."

Whips out time-card. Figures on trains to Norwalk, Conn., where he lives.

Register grim determination.

"I'll have clean linen and my safety-razor if I ride all night for them."

Finds he must leave Grand Central Terminal at 8:05 for Norwalk; Norwalk for return trip at 9:53, and spend balance of night at New York hotel in order to start for Philadelphia with company in morning.

Close-up: Hero suppressing opinion of New York, New Haven & Hartford train service.

Enter character man.

"Say, Mr. Breese — do me a favor? . . . Going out home this evening? If you pass the hotel, will you just step in and ask the clerk if they found a new nightshirt in room No. 3? I left it there night before last and it cost a dollar. A dollar's a dollar, ain't it?"

Hero admits fact and makes note in small memorandum-book.

"We took some scenes out near my farm. . . . Yes, it's interesting work, but I prefer spoken drama with my audience before me."

Close-up: Visitor mastering weariness.

"Couldn't you make an earlier train for Norwalk and have supper at home? We can dine together another time."

"No — supper at home will be over, and I'm hungry. Nothing to eat since seven. Never eat at noon. Makes me feel heavy."

Studio baggage smasher snatches hero's luggage. In distant studio, director calls "Lights out!" Chortles of relief, laughter and scurrying of feet.

Hero and guest enter taxicab, rattle up Seventh Avenue to Lambs, where check is cashed. Arrive at Belmont grill at seven exactly two hours later than schedule.

Close-up: Hero ordering dinner with thoughts still on packing. Manner divided between natural hospitality and fear that important garments have been left behind.

Waiter in attendance first obsequious, then puzzled, then brazenly indifferent. If guests do not know what they want, why should he worry?

Dinner deteriorates into jumble of gastronomic impulses. Glasses unfilled. Shortage in butter passes unnoticed. Question at stake, "Did you see me put any high boots in those bags?"

"Won't you have something else? — an ice? Melon? By George, I believe I did make a mistake about the tie — I wore a striped one in that scene! Oh, well, I can buy one like it in Philadelphia."

Flash-back: Peaceful morning scene, Petrova dining-room.

What did Mr. Breese have for dinner?

Jellied consommé, a slice of cold roast beef, rare, a baked potato and a plate of ice-cream. This meal, with fruit, coffee, eggs and toast for breakfast, represents his rations for twenty-four hours.

Forty-second Street. Hero signals for taxi with glance fixed on clock in façade of Grand Central Terminal.

"Where do you go from here?"

"Home, thanks!"

Close-up: Writer sinking exhausted in furthest, darkest corner of cab.

Leader: "A moving-picture studio is first cousin to a madhouse with each inmate following his erratic impulses.

"The writer's idea of nothing to eat is 'three meals a day in the movies.'"

And the moral of this four-reel, gastronomic thriller?

That the movies are creating a new type of theatrical star—the physical thoroughbred! The day of the slothful, self-indulgent player is past. His successor is slender, supple, clear-skinned, bright-eyed, quick of action, keen of thought.

Dramatic stars of the "good old days" went to seed at a deplorably early age. The men turned thick of torso and heavy of jowl. Their dull eyes peered from encircling folds of sagging flesh. The women took on weight and soon lost the lightness of step and brightness of eye required for playing any rôle under middle age. A *Juliet* or a *Camille* who looked the part was rare indeed.

The men paid the price of high living, deep drinking and long sleeping in such diseases as sclerosis of the liver and hardening of the arteries.

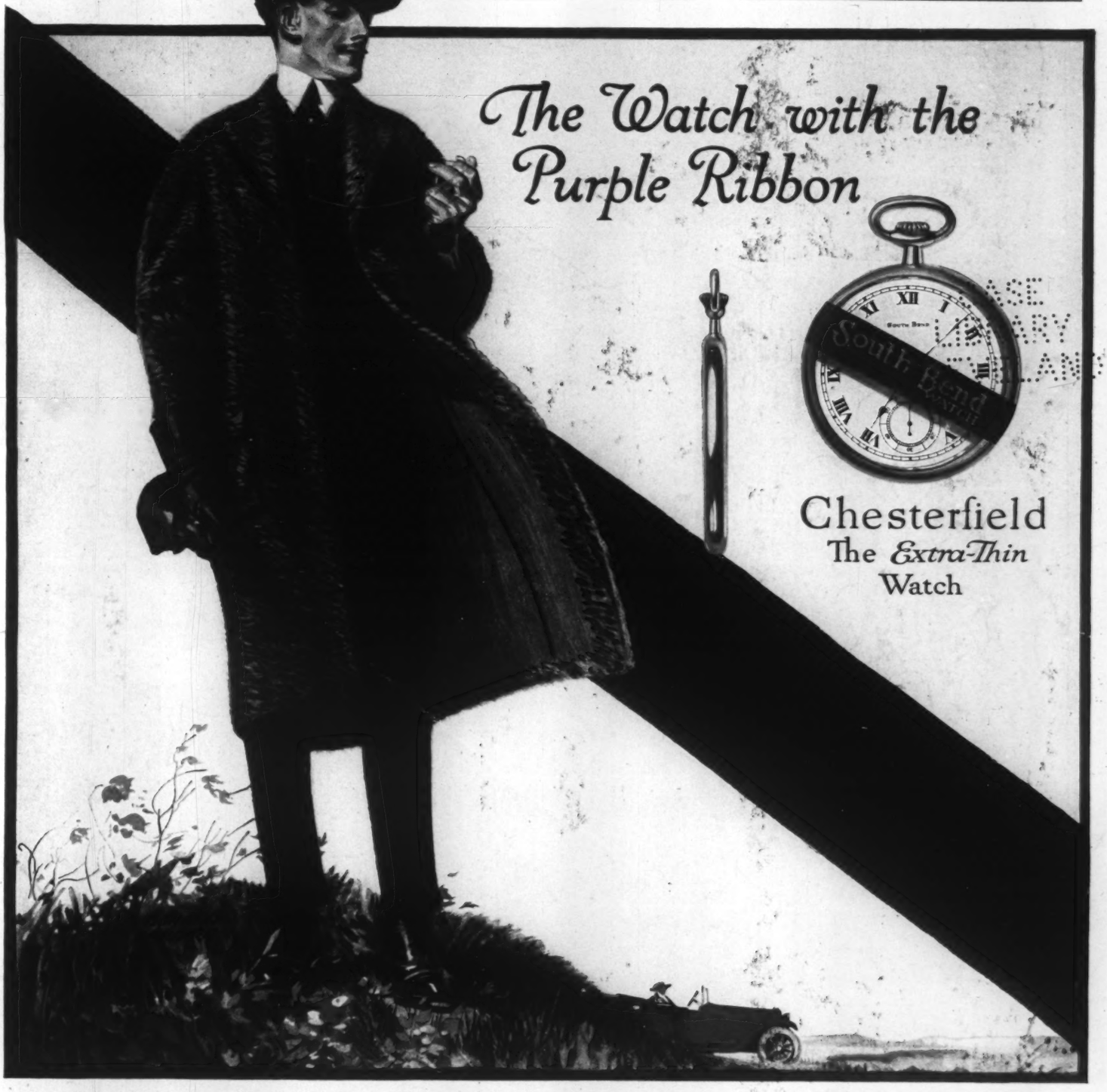
The successful player turned night into day. Unless he had a matinee, he slept while the sun shone, and caroused after it sank. The artistic nature of the actress shrank from household tasks. Her only outdoor exercise was driving, and she blamed Father Time for her too, too solid flesh.

Today, acting before the camera is training down American players. Starring in the movies means rising at 6 A. M., instead of 6 P. M.; a new rôle every six weeks, instead of one popular part for two theatrical seasons; eight to ten hours' work a day before the camera, instead of three before an audience; outdoor activity for outdoor pictures, instead of dawdling at rehearsals in foul air, by gas or electricity, against canvas woods; and for food, the simple fare which the studio environment usually offers, instead of the rich viands and heavy wines of a Broadway restaurant. These conditions are evolving the thoroughbred of the stage.

Without suggesting that the entire profession has gone prohibition, it can be said most emphatically that there is less drinking among screen stars of today than there was among the artists of the legitimate drama even five years ago. In the theatre, it was possible to steady a rollicking actor with bromo-seltzer and, by diligent prompting, to guide him through his performance on an off-night. But the camera will not support a swaying figure, nor soften one mark left by an all-night drinking bout. Art may be exacting — but the camera is merciless.

***In answer to many inquiries the publishers of McClure's wish to state that the recently announced series of motion picture plays, produced by McClure's, will appear on the screen not later than December 1st; and that the stories, novelized from the plays, are now appearing in the McClure magazine for women, The Ladies' World.***

# South Bend

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